This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Per. 1419 f. 1838
27.28

Per. 1419 f. 1838
27.28

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND:

FOR THE YEAR

1850.

BY THE
REV. WM. CARUS WILSON, M. A.
RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON,
AND PERPETUAL CURATE OF CASTERTON.

VOL. XXVII.

KIRKBY LONSDALE:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. FOSTER.
SOLD BY SEELEYS, LONDON,
AND BY ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 313.] JANUARY, 1850. [Vol. 27.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"From this day will I bless you."—Hag. xi. 9.

My dear young readers, I wish to say a few words to you on this New Year's Day. Now, don't you think that if you saw the heavens open, and if you heard a voice speak from thence, and knew that it was indeed the great God who spake to you, and said, "From this day I will bless you," you would be very happy? Yes, I am sure you would; for you know very well, that what Moab said to Balaam was quite true as it regards the great God: "I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou curseest is cursed." (Numbers xxii. 6.)

Well, we have no right to think that God will speak to us with a voice that we can hear, but he is pleased to speak to us through his written word, the Bible. To that blessed book we must turn, if we would know what God says to us. There he is pleased to make known his will, and there he makes known himself as a God full of mercy and blessing to his poor sinful creatures here on earth.

Now this New Year's Day is a very solemn day, and should lead to very solemn thoughts; yea, to earnest prayer from us all, that from this day God will bless us. It comes on the heels of the last day of the old year, which is gone, never more to return.

But what a year has that been to many! How many began that year cheerful and gay, and thinking of many years to come; but pain and sickness were sent them, and by degrees they pined away, and are now gone to their long home! What fearful work has the Cholera made! You may have been spared this sad scourge, and you may not have been much in the way of it, but how many sad tales of woe could I tell you, and how many thousands, aye, and tens of thousands, have been suddenly called into eternity by this awful visitation! It has spared neither young nor old, rich or poor. It has come where least expected, thus teaching all of us, that "in the midst of life we are in death." Oh! that it may bring us all heartily to say, "Of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord?"

I could tell you of the poor parish clerk, busy making the graves and burying the dead quickly one after another, they went so fast in the Cholera. As he said, "The carpenter was kept coffining all day, and almost all night;" that is, making coffins. Well, he was nearly all one Sunday in the church with his good minister about one thing or another, and amongst other things they were fixing where the next grave was to be: and little did he think that it was to be for himself! But so it was. He died next day, and was buried the day after. Oh! if we could only hope that all were as ready to die it would be well. He was reading his

Bible just before the Cholera attacked him, and he had been called up the night before to pray with a dying woman: for he was greatly beloved in the village, and much sought after in any case of distress or need. And this good parish clerk had loved his Bible from a child. Oh! what a blessing. The God whom he served, and loved, and sought, and heard speak to him in the Bible, had blest him from the early days of childhood, and had made him a blessing in the village where he lived. Nor must you think that he was not blest because the Cholera came to him also, and so suddenly carried him away, for it was as it were God's appointed chariot of fire, which took him by a speedy course to the heaven of joy and love; and oh! it is a blessing to get soon there, and to flee from the stormy wind and tempest in this troubled world.

I could tell you, too, of little children suddenly cut down, yea, of numbers left orphans, and whole families swept away by Cholera; but I dare say you have heard a great deal already, and enough to make your hearts very sad.

But what should all the thoughts of the past year lead you to wish for the New Year now beginning? Why, that God should say to you in very deed, "From this day I will bless you."

And what should be your prayer for New Year's Day? I think I have got a very nice prayer for you out of the Bible. It is:

that of Esau: "Bless me, even me also, O my Father." Let the whole desires of your souls be turned to this one point, namely, to obtain and secure God's blessing, and then you need have no anxious thought as to what may come to you.

And oh! what a thought it is, that God is love; that he has all the tender pity of a Father's heart towards his poor sinful children here on earth; that he will not say, "Oh, you have been so wicked and naughty the past year, I will have nothing to do with you, I will leave you to yourselves, I will cast you off for ever;" no, these are not his thoughts towards us, nor are these his words, but his thoughts and words are those of peace, and love, and pardon. He says, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He is ready to forgive all the past, to blot it out of his memory, and to bless us for the future.

Then let us all turn to him for his blessing, and value it above every thing else.

And oh! think what it is to have God's blessing. It is not that we shall have no trials, no losses, no sickness, no suffering, no death. The blessed and loved of God must go through all this as well as other men. But it is to have all dealt out to us by the hand of a Father who loves us. It is to have all blest to us, and turned to good account. It is to have strength and grace

to bear all, yea, to rejoice in all. It is, in fact, to have made good to us that sweet text in the Romans, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

And remember every blessing comes to us through our dear Saviour. We could expect nothing but curses, instead of blessings, if he had not come to put away our sins, and enable God the Father to forgive us and to be our friend. We deserve nothing but wrath. Even my youngest readers are sinners, having left undone the things which they ought to have done, and done the things which they ought not to have done. But Jesus died that we might be forgiven, and that all our sins might be put away, and that a holy God might bless us. Oh! what do we not owe to this dear Saviour! Let our hearts rejoice in him as the way, the truth, and the life.

And now I will give you another nice prayer. I have already given you one out of the Bible: "Bless me, even me, O my father." Now, there is another which comes into my mind. There was a good man who lived a very long time ago, in the days of the kings of Israel, and his name was Jabez. The Bible says very little about him, but it says enough to shew he was a very good man, and it would be well if as much could be said of all of us. It says that he prayed to the God of Israel; and what do you think he said? This was his prayer: "Oh that thou wouldest bless me

indeed." (1 Chronicles iv. 8.) Jabez could not be content without great things—a real blessing—a blessing indeed. Alas! many rest short of this. They ask indeed, "Who will shew us any good?" All are seeking after something that they think will do them good; but too many seek where they will never find, and for this good reason, because they fall short of the blessing indeed. Some think riches will be a real blessing; others, the pleasures and vanities of the world. Some think their sins can do them good. A poor drunkard has no thought of good beyond his drink. But ah! all these things have only the shew of good, not the substance. In God's favour only is life. If He bless, all smile: if He curses, all frown.

Now, Jabez knew and felt all this: and therefore he could not be satisfied with any thing short of a "blessing" indeed.

And for this I hope my dear young readers will all pray. Then come what will during this year, all will be well; for if God be for us, who or what can be against us? If God blesses us, then "all things are ours; whether life or death, things present or things to come. All is ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." If God blesses us, then that promise is ours: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." So that we may boldly say, "God is my helper; I will not fear what man can do unto me."

And that we may be made sure of the love and willingness of our Father's heart

to bless us, let us bear in mind the blessed words of Jesus: "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him?"

W.

NELLY VANNER.

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Nelly Vanner. She was a happy child, because she had found out the great secret, which even many grown-up people have not discovered, because they care not about it. The knowledge of this great secret made Nelly happy under very great sufferings of the poor body, and peaceful in her dying hours.

I shall now lay before you some of the most important parts of her history, and trust that you may come to know that truth which was the spring of Nelly's sweetest bliss. I shall not stop to tell you of the delightful method by which she was first made to think; nor of the way her mother taught her to read so nicely, without the wearisome task of spelling her words; nor how she began to learn to sew, and to write, and to be clever in other things; but I shall shew you how she found out the sweet truth that, by God's blessing, changed her heart, and filled her with such love to Jesus and such constant peace. And do, I beseech you, my dear boys and girls, read

with great seriousness and attention what will now be said of dear Nelly.

The first book she learnt verses out of was one which Eliza bought for her, called "Simple Truths." Afterwards she learned from Dr. Watts' "Divine Songs," the "Poems for Infant Minds," the "Hymns for Infant Minds," and the "Original Hymns."

One hymn, which she learned when she was three years old, she spoke of when she came to die. Her mother taught it her. It begins,—

> "There is beyond the sky
> A heaven of joy and love," &c.

While she listened to her mother reading it, she thought that she was a sinner, and feared lest God should punish her, and send her to "dwell with devils" in that "dreadful hell." Her mother taught her about Jesus Christ, who can forgive sins, and open the gates of heaven. It was pleasant to behold her looks of wonder when she learned that Jesus was once a little baby like her, and heard the rest of the story unfolded—how he "came down to be a man and die." Thus, sitting upon her mother's knee, she first learned to love the Saviour. No doubt you have all learned that hymn. I wish you would all think of it as much as Nelly did, and follow her—to dwell with the "holy children" in that "heaven of love beyond the sky."

Time passed on, and Nelly was now six years of age. She was a very thoughtful little girl, though as fond of play at proper times as any other children. She had lately lost one of her sisters, and this brought serious reflections into her mind. Nelly *loved* the Bible. One day, she asked her cousin which were her favourite chapters. Her cousin wished to know which Nelly liked best. Nelly shewed her these two: John vi., and Isaiah lv. The first is that one in which Jesus says—"I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger: and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." The other begins: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." She asked her mamma to explain what was meant by "hungering and thirsting after

righteousness." "It is to wish as much to be holy and to have God's blessing as a hungry child wishes to be fed. The hungry child runs to his kind mother for bread. So should you run to the dear Saviour. He will give you holiness and happiness; and they are better than bread."

Soon after this, Nelly read "Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety," which pleased her, it seems, very much. There was a little sentence which Nelly shewed to her cousin. It was the heading of a chapter in a little book that she read. She thought it very important, and very true. It was often found written on pieces of paper by her, which shews that she was often thinking of it. I will write it for you—"Men want *will* rather than *power* to come to Christ." If you do not love Jesus, it is not because you *cannot*, but because you *will* not. Nelly had a little lead pencil in her bag. She used to mark with it in her own books those words and sentences which made her think most. I have seen a great many of her marks. I noticed a day or two ago, two words which were underlined. They were these—"Immortal soul." Your soul, you know, is that within you which thinks and feels. Immortal, means that it will never die—that, when your hands and feet, and all your body, are mouldering in the grave, your soul will live for ever. Oh! try to think, as Nelly did, that you have an IMMORTAL SOUL.

Nelly had a delicate frame, and when she had lived about ten years, her tabernacle of clay began to weaken, and she felt that she must soon die. As Nelly became weaker, she seemed to be more lovely. Her parents looked upon their darling child with anxious hearts. One morning in February, while her mother was dressing her, they were talking together. It was about the lesson which Nelly had chosen that week for the Bible class. "The ground of the believer's hope" was the subject. I have seen the little book in which Nelly wrote with her own hand the Scripture references. "This is an important question, my dear," said her mother: "we ought to think of it for ourselves. Suppose it were put to either of us, what would be our answer?" Nelly burst into tears, and said, "Dear mamma, I have no hope but in the merits of Jesus Christ." Blessed be God, who gave her such a hope.

Our merits are whatever we deserve. What do you and I, my dear children, deserve? Let us think of all our little angry passions, of our disobedient thoughts, of our unkind words and looks. Do we thank God for every thing he gives us? Did we pray to him in our hearts this morning? Do we like his piercing eye to be always looking upon us? Do we ever forget to love Jesus Christ? The very least of all our sins against the great God deserves that we should die, and go to ever-

lasting punishment. We do not deserve any goodness from God. He could not be kind to us at all, if it were not for the merits of Jesus.

Jesus was "from the beginning with God. He was God." He looked down from heaven, and saw how wicked we were, and that we had no merits, and that we should never get to heaven without him. So, "in his love and in his pity," he left that blessed place. He left his bright throne, and his crown of everlasting glory, and the songs of adoring angels there, and came down here to help us in our misery. At first he made himself a little child. He lived here more than thirty years, and he did every thing that God was pleased with. Not one sinful thought or wish ever stained his heart. At last, after obeying the law of God for us, he died, of his own accord, upon the cross, and was punished for our sins. After this, he delivered himself from the grave, and went up to heaven again, to obtain blessings for us, and to prepare places of glory for those who love him. Now what do you think, for all this, Jesus Christ deserves? He deserves to have power over sin, and over death, and over all heaven's blessedness. These are the merits of Christ—the things he deserves. God the Father is "well pleased" with him, and has given him all his reward.

Now, dear children, Jesus is willing to give all his merits to you, and God will

receive you, though you have no merits of your own, because of what Jesus Christ deserves. You do not deserve to be saved from sin, and to be made holy; but Jesus deserves it for you. You do not deserve to be delivered from death and punishment; but Jesus deserves it for you. You do not deserve to be happy in heaven; but Jesus deserves it for you. No one else has merited such great blessings; no one else would give them to you. Your only hope is in THE MERITS OF JESUS CHRIST.

One day her pious father asked her on what she rested for safety. She said, "If you will give me the little book you were reading to me this morning, I will tell you." The part of the little book to which she refers, and which her mother keeps as a treasure, was this: "But I am a great sinner," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I am an old sinner," sayest thou; I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I am a hard-hearted sinner," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I have served Satan all my days," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I have sinned against light," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I have sinned against mercy," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. "But I have no good thing to bring with me," sayest thou; "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ. Thus I

might go on to the end, and shew thee that this promise was provided to answer all thy objections, and ease all thy fears. Her father continues: She pointed me to this part, and said, "This is the ground of my hope."

Her dying hours are thus described: "On Sunday the 7th of April, having been much worse during the night, she said on my going to her bed-side, 'O my dear mamma, what would I not have given to have had you to talk and read to me last night! I could not sleep, and I could not remember my hymns perfectly.' I read to her a chapter in the Bible, after which she asked me to read her favourite Psalm, the twenty-third. Then she observed, 'The believer has no need to fear death, for it is called a shadow, (Ps. xxiii. 4.) and compared to a sleep,' (1 Cor. xv. 51. 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.) 'Oh! I have no wish to live. I feel quite resigned to the Lord's will, and willing to wait his time. But I hope he will enable me to bear my affliction patiently.'"

"On the Sunday before her death, she called her brother William to her bed-side, and said, 'My dear William, do not grieve for me, but beg of the Lord to render my death a blessing to you. And if you ask in faith, you shall receive.' At another time she said to me, 'I dare say, dear mamma, you think it strange that I should not say something to Fanny; but, mamma, it was Fanny who first led me to my knees.' I once said to her, 'My dear child, how tar-

nestly I desire to possess the same sweet frame of mind, which you enjoy in the prospect of death.' 'Ask the Lord for it, dear mamma,' was the reply, 'and you know he will grant it you.' Once, suffering violent pain, she said, 'I can *but just* bear it. But I trust the Lord will enable me to suffer all *his* will patiently *to the very end.*' The morning before her death I noticed the great difficulty she had in breathing. She calmly replied, 'Yes, mamma, but I can bear it.' She told me that in the night this verse had comforted her, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.' She died peaceably early in the morning of Friday, April 26."

My dear young readers, you have seen how peacefully this dear girl could lay herself down and die. Now let me close this short notice of her by asking you *three questions.*

which I should like your mother, or teacher, or some Christian friend to hear you answer.

1. What truth about Jesus made Nelly so happy on her dying-bed?

2. Are you believing the same truth?

3. Does it give you peace in the thought of dying and meeting God?

THE LOST CLASS.

As the visitor passed from class to class, now encouraging the boys with a word of exhortation, anon cheering a teacher with his Christian salutation, he came to a spot where stood the three stools forming the usual open square of a Sunday-school class, and the teacher's stool, too, stood in its place, but not a soul was there. It was the place of the second class.

"Where are the boys of this class?" inquired the visitor.

"There are none," replied the superintendent.

"Where is the teacher?"

"He has left us."

"Left you! how? under what circumstances?"

"He became discouraged by the inattention of his boys, and the absence of any indication of improvement; and, after some hesitation, and staying away a few Sundays, he gave up teaching. The boys who, for lack of judicious firmness on the part of their teacher, had become somewhat dis-

organised, and finding his place vacant for several Sundays, became increasingly negligent. They were first unpunctual in attendance and disorderly in their conduct. At length several absented themselves altogether; no other person being at hand to take the teacher's vacant seat, the few remaining boys were drafted into another class, and there is now no second class." "We seem," added he, "to have lost a class."

"Lost a class! indeed," replied the visitor. "What shall it profit a teacher if he shrink from trouble and gain relief from anxiety, and thereby his class is lost? Lost, let us devoutly pray they may not be: but so far as he is concerned they are. He has given them up to the counsels of the evil one. He, their guide and teacher, has preferred his own ease to their everlasting *good*—he has set them the bad lesson of putting his hand to the Lord's plough and looking back. They have been accustomed to look to him for instruction: it must not be wondered at if they follow the instruction *of his example!* What would be his feelings if overcome by a consciousness of his unfaithfulness to his Saviour and to the souls of the little ones placed under his care, if he should even now penitently return to resume his forsaken duties? He would find the place desolate—himself a teacher without a class—his class neglected by their teacher—gone—lost! Looking round, he would see one and another of his

late scholars under the care of one more faithful than himself: but the rest, where are they? Left to themselves, they have wandered in forbidden paths, and have already entered upon the round of Sabbath-breaking, and those other sinful services of Satan, the way of which is—Death.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs." There stands the injunction, binding still upon all who profess to love their Saviour. Happy, thrice happy those who, by divine grace, are stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord: their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. But awful, ah, how awful will be the sentence on those who, knowing their Lord's will, and engaged in their Lord's work, turned aside from doing it! "Forasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my disciples, ye did it not to me." I know you not! Depart from me! Lost! Lost!

T.

THE LITTLE BAKER.

A LITTLE boy, about four years old, whose father is a baker, heard a Missionary sermon sometime ago, and being a thoughtful little fellow, began to consider what he had heard, and then to ask himself whether he could not do something to help forward the cause of Missions to the heathen. At last, he hit upon a plan. He asked his father to let him have the small bits of dough which were cut off in

shaping the loaves, that he might make them into *little* loaves, which, he said, he would sell, and give the money to the "Missionary gentleman," in order that Bibles and teachers might be sent to the poor black children. His father told him that his little loaves would not be *worth* anything, and that no one would buy *them*. But the child pressed his suit, telling his father he would sell his little loaves for anything he could get for them, even at four for a farthing, if he could get no more. His father assented. The little fellow set to work, made a batch of his Lilliputian bread, and the man baked it for him, and, in a short time, he has got 4s. 6d. by the sale of these little loaves, which he is saving, in order that he may, when he has an opportunity, give it with any more that may be added meanwhile, to send the "living bread" to the perishing heathen.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

THE HEAVENS.—NO. VII.

The planet Jupiter is an orb of vast magnitude and splendour. So glorious are the ideas which a knowledge of its great proportions inspires, that our minds fail in the conception of them, and we must wait for the perfection of a future state, in which to learn more fully the grandeur of the mighty orbs with which the Creator has strewed the vast fields of space; and to understand with more clearness of comprehension how his power, omnipotence, and goodness are alike made known to his intelligent creatures through his works.

It is not certain whether this planet is surrounded by an atmosphere or not. The reasons in support of the latter opinion are founded on the excessive clearness and brilliancy of its appearance; so opposed as they are to the idea of fogs and clouds, which impeding the rays of the sun in their passage to us frequently make it dark and gloomy at our noonday. But why need we imagine that an atmosphere must necessarily be accompanied by rain and mists? There were no clouds in Eden before man fell; nothing then obstructed the clear bright shining of the sun, as its warm beams nursed the flower, and gladdened the glowing hills with verdure—a type of the union between unfallen man and his God, which sin had never then destroyed.

It rather seems that a pure crystal atmosphere would be the best adapted to the circumstances of such a splendid world as the planet Jupiter appears to be; and whose inhabitants we may suppose guiltless of the heinous crime of rebellion by which we separated ourselves from our God.

A belt encompasses this planet, the nature of which is not clearly ascertained. It, very probably, is a luminous girdle of immense extent, within which the mighty orb revolves, and which accompanies it on its circuit round the sun. But whether its substance is transparent or opaque, and capable of habitation; what are the changes which vary on its surface, and the particular laws which govern it; we have no means at present of determining.

It must, however, present a grand spectacle in the firmament, and with the satellites, or moons, enlighten the nights with surpassing lustre; and prove the vast resources of God in the great law of variety which he has displayed in the various departments of creation.

The days and nights are equal in the planet Jupiter; and, speaking according to the change of seasons which we experience, there is perpetual summer at the equator, and everlasting winter in the polar regions. But admitting that the rigour of the latter is exceedingly severe, we are not acquainted with the resources which may mitigate its intensity, and render it subservient to the great designs of infinite and unerring wisdom. The inhabitants may have greater facilities of movement than ourselves, and be alternately able to enjoy, with ever-recurring sensations of delight, the exhibition of their heavenly Father's love in the grand and diversified scenery of summer, with its glowing sunlight, and enamelled hills, and the everlasting frosts of winter's snowy temple, alike the altar for their devotions, and alike eloquent with celestial praise. J. H.

THE WANDERING LAMB.

THE mountain air was bleak and cold,
And a lamb had wandered from the fold;
It could find no pleasant grass to eat,
And torn and weary were its feet.

The stones were large, and the rocks were high;
Their black points seemed to touch the sky;
And on every side the briery weed
Pulled out its wool and made it bleed.

Yet the foolish lamb would not go back;
It loved to roam in that thorny track,
With the lightning glaring in its eyes,
And the thunder rolling in the skies.

But night came on; and night is dread,
When we have no place to lay our head;
The snow came down, and the cold wind blew,
Till the little lamb affrighted grew.

It thought of the shepherd's love and care,
Which had shielded it from the bleak chill air;
And given it the nicest food to eat,
And water to drink, both clear and sweet.

Hark! on the wind a cry is borne;
So loud, it is heard above the storm!
And footsteps are scaling the rocks behind,
Eager and quick the lost to find.

The lost *is* found, and the shepherd's breast
Hushes the wayward lamb to rest;
Its wanderings pardoned, o'er the past
A veil of forgetfulness is cast.

Safe in the sheltered fold again,
With its wool washed clean from every stain,
Say, will it wish once more to roam
From the peace and joy of its pleasant home?

Perhaps it may; but the shepherd's care
Will gently constrain it to linger there:
Follow his will where'er it guides,
And gratefully take what he provides. J. H.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 314.] FEBRUARY, 1850. [Vol. 27.

LITTLE ANN AND HER NURSE.

As Mrs. Harrison was coming down stairs, one morning, she heard her little girl, Ann, speaking loud and rudely in the nursery. She was very sorry to hear it, but it was just time for family prayer, and she thought it best not to inquire at once, what was the matter. The bell was rung; the whole family came to morning prayers; and when they were over, Mrs. Harrison called Ann aside, and asked her what she was saying to her nurse, just before prayers. The little girl's cheeks became very red, and she made no reply. Her mother repeated her

question, very seriously, and then Ann said, in a low voice, "I asked her for my bread and milk." Mrs. Harrison soon desired her to say exactly the words she had used in asking. Now the little girl's eyes were filled with tears. She felt within her, that she had spoken very improperly to the nurse, and that now she had been trying to hide her fault. Her mother insisted upon an answer, and Ann had to confess; "I said, Sarah, give me my bread and milk, I am hungry; I must and will have it directly."

"Was that a proper way to ask for it?" said her mother.

Little Ann still tried to excuse herself. "I was hungry, mamma," said she, "and I had asked her before."

"You are not answering my question, Ann," replied her mother. "I said, Was that a proper way to ask for your bread and milk?"

Ann knew that her mother always required to be obeyed, and that when she asked a question an answer she must have. She hung her head down, and said, "No, mamma, it was not."

Mrs. Harrison now required Ann to say what Sarah was doing, when she asked for her bread and milk. The little girl would have been so glad to go without her breakfast altogether, if she had only been excused from answering any more questions. But it was of no use trying to escape; she knew

that she was speaking her own shame, when she said, "She was nursing sister Harriet."

"Then the truth is," said her mother, "that you, the healthy and strong child, wanted nurse to lay down your little sister, who is sick and in pain, in order that you may not have to wait till after prayers for your early meal! I did not think that you were quite so selfish as that."

Ann was hiding her face, and sobbing very bitterly by this time. "I didn't think of Harriet's being sick and in pain," she said.

"Neither did you think of Sarah's kindness which she is daily shewing you in a great many ways," replied her mother. "You did not think that Sarah can judge better than you, what work she has to attend to first, and that she would not let you go without your usual meal for one minute longer than could be helped. You did not think how rude were the words you spoke to her, and how much it would grieve her to have to complain to me of you. And why is it that you did not think of any of these things? They are plain and simple enough. They have their effect upon you at other times. But this morning, self was uppermost with you, and you desired that every other person's convenience and feeling should give way to yours. It was an inconvenience to you that you had not your bread and milk at the usual time, before prayers. But why do you ever get that

meal? Because your parents are willing that you should have it, though you do nothing to earn any meal. They look for a thankful mind, a gentle, loving conduct, from you: but this morning you have been unkind towards your little sister, rude towards nurse, and quite forgetful of your duty towards papa and mamma. And besides that, my child, you have been trying to hide your fault, and to lay the blame upon Sarah. All you have said has been only just meant to excuse yourself, as if all would be well if you could escape blame from your mother. Is there not One whose blame you cannot escape, even though you could satisfy one by hiding what has taken place?"

Little Ann now knelt down before her mamma, and begged that she would teach her to ask pardon of God for the sinful temper she had allowed in herself. Mrs. Harrison knelt down by her side, and offered up a prayer, not only that her dear child's sin might be forgiven, but that God would give her a new heart, and put a right spirit within her. She then sent her to ask Sarah's pardon for the rude words she had said to her: and Sarah told her she did not mind them at all—she only wished Ann to be kind to her little sister. Ann begged very much to be allowed to stay with little Harriet, to soothe and amuse her: Sarah was glad when she found poor baby pleased with her sister's attentions; Ann's breakfast

was soon made ready for her, and she took it, giving thanks to God, with love in her heart towards her parents, nurse, and sister, and with a watchful care, that she might ever be ready to do to others as she desired that others should do towards herself.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

After the Burmese war, Maulmain being one of the provinces ceded to the English, where the missionaries could carry on their labours under the protection of the British government, it was agreed that Mr. Boardman should occupy a station in this province.

A small bamboo house, a very frail shelter in the eyes of an American, was erected for them at Maulmain as soon as practicable; and Mrs. Boardman was carried to the wa-

ter-side upon a litter, to be placed in a boat which was to convey her to her new home. A row of native houses had sprung up along the water-side, and the little town was daily receiving additions to its population, from those who preferred the English government to their own. The mission-house was in a lonely spot about a mile from the cantonments, and the thick jungle close at hand was the haunt of wild beasts, whose howlings sounded dismally in their ears in the night-time. Behind them rose a handsome range of hills, tipped here and there with the mark of a nation's idolatry—the light, graceful pagoda, with its white and gilded masonry, and glittering ornaments; and before them rolled a broad, beautiful river, in which an English sloop of war was lying at anchor, and curiously-shaped Indian boats were passing to and fro, with each changing tide. Just across the river, lay the Burman province of Martaban, which, having been deserted by its peaceful inhabitants, became, to the terrible men who took shelter there, like his own mountain fastnesses to Mac-Gregor. Armed with knives, spears, and sometimes muskets, they sallied forth in parties of twenty or thirty, at nightfall; and then woe to the poor wretch who was suspected of having treasure worth the trouble of a visit. Sometimes even entire villages were destroyed by them, and they once ventured so far as to attack a guard of sepoys. Stealthily they moved,

with a tread as light as the Indians of the western world; and when they had secured their booty, the Martaban coast became to them the altar of Jupiter. By touching that, they were safe, for it was beyond the jurisdiction of the English; and so they carried on their daring trade with impunity. The English general had suggested to Mr. Boardman that he might be exposing himself to danger, both from these lawless men and the wild beasts of the jungle; and had invited him to take up his residence within the cantonments. But this would have defeated the missionary object; for to serve the Burmese, or even prepare to serve them, by studying their character and language, he must be with them.

Here, in a place well calculated, from its loneliness, for study, Mrs. Boardman began to learn the language; for she had the advantage of hearing it spoken daily. She even attempted to converse with the half-wild children, who stood gaping at her in amused curiosity; and attracted them about her as much as possible, in the hope that, as soon as she was prepared, she might be able to establish a school.

About a month after Mrs. Boardman's arrival at Maulmain, under date of June 20th, she writes a friend: "We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be upon earth. It is our earnest desire to live, and labour, and die among this people."

Four days passed after the writing of this letter, as previous hours passed; men in loose garments of gaily-plaided cloth, and with their long, black hair wound about their heads, and confined by folds of muslin, looked curiously in at the door of the strange foreigner; and then encouraged by some kind word or glance, or the spreading of a mat, seated themselves in their own fashion, talked a little while with their host, though often, from misunderstanding each other's meaning, at cross-purposes, and went away, leaving him to his books and teacher. Women and children gathered more timidly, but with curiosity even less disguised, about the *Kalah-ma-pyhoo*, (white foreigners,) wondering at her strange costume, and the fairness of her skin; and some of the bolder of them venturing to touch her hand, or to pass their tawny, taper fingers from the covered instep to the toe of the neatly-formed slipper, so unlike their own clumsy sandals. But who, among all these, came to inquire of Jesus Christ, or learn the way to heaven? Truly could they say, "We have not so much as heard if there be a God."

On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the

infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids; and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation.

The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the grey shadows? The lamp was soon re-lighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewed carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the robbers had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation this spoiling of their goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife or pointed spear glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt, ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of the

little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if the rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous hearts the beautiful picture; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one Eye open—the Eye that never slumbers; a protecting wing was over them, and a soft, invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids.

Nearly every article of value, that could be taken away, had disappeared from the house; and though strict search was made throughout the neighbourhood, no trace of them was ever discovered.—*Mrs. Judson.*

TO THE YOUTHFUL READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

My dear Children,—Before you read this, one month of the New Year will have passed away, and carried up its record to the throne of God. How did you occupy its days, and weeks, and hours? Did you employ them in thinking over the mercies you received throughout the old year, when God's eye watched over you for good, and his arm preserved you from the dangers

that were spread around on every side? Those who have been carried through these dangers, have very much to be thankful for, and there is an earnest call to each one of them, to shew their gratitude, in actively promoting the designs of the Gospel of Christ.

Dear children, while thrones have fallen around you, and men's hearts have been failing them—while the breath of the pestilence that wasteth by noon-day has laid many as young as you amid the lone stillness of the tomb—you have been preserved in life and safety; and why? That you might turn unto God, as your Father in Christ, and endeavour to spread around you the knowledge of his name.

As I hope you are willing to do this as far as you have it in your power, I would remind you that there are many children without your privileges, your hopes and mercies—that never had the Bible opened before them, and whose knees were never bent in humble prayer at the footstool of divine grace.

In many parts of Ireland, much gross ignorance prevails. The priests of the Church of Rome throw the veil of human tradition over the page of Holy Scripture, set up the images of the saints, and teach the people to offer their prayers in the name of the Virgin Mary, instead of through the intercession of Jesus. Now this idolatry is expressly forbidden in the Second Com-

mandment, as we have it in our Protestant Bibles; but the Romanists have even dared to leave out this commandment in their Catechisms, and have divided one of the other commandments into two parts, in order to preserve the original number unimpaired.

By so doing they have committed an awful sin; and this and their other evil deeds have provoked God's just judgments against them. Ought we not to try to illuminate their darkness, by carrying them the word of the living God, which is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our paths? The "Irish Reformation Society" is doing this. It has built churches and school-rooms; and pious ministers and Scripture-readers have gone among the people, instructing them in the doctrines of the Gospel.

Will you aid its funds? Perhaps you could only give a very little at a time; but remember, dear children, the ocean is fed by rain drops, and the little rivulet trickling slowly in its mountain bed becomes at last a mighty river. Anything you are willing to give will be gladly received by the Secretaries of the Society — Wm. W. Carus Wilson, Esq., jun., Casterton, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Mrs. Col. Inglis, Carlingwark House, Castle Douglas. And if you adopt this suggestion, do it because your heavenly Father has encompassed you so richly with his blessings, and, influenced by his love,

you would extend them to others less favoured than yourselves.

Your affectionate friend,

J. H.

HOPE IN CHRIST.

"If you were going to die to-day, Ernie, would you have any fear to meet God on account of your sins?" "No, mamma," he promptly replied. "Why not?" "Because Jesus died for me," he added. "But how do you know that he died for you?" I inquired. "He told me so in his Word." "What!" said I, "did you ever read there that Jesus died for Ernest?" "No, mamma, that's not it," replied he with a sweet smile which seemed to say, I've a little golden clue better than that—"No, mamma, that's not it. Jesus died for *all:* that takes me in." "But," I rejoined, "you have committed many great sins: you have disobeyed God and your mother; played on the holy Sabbath; have told untruths; and even taken things that were not your own. Do you really think, that when Jesus died for you, he did enough for all this?" "Oh! more than enough, mamma," cried Ernest, evidently with unshaken confidence, "in the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin." I farther inquired—"But what would have become of you, Ernie, had Jesus not died for you?" "I should have been lost," he answered

with a sigh. "Well," said I, "Jesus Christ came to save the lost: and God is quite satisfied with the 'finished' work of his dear Son; for so he frequently declares himself in his blessed word. And so you do not fear to meet a well-pleased God?" "No, mamma." "Now, Ernie," asked I, "of all the things you ever saw or heard of, tell me what you most wish for?" "To see Jesus," he replied. "Oh! if I could kiss his pierced feet, and climb his knees, and see his face"—speaking with somewhat of the fervour of David, when he said, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." (Ps. xvii. 15.) Now then I, too, was satisfied, and we together anticipated the joys of the redeemed. "By faith" we walked with Christ in our white robes, with palms in our hands, singing, "Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." And so passed Ernie's last Sabbath.

THE HEAVENS.—NO. VIII.

I SUPPOSE you all know what an eclipse is. You remember looking out upon the sky, when the solemn shades of midnight were lingering on the earth, and all around you was still. You were watching the moon, over whose bright disc a dark gloom was passing. What occasioned this darkening, or eclipse? The

moon is an opaque body, perfectly dark in itself, and deriving all its light from the sun. At certain seasons, during its monthly rotation, our earth, of which it is the secondary planet, comes between it and the sun; and the rays of the latter being arrested in their course, cannot illuminate its surface.

An eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the moon coming between it and the earth, which causes a partial darkness even at noon-day.

It is a beautiful sight when the shade is creeping over the surface of the moon, and its soft beams steal away from tree and flower. It is another aspect of the majesty and beauty of the Lord our God in creation. His hand gradually draws the curtain, and subdues the silvery light which streams down from the starry sky, and anon brings out the moon again in its peerless dignity and splendour to walk amid the host of heaven.

Every object in the heavens is a hymn of praise to Jesus, every ray is a sparkle of his divine and ineffable glory. By his power he made the worlds, and every operation of nature is conducted by his unerring wisdom and beneficence. The sun, moon, and stars are golden steps; mounting which, we shall attain unto higher and more exalted ideas of the blessed God; and those who know him in the gospel of his Son, will have the most pleasure in contemplating the works of his hands.

We cannot tell the amount of influence which eclipses exercise over our system, and the universe of stars. The different orders of

holy beings may probably see in them many truths and mysteries with which we are unacquainted in our present state. We are sure that they exhibit stupendous instances of grandeur and sublimity, sufficient to arrest every eye, and interest every intelligent mind, as proofs of that omnipotence and greatness which will never be perfectly understood, when millions of eternal ages have rolled their rounds!

But, dear children, the *only* darkness is not above, below, around *us*—it is a solemn question: "Are we dark ourselves?" Do you understand what this question means? Children of wrath by nature, the very moment we were born, our souls were cold and dark, and a black spot was upon them, which shut out the beams of the great Spiritual Sun. That spot was sin! It was a veil spread over the joys and hopes of heaven to hide them from our view; a cloud between us and the loving-kindness of the Lord our God; an eclipse of his gracious smile. And was it *always* to hide his face from us; and was sin always to separate us *from* him? Not so. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." When that blood is put upon our souls, the dark spot is wiped out; and the beams of life and light fall upon them. Then we are no more aliens—hidden from the favour of our God—and without the shining of his countenance upon us. He sees us again in love, and he makes us his children by adoption and grace, preparatory to giving us an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear children, has the eclipse of sin passed away from your souls, and has the blood of Jesus made them clean? He alone can save you, and give you a title for heaven; his Spirit alone can purify your heart, and make you meet for the holy world beyond the grave. There are no clouds there; no shadows fall upon the soul; no darkness intercepts the light of glory. Like the sun and the stars, the righteous shine in their Father's kingdom. Every tear is wiped away, and they rejoice continually in his presence! J. H.

THE LITTLE RAILWAY PASSENGER.

A GENTLEMAN was waiting at one of our railway stations for his homeward train, when he observed some of the company's men turning over a small bundle, and heard them talking of the cruel conduct of some absent persons.

Their words caught his ear, and arrested his attention; and, turning round, he saw a pretty little boy of about four years of age standing on a chair near the men, quietly looking on. On inquiry, our friend found that the dear little fellow had been put into the train that morning, having a small bundle, and a half-price railway ticket fastened on to his little straw hat. He had travelled a hundred miles or more; and now no kind friend was waiting to take charge of him, nor could his little lisping tongue tell where he came from nor whose he was going. At most he could but imperfectly tell his name. Some of the men were anxiously examining his little bundle, to ascertain, if possible, something about his history. There the little passenger stood, without a friend to caress him, or a kind voice to cheer him. The gentleman felt his heart move towards him. He was a father, and he thought of his own eight little ones at home, particularly of one lisping boy about the same age. "How can this be?" he asked. "Where can his friends be!" "Ah, sir," replied one of the men, "I have been on the railroad a long time, and have often witnessed scenes like this. If we cannot find a home for the poor little fellow we must put him into the Union-house." Our friend stepped up to the child, and asked him if he felt hungry. "Yes," was the gentle reply. Having purchased some cakes, he put one into the dear little fellow's hand, who began to eat it hastily, for he was very hungry. But, would you have thought it? there was a lady pacing up and down,

with head erect, and heart unmoved, in the midst of this touching scene. Could she be a mother? We cannot tell. Let us hope she was very deaf, and that she imagined the gentleman and the little boy were father and child.

But who put this child into the train? and who fastened the ticket to his little straw hat, thus casting him upon the world's cold charity? Is it possible that his mother did all this? Is it possible that a mother's heart could turn away from that helpless one? Can a woman forget her own child? Yes: she may forget; but for the honour of mothers be it said, that although such a thing is possible, it does not often occur. On the other hand, how often do we hear of a mother running the risk of losing her own life to save that of her child? Let us rather believe that the mother of the poor deserted boy was sleeping in her grave, and that some guilty stranger had performed the dark deed. Well, "the day shall declare it." It will be known then. But there was an eye looking on at the whole transaction. That eye which sees all, watched over that outcast child. What was its final destination we have not heard. Perhaps we shall. May He, the loving Saviour, who welcomed the little ones to his arms, be its protector through life, and may his heaven be its final home.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF THE MISSIONARIES SENT OUT BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST.

"My Bible Class, and little missionary meeting," writes Miss Tunstall, from Capetown, on Wednesday, from 12 to 1 o'clock, "with the eldest of my scholars, continue as usual; and I am happy to say they continue to manifest great interest. When we opened our missionary box in February, we had £1 18s. in it. One encouraging circumstance I must mention. A dear little boy, William Stuart, six years of age, sometimes remained to listen—we scarcely observed him—but in January he became very ill, and during the holidays died. When the school recommenced, his sister came with his money-box, containing 10½d., which he had requested should be put into our missionary-box. Shortly before his death, his father asked if he was afraid to die; he replied, 'No, father, I am going to Jesus, for you know we are taught at school that Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I love Jesus, and he loves me, and will let me live with him in heaven.' He shortly after breathed his last, and I doubt not but he is in heaven, singing the praise of Jesus, whom he loved and trusted in with the sweet simplicity of a child. On hearing it, I felt greatly encouraged to 'sow beside all waters.'"

Miss Harding, who conducts the school at Jerusalem, gives the following anecdote of a little Russian Jewish girl, who, with her little sister, are objects of affectionate interest to their teacher. She writes thus:

"On all occasions, she is fond of quiet converse with me alone; and one evening, availing herself of the opportunity afforded by being seated beside me on a stone on the Jaffa plain, while her sister and another child played at a little distance, she repeated to me in a clear, sweet voice one of her favourite hymns,

'Salvation! oh the joyful sound!'

And on coming to the chorus,

'Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord;'

She thus commented on it in the most earnest manner, with the deepest feeling: 'O ma'am, that's nice! Jesus Christ is *our* Redeemer, *our* Redeemer. No man can redeem his brother; no money, no money; nothing, but only the precious blood of Christ!' I was perfectly amazed; it was certainly the condensing of many lessons I had given them; but to hear it so clearly, so simply, and so fully set before me by the child, affected me almost to tears. In the mouth of a litle Jewish girl, too, it had a deeply penetrating power. She has not been with me more than eight months, so I had hardly known how far she could follow the English lessons."

THE SOLITARY WITNESS.

Some years ago, a missionary went to a heathen village in India; but no one there would attend to his words. When he went away, he left one New Testament behind him, in the shop of a native. It was but a single seed cast into a bad soil, and he feared that it would be thrown aside, or else that its sacred leaves might be used to wrap up tobacco, rice, or salt. But no! The eye of God was upon that book. Like Lot in Sodom, like the captive maid in the house of Naaman, that New Testament was a solitary witness for Jehovah in the midst of idols and idolaters; and it became a light to them that sat in darkness. Some of them it led into the way of peace. Soon after it was left, three or four heathens came to that shop. They saw the strange book. They asked that they might read it. They took it home. As they heard what it told them about God and man, sin and salvation, hell and heaven, they wondered, they trembled, they believed. A church was formed in that village, and two of those who borrowed that Testament are now preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now!—
  Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
  I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
  Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
  She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
  Whose names these records bear:
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
  After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
  In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
  Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
  To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
  Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
  What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
  Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
  Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
  My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
  That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
  It taught me how to die.

A HYMN.

CHILDREN round the Saviour stand,
What a bright and glorious band!
Oh! how happy they.
Never shall they henceforth stray:
They have gain'd their heavenly rest,
And with their Saviour's presence now are blest.

May we ever hope to share
Bliss with them where now they are?
Oh! how happy we,
If one day with them we be.
They found Jesus as their Friend:
And He's the same, and will be to the end.

Love to sinners made him die:
Loves he just the same on high.
Oh! let sinners hear.
They may come, they need not fear;
He will us at once receive,
If only what He saith we do believe.

Sinners Jesus sought on earth;
'Twas the reason of his birth.
Who would then delay
Seeking Him when thus they may?
He will change the stubborn heart;
Pardon, and light, and power He will impart.

Lov'd He thus that glorious band,
Which around Him happy stand;
He did hear their prayer;
Kept them, too, with constant care:
Trust Him! Come to Jesus now!
Then you one day with them 'fore him shall bow.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 315.] MARCH, 1850. [Vol. 27.

"LOOK UP."

A LITTLE boy went to sea with his father, to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor, if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast." The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "O father, I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?" "Look up, look up, my boy," said his father. "If you look down, you will be giddy; but if you keep looking

to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the bottom with ease.

My dear children, I want you to learn from this little story, to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves. If you keep thinking always about yourselves, it will make you unhappy. Shall I tell you the reason of this? It is because our hearts are so full of sin, that the more we look at them, the more reason we shall have to fear that God will be angry with us, and not take us to heaven; and this will make us very unhappy. What I want you to do, is to look to Jesus; that is, to think a great deal about all that he has done for you, and how much he loves you; to come to him every day, and beg him to forgive and wash away all your sins in his own blood; this is the way to be happy. I hope you understand what I mean. When we look from ourselves up to the Saviour, we are like the boy when he kept his eyes fixed on the flag, and so got down safely. Once more, I say, "Look up! look up!"

Look up, ye young, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Look up, and sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him King of kings.

A HAPPY CHANGE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—We live in a world of change. The seasons change. Now we have gloomy winter; in a little we shall be favoured with the cheerfulness of spring; then the bright summer; then the golden autumn. The flowers change. You have seen the lily and the rose in their full bloom, and in a few weeks their bloom is blighted; the leaves wither and the stem dies.

Men change their occupations and the place of their abode; some for the better, and others for the worse. I wish however to tell you of a happy change which was experienced by a dear little girl, some months ago, who exchanged time for eternity—a diseased body and a bleak earth for a happy heaven—the society of kind sisters and kind brothers and a kind mother, for the society of happy saints, bright angels, and a loving Saviour. Her name was E—— A——, residing at B—— Works, aged thirteen years. This dear child was deprived of her father at a time when she was not able sufficiently to estimate her loss. Her mother, however, was spared to her, and a number of affectionate brothers and sisters, some of whom had become the children of God by faith. Little E—— was the youngest of the family; and as is usual with such, she had many to nurse and care for her. She grew up just as others grow, healthy,

hearty, and happy, until about her eighth year, when she first became ill. The disease, which ultimately cut her off, began by a slight swelling in the toe. At this stage every effort was made to arrest its progress, but without success. It spread from the toe to the foot—from the foot to the limb—from the limb through the whole body. During the first three years she was able to run about and mingle in the childish frolics of her companions; but the last two years of her life she was wholly confined to the house, and obliged to sit constantly by the fireside.

An old, worthy deacon of an Independent church was in the habit of visiting her mother. On such occasions he used to take dear little E—— on his knee, and in his own familiar, simple manner speak to her of Jesus. She used to listen with the greatest attention, and even at that early stage (about six years of age) manifested symptoms of seriousness.

These symptoms of seriousness became more apparent during the first three years of her illness, and through the earnest and kind instructions of her own friends, and others who occasionally visited the family, she obtained clear and accurate views of her own sinfulness and the atonement of Jesus. In conversation one day with one of her sisters, she gave decided proofs of her knowledge of the Gospel. Her sister repeated that interesting passage in John

iii. 16—a passage which may be said to sum up the meaning of the entire Bible—a passage the right understanding of which cannot fail to dissipate guilty fear, give perfect peace, and change the whole life—a passage which should be imprinted on the heart of every child. After repeating the passage, she asked little E—— what she thought it meant. In her own simple style she explained the passage thus:—"God so *loves everybody* that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him,—that just means, if anybody believes on him they will not be punished, but be taken to heaven, and I see plainly that God loves *me*—that Jesus died for *me*—an' God 'll no break his word. I will never perish; I will get to heaven." As her disease increased, her cheerfulness seemed to increase also. From morning till night, and from day to day, for the space of two years, that dear girl sat by the fireside contented and happy. The love of God was the strength of her heart, and Jesus her portion for evermore. Now she was reading the "Dew Drop;" then her Bible; then the "Day Star;" then singing some sweet Gospel hymn; then conversing freely and fluently with her sisters about the blessed Gospel. Thus passed her time. I visited the family frequently, and always enjoyed conversation with little E——. When any stranger asked her how she was, with a blithe face and with peculiar quickness, she would say,

"I'm fine." Ah, Jesus was her physician, her Saviour, her Comforter, her companion, and no wonder she felt "fine." But little E—— came to her end; and oh! 't was sweet. Her latter end was peace—her prospects for the future were bright and cheering. She read in John iii. 16. her "title clear to mansions in the skies."

During the last days of her earthly life, she enjoyed the sweetest peace. Death seemed to have no sting to her. She spoke of dying as familiarly as though it were but a little change. Calling her mother one day to her bedside, she requested earnestly to be buried in her father's grave, expressing her confident hope of meeting her father in heaven, and joining with him in singing hallelujah to the Lamb upon the throne.

While she was able to go about, she went with the utmost regularity to visit an old pious woman who lived near, and had many sweet conversations with her. That old woman died before E——; and when the daughter of the former came to see E—— before she died, E—— said to her; "I'm gaun awa' to leave ye noo; I'm gaun awa' to heav'n, and I'll see granny there." Her sister was standing by her bedside sobbing. She looked in her face with a bright eye, and said, "O J——, woman, dinna greet, that vexes me; ye ken ye mauna greet for me—my sins are a' forgiven; I'm going to Jesus in heaven: if ye greet, ye canna be loving Jesus. Come, come, J——, sing a

hymn." "What hymn shall I sing?" asked her weeping sister. "Sing—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,'"

said the dying lamb, and sweetly joined with her sister in singing it. Her mother asked if she was willing to leave them all? "O yes, mother," she replied; "I shall have other companions: Jesus, and angels, and good men, and sweet singing!" Another deacon of the church, who had much sweet conversation with her, asked her what she wished her brothers and sisters to do when she was away? With great earnestness she answered—"I want them all to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." To one of her brothers she said—"Ah, W——, I'm gaun awa' to leave ye noo—I'm gaun awa' hame! and oh! mind we'll never meet again if ye dinna love Jesus." When near her end, a number of neighbours had come to see her. Little E——, lifting her eyes, saw the house nearly filled with people, and raising her voice as high as her now failing strength would permit, she said—"Jesus loved me, and he loves you, and he loves everybody." Gradually she became weaker; but to the last she manifested the brightest evidence that she was a babe in Christ. She fell asleep. Her mortal remains lie in B—— churchyard; but her immortal spirit is now, we believe, in glory.

Beloved children, would you die such a death? Then you must believe that the same Jesus died for your sins that died for hers. Live as she lived, and your wish will be fully realised.

THE CHILD AND HER PAPIST FATHER.

SAYS a correspondent of a foreign journal: I was in the city of P——, seated in the study of the brother with whom I had been labouring, when a little German girl, of twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the room, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, in an animated tone, "Oh, Mr. ——, I am sure the Lord is going to convert my father. I do believe he will be converted now," she added, with so much emotion as drew from me the enquiry, "Of whom is she speaking?" "Tell the gentleman yourself, my

child," said my friend, "what God has done for you, and what he has been trying to do for him."

From the simple story of the girl, I gathered the following. A year and a half before, in her ignorance and sin, she had been led to enter the church where my friend was preaching, and while there the Lord graciously met her, and converted her soul. Full of joy and wonder, she ran home to tell her father, who was a bigoted Romanist, what a Saviour she had found; but, to her surprise, he became very angry, beat her cruelly, and forbade the mention of the subject again in his house. She continued to attend church, and expressed a wish to join with the people of God in commemorating the dying love of her Saviour. He told her if she did, he would beat her to death. With this prospect she determined to do her duty, putting her trust in Him who hath said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." When she returned home and told her father what she had done, he beat her most unmercifully, and drove her from the house, telling her never to return until she had given up her newfangled religion. Thus forsaken of her father, the Lord took her up: she was provided with a place in a pious family, at service, reserving to herself the first Monday in every month, which day she spent in distributing tracts to all the German families of her acquaintance, and, whenever permitted,

she prayed with them before she left, always taking her father's house in her way, though sure of being beaten and driven from it. Month after month she offered the hardened man a tract, at the same time entreating him to think of his poor soul, and offering to pray with him. Although uniformly driven away with severe blows, she said, "I did not care for the blows; for, sir, my poor father's soul was all that I thought of or cared for." In this course she persevered —how long do you think, indolent Christian? not one month, which many think too long to wait for an answer to prayer, but *eighteen months*, without seeing any fruit of her labour. Two months before I met her, she found, on visiting her father, that he was in tears over his work. He suffered her to read, converse, and pray, without interruption, and at parting bade her come again. The next month he was even more tender; and on the day I first saw her she had seen him again, and she said—"Oh, how changed was my poor father! with tears he begged me to forgive him, and pray for him. I told him I had laid nothing up against him, and asked him to pray for himself. He knelt down by my side, but could only say, 'O Lord, forgive; forgive, O Lord, forgive!' and now, sir, I am sure the Lord will hear and convert my poor father."

AN URGENT CASE.

Some time ago, an old person, apparently on the very brink of the grave, called upon a Christian neighbour, and told her that she was in great anxiety for her soul. Her friend asking what it was she wanted so anxiously, she replied: "I wish Christ to take a seat in my heart." She felt that he was not there, and she knew that it would be a dark and dreadful eternity she should spend if she entered it without Christ. Here then was a sight that might have melted the hardest hearts. An aged immortal, tottering upon the very brink of a terrible ruin, and just become sensible of her position, and seeing with a dim and unsatisfactory glimmering of spiritual light where her safety lay. Her friend immediately shewed her that Jesus would at once enter her heart when she saw the place which she had in his. Her attention was turned away from her own feelings to the consideration of the love of God for her, and the manifestation of that love in his great sacrifice for her sins. When she began to see how he felt for her, and that Jesus had made full satisfaction for all her sins, she began to feel that he could no longer be kept out of her heart, and her spirit began to rejoice in her God.

My dear reader, you may be young and robust; and when such a case as this is placed before you you may be ready to say

secretly to yourself, "Mine is not so urgent as this." Have you forgotten that your vigorous frame may probably be laid in the grave before that of this aged person? Whether you think so or not, it is true that it may. If what may be called the certain nearness of her end in this world made her case urgent, the uncertain nearness of yours makes it urgent too. If Jesus has not a place in your heart—if he is not the chief dependence and delight of your affections—you are not prepared to die. Think, then, how it is that he takes his seat in the heart of man. It is by your seeing the place you have in his heart that he will be admitted to yours. Think, and think again of the boundless love of your redeeming God; think of his heart as broken for your sins; think of his full, free, earnest welcome to you to be his, now and for ever, in heavenly friendship, and you will soon both see and feel that he is your best and most cherished friend.

THE TWINS.

We lately met with an exceedingly precious fact, from which, we think, every reader may draw a draught of most wholesome instruction, in a very short space of time. It occurred under the eye of a mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, at the close of the day, what they had done

during it to make others happy! On proposing the usual question, her twin daughters were silent. While others recounted some portion of good they had done, these little ones seemed to have nothing to say. At length, one of them said, "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only, one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good—this is all, dear mother." The other spake still more timidly: "A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a little brother. I saw that while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms round my neck: but I do not know why she said that I had done her good." The mother clasped her little darlings to her bosom, telling that they had obeyed the voice of God, commanding us to "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and to weep with those who weep."

My dear reader, have you sympathy with these lovely little ones? Does your heart experience the kindly flow of that spirit which is so beautifully manifested in their conduct? Is it your daily study to diminish the sorrows and to increase the joys of your fellow-men? Think over these questions. They are of vital moment. "If any man

have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." If it is your habit to make some *down-taking* remark when you see a fellow-creature happy, or to throw out some harsh and unfeeling hint when you see them in sorrow—if your days are spent in speaking evil of others, or your spare time squandered as if it were your own to waste—if you never think of calling your own heart to account as to what good you have done during the course of a day—then, have what name you may, and occupy what place you may among professing Christians—you are yet *void* of the most essential element of Christian character. You need to be born again by the belief of that truth which fills the soul with the spirit of Him who died under the curse, that he might heal the wounds of the guilty hearts of men.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

My dear Young Friends,—Is it true you have seen yourselves to be great sinners against God, and, as such, justly condemned by him, hut now anxious to enjoy peace with him? If peace with God be indeed the great object of your desire, then, depend upon it, there is nothing under the sun so desirable, and, according to God's plan, nothing so attainable.

The great question, then, with you is; What is God's plan of bestowing peace? A simple acquiescence in the Bible answer to this question will lead you to over-leap the ten thousand

subterfuges of multitudes of serious grown-up *people*—it will lead you straight to the Saviour.

Hearken, therefore, to the *evangelical* Isaiah: "He is [Jesus was] despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." To the *devoted* Paul: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." To the *repentant* Peter: "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." To the *beloved* John: "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son; he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." And to the *unerring* Spirit and the *beautiful* Bride, who say, "Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Your important question has now been answered. It has been so from God's own book, which cannot tell a lie. His plan of salvation has been set before you, and is the

life, death, and resurrection of Jesus, as an accepted atonement for all your sins. This procures for you a pardon; and those who accept this pardon are kept by God "in perfect peace"—"a peace flowing like a river."

The peace enjoyed by simply believing in Jesus will stand amid the most trying vicissitudes of life. Hear the Jewish Church: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." And Habakkuk—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labours of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And the Christian Church—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Fair the scene that lies before me;
Life eternal Jesus gives;
While he waves his banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives.
Sure his promise!
I shall live because he lives.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The following story may seem strange to some, but the reader may be sure that it is true. It was sent by the Rev. W. Morton, missionary, from India; and Mr. B. was his relation, and a pious man. This gentleman was a government surveyor, and was one day measuring some land that was covered over with what they call in India *jungle*, the name given to the trees and shrubs, and reeds and grass, which grow so thick and rank in that hot country. As there were a great many wild beasts in this jungle, the people who were helping Mr. B. lit fires, discharged guns, sent in dogs, made a loud noise, and did all they could to frighten them away.

Not thinking that there could be any danger after all this, Mr. B. forced his way through a part of the jungle to a little hill, that he might view the country; but as he was walking, all at

once he felt the ground giving way under him, and before he could recover his footing, or do anything to help himself, he had sunk down amongst the thick underwood, whilst all around him there arose up a cloud of dust, which, for a few minutes, prevented him from seeing where he was. But, though he could see nothing, he heard enough to frighten him. It was the low growl of some wild beasts, and he felt sure that he had sunk down into their den. And so it proved; for, as soon as the dust cleared away, he found himself in the midst of a nest of tiger cubs. The fact was, that the white ants, so plentiful in India, had hollowed out the ground, and, as the season was very dry, the thin crust which covered the tiger's lair broke in as soon as Mr. B. put his foot upon it.

Now you may fancy what he felt when he saw where he had got. And what do you think he did? "Turn pale," you will say, "and tremble, and scream for help as loud as ever he could." Nothing of the kind. He saw his danger, indeed; but, though alarmed, like a good man, he prayed to God to preserve him, and, like a wise man, he prepared for the worst. Knowing the habits of the creature into whose den he had fallen, he felt quite sure that the tigress was too near to permit him to escape her fury. What, then, could he do? He had no gun, no sword, not even a stick. His hand was his only defence. But what could that do without a weapon? Ah! the hand is a wonderful instrument, when wisely used. And so it proved to Mr. B.

After a minute's thought, he hastily took out of his hat and pocket two or three silk handkerchiefs, and twisted them tightly round his right arm, up to the elbow. "But what was the use of that?" you may be saying. You will see. It proved the truth of what Solomon says, that "wisdom is a defence." It saved his life. For he had no sooner done this, than what should he see but the tigress, leaping over the shrubs and reeds of the jungle, and bounding towards him, her eyes flashing fire, and her great jaws wide open, ready to seize and devour him. Was not this very frightful? Do you not think it was enough to make the boldest man cry out, and run away? But Mr. B. was too wise to attempt what was impossible, and what, too, would have brought upon him swift destruction. He, therefore, fixed his feet firmly upon the ground, prepared for a deadly struggle with the dreadful foe, and then stood still. In less time than this story can be read, the tigress had come close up to the place where Mr. B. was; and then she crouched down upon her belly, and crawled along the ground, as you have seen the cat do, when about to seize a bird, in order to make sure of her prey. Dreadful sight to Mr. B.; but he had no opportunity to think much about it, for in another moment, with one bound and a loud roar, she sprang right upon him.

As he expected, her great jaws were wide open; and as quick as thought, and with a steady aim, the brave man thrust his arm into her mouth, and seizing her tongue with his

hand, he began, with all his strength, to twist it from side to side. This prevented her from closing her mouth, but she made terrible use of her claws, for with them she tore off the clothes from his body and the flesh from his bones. Still, though wounded and bleeding, he kept his grasp tight, and gave her so much pain by twisting her tongue, that she became frightened, and, with a sudden start backward, she jerked it out of his hand, and to his great joy rushed away from him into the jungle. Having spent a few moments in giving thanks to that God who had thus delivered him out of the jaws of the tiger, as he had saved David from the lion and the bear, Mr. B., faint with pain and loss of blood, made haste back to his party, before the furious creature could recover from her fright, or return to her den.

Now, dear young friends, learn from this story the value of knowledge, of courage, of presence of mind, and, above all, of piety and prayer, such as Mr. B. discovered, and to which, under God, he owed his deliverance. Nor should you forget, that, great as was the danger of this good man, yours is still greater from that wicked spirit, who, like a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour. And if you wonder at his escape, how should you rejoice that you may, through Jesus Christ, be delivered from a far more dreadful death than that which threatened him!

THE HEAVENS.—NO. IX.

The minds of men are in the hand of God. Genius is his gift; and there has been no discovery made in science or philosophy but is to be attributed to the Father of our spirits, who has all knowledge and wisdom at his disposal. The skill which dissects a mite—which discovers in a grain of sand the habitations of a multitude of animate creatures, and which detects in the mould of cheese a forest of trees with their flowers and fruit—is not derived from human sources: it comes from God. How wonderful is the science which defines with so much precision the distances of sun, moon, and planets from each other, and from our world! These distances are so immense, that language can scarcely make us acquainted with them, and we are obliged to borrow illustrations from things around us in order to make the idea more plain to our limited capacities.

The fixed stars, which tune their harmony beyond the limits of our system, are at such an immeasurable distance from us that science has made but a faint approximation in determining their relative situations. They are mighty mysteries, glorious reflections of Omnipotence; altars of unceasing incense to the beneficent Creator.

It may be that further discoveries may make us as well acquainted with the fixed stars as we can be with the planets of our own immediate system, and by the aid of more powerful telescopes we may be able to see the double and

triple suns contrasting their glorious colours with the other starry phenomena in the remotest fields of space. But be this as it may, in a future state of being, when the ransomed of the Lord have come unto Zion with everlasting songs and joy, then with increased spiritual blessings the capacities of the mind will be enlarged, and the understanding enlightened; new truths will be unfolded, and the whole universe will be a page written and inscribed with the grandeur and mightiness of Jehovah!

In the age of glory, the Saviour, who was crucified on earth, shall take his many crowns, and reign; and not the least bright will be the crown of all creation. The hand which was fastened by a nail to the accursed tree launched forth the innumerable worlds, and has maintained them in their courses, from the first moment of their formation to the present hour. He has moulded the everlasting hills, and poured forth the rivers that enrich and beautify their surface. His smile awakens their sunbeam, and the dew of his blessing nourishes the flower. Strength and sublimity are stamped on their amazing structure; the mind of deity; the exercise of ineffable benevolence. With the mind awakened to such majestic sights as these, how melodious will be the hymn of praise—the burden of every heart to Jesus! From him, as from a centre, all rays of excellence diverge, and an eternity in his presence is an eternity of ever-increasing felicity!

Dear children, is this Lord of Creation and Redemption your friend? Are you looking

forward to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty"! We are hasting to a day when all hearts will be open and every motive tried; for we must all stand in the judgment, and receive our doom according to the deeds done in the body. I pray that you may fare well at that day. "Remember, now, your Creator in the days of your youth;" give your hearts to Jesus, and then the God of the starry orbs will be your God in Christ, and with them your heart unceasingly will offer up its tribute of thanksgiving. J. E.

LINES

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION,

Where do Sundays go when they are past?

"Tell me, I pray, where Sunday goes,
When it has pass'd away,
And Monday comes, and calls me off
To work or happy play?"

"Listen, my child, and I will tell,
As far as it is known,
Where each returning Sunday flies,
When it has past'd and gone.

"Think of the many, many years,
Since first this world was made;
Since first God form'd the heavens and earth,
And spoke, and was obey'd.

"Each year has quickly past and flown,
  Nor left behind a trace;
Each year has gone, and other years
  Have come into its place.

"So every Sunday that we see,
  Flies when its work is done;
We never can call back one hour
  When once its course is run.

"Yet though our time so quickly flies,
  Though Sundays come and go.
All that we do on Sunday lives,
  Lives for our joy or woe.

"Believe me, every time you hear
  The Gospel preach'd or read,
These means of good shall always live,
  Long after you are dead.

"For all are strictly noted down
  By God in his own book;
Who marks each sin that we commit,
  Each thought, each word, each look.

"So, if we lead unholy lives,
  And waste our precious time,
Sundays neglected and abused
  Will all increase our crime;

"But if we use them as we ought,
  And daily grow more wise,
Then, every Sunday we have pass'd
  To our reward shall rise.

"Then we shall see that happy world
  Where Sundays never cease;
Where the great God shall own his friends,
  And all be joy and peace." F. P.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 316.] APRIL, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. I.

THE OLD STABLE.

It is upwards of ten years since we first visited the back streets and courts which lie behind Westminster Abbey. Our object was to make known the message of God's mercy and love to the very poor there. After taking a survey of the old

brick buildings, some of which seemed nodding to their fall, we entered the wretched dwellings. This, however, required no small degree of courage. While passing from house to house and room to room, we found everything in keeping with windows long-since broken, and street-doors wrenched from their hinges. The filthy, broken dwellings sadly agreed with the ruffian and besotted aspect of the inhabitants. No one could go within the precincts of such a place, without perceiving that he had entered into a colony of thieves and pickpockets. At the doors and windows of the houses, and also at the ends of narrow courts, were seen loitering, groups of half-dressed men and women, smoking, swearing, and fighting. The swarms of filthy, neglected children, squatted in the mud, were screaming forth language as profane and bad as that of their elders. These were being trained, as their fathers and mothers had been before them, in that system of education of which Newgate and Botany Bay are the results.

One fine Sunday afternoon, in the month of April, when the streets were very crowded, after having provided a large room, we went forth in company with a poor tinker—the only person who would render us any help—to gather together these poor neglected outcast children of the streets.

After no small effort, forty were taken to the room, all of whom looked as wild as the

der taken from the mountain, and penned up within the hurdles, when approached by men; the matted hair, the mud-covered face, hands, and feet, the ragged and tattered clothes, that served as an apology to cover their nakedness, gave the group a very strange appearance.

Little was done that afternoon besides taking the names, and even in this we had hard work. Beginning with the first bench, a boy was asked, "What is your name?" He answered, "They calls me Billy." "Where do you live?" "I lives in that yer street down the way, at Mother M—'s rag-shop; I have a tother brother, but I am older than he." The next boy was ten years of age: he said his name was Dick. "Any other name besides Dick?" "No, they calls me Dick; I sells matches in the streets, and live in that tother street next room to Jimmy that sells oranges." Such is a specimen of the answers given to questions respecting names, age, and residence!

Some interesting stories were told them from the Scriptures, and at the close of the afternoon each child had a small card given him, containing a short prayer. Attached to it was a piece of pink tape, that it might be hung over the mantel-shelf.

This appeared to them more valuable than if it had been gold. With the reward was an invitation to come again next Sunday, which was heartily responded to by each child. Next Sunday a large addition to

our former numbers was met at the school-room. The work of teaching was commenced, amid difficulties only known to those who engaged in it, but by patience and perseverance they were overcome. For the first time in the history of these neglected outcasts, they found out that some one loved them; they had hearts to feel it, and in return they gave their best gifts—regular attendance and orderly attention.

Though the room could take in eighty children, it soon became "too strait." A larger one was sought; and an *old stable* was taken, and fitted up for the purpose.

It was soon found that the children lost much of what they gained on the Sunday, by having no other employment or amusement but that afforded by vice and crime during the other six days of the week. To remedy this evil, when the old stable was ready, the school was opened every day. It was soon filled to overflowing, for every child was made welcome, however ragged or destitute.

The first summer's instruction had closed; dark December had arrived, with its cold nipping frosts, which told powerfully on the half-naked bodies and unshod feet of the children. Their ankles and feet were very often chapped and bleeding; yet, suffering as they did, nothing would keep them from the school. Why? Because the teacher was kind, and the hand of kindness was held out by all who met them there.

Our hearts were often grieved to witness them shivering in the cold, and especially as we could render them no assistance, for it was with great difficulty that sufficient funds were raised to carry on the school. We have seen many of the children taken ill and die, from the severe weather. Poor James S——! We shall never forget his death-bed scene. Cold settled on his lungs, which ended in rapid consumption. When we first visited him, he was lying in the corner of a cheerless room, on a pallet of dirty straw. The mother provided a chair, the only one in the room, and it was broken. A large deal box stood in the middle of the floor, which served as a table. The mother was both dirty and ragged. James said he was dying, and that he was going to Jesus. He requested us to read the Bible to him, that he might learn more about the Saviour. The next day that we visited the little sufferer we found him much worse. He had a brother and sister, for whose welfare he showed much anxiety. He first said to his brother, "You must pray for a new heart;" and told his sister to go to school, where she would learn about Christ and the way to heaven. Then, fixing his glazed eyes upon his father and mother—for they were both in the room, looking on their dying boy, for the last time—poor James said, with a faltering voice, "O mother, will you give up drinking, and go to chapel, and pray for a new heart? I want to meet you

in heaven; do, mother;" The mother's heart was full—tears ran down her squalid cheeks. We had often made the same request to her, but our words fell upon her ears like rain-drops on the hard rock. But the voice that now spoke broke open the well-springs of her heart; like a voice from the grave, it came from the lips of her own boy, which were soon to be closed in death. The accusations of a guilty conscience added force to the request of the dying child, for she knew that his disease was the effect of her own neglect, through intemperate habits; and that, through his short and sharp existence, from her he had known more of a parent's negligence than a mother's care.

When he had a little recovered—for he was very feeble, and could scarcely speak—he told his father he would soon leave him, but he was going to his heavenly Father. Looking wistfully at him, he continued, "Will you give up swearing and bad words, father, and read the Bible, and go to a place of worship, and pray to God to give you a new heart, and I shall meet you in heaven?" The father could not answer the child, but stood wiping away the tears with the sleeve of his tattered flannel jacket; but the mother answered for him, and, kissing the child, she said, "He will, James—yes, he will!"

Poor little James knew that Mary, in the next room, who had been his school companion, was very ill of the same complaint. He requested his mother to carry him to

see her, for the last time. On seeing the little girl, whom he kissed with much tenderness, he said, that Jesus loved her, and then bade her farewell.

He was brought back, and laid on his pallet of straw, but his work was not yet done. He had a grandmother, who had treated him kindly when in health, but was not then present to hear, from his own lips, his dying counsel, but we were requested to convey to her the following message: "Tell grandmother to give up buying things on Sunday, and read the big Testament you gave her, and go to chapel."

We closed this affecting scene by offering up prayer to God in behalf of the little sufferer. In one short hour afterwards, the Saviour took home to himself this—the first ripe fruit gathered from our labours in the *Old Stable*.

THE CRUSADES.

Earnest.—How many crusades were there, papa?

Father.—Seven. Do you know the origin of the word "crusade"?

Earnest.—From *crux;* as all the warriors who followed the holy banner wore the sign of the cross. Peter the Hermit was the immediate origin of these holy wars; will you tell me more about them, and how long they lasted?

Father.—From the end of the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century: the first was undertaken in 1096; the celebrated Godfrey, of Bouillou, engaged in it. He headed the large army which was collected from the different parts of Christendom; his brother Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, also distinguished themselves. Peter the Hermit, or Peter of Amiens, was a native of Picardy; in his youth he had been a soldier; he afterwards became a priest and an anchorite—a solitary liver in woods and caverns—and, as the last means of expiating former sins, he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. When he saw the city in which our Lord had lived in possession of the Saracens and Turks, who were infidels, and oppressed the Christians living there, his sprit was roused within him to rescue Jerusalem from their hands.

Earnest.—The Turks, of course, came from Turkey; but who were the Saracens?

Father.—Natives of Saracena, in Arabia. You can tell me who was the famous Saladin.

Earnest.—Oh, he was the son of Murredden, King of Egypt, and re-conquered Jerusalem, after the Christians had obtained possession of it for about a hundred years; but although he fought on the Turkish side, he often shewed more civilization and refinement than the Christian warriors, who ought to know better: did he not, papa?

Father.—He did; the cruelties practised

by many of the so-called Christians, during the crusades, equalled, if not exceeded, the barbarities and oppressions which they waged war against. Rightly to understand the general movement throughout Europe at this time, we must notice the position in which the more civilized inhabitants were placed. The confusion occasioned by the irruption of the barbarians into the south and west of Europe had ceased, and the dawn of civilization and intellectual cultivation had commenced. In this mental twilight, men were just in a state to receive a strong religious excitement. The undisciplined minds of men were also bent upon adventure, and their imaginations were easily roused by the reports of the riches of the East; and as the joys of Paradise were promised by the highest authorities in religion to all who fell in the holy cause, it was not wonderful that large numbers of enthusiasts should be eager to rush forward in a cause so congenial to their feelings, and which promised such abundant rewards, both temporal and eternal.

Earnest.—Who gave Peter of Amiens the greatest assistance in raising the large army, papa?

Father.—Pope Urban the Second, to whom he appealed on behalf of the persecuted Christians, and presented a petition from the patriarch of Jerusalem, in favour of his brethren. The Pope declared to the council, which was held at Placenza, in the

open air, (on account of the number of people assembled,) the message which Christ had sent through Peter the Hermit. As you seem so interested, I will read some of his addresses, as given by William of Malmsbury.

Earnest.—Oh, thank you, papa. I like my little History of England so much, but it is very vexatious not to find every thing we want to know; is it not?

Father.—That proves the importance of getting all the information you can from your little lesson books, in order to get those of a more advanced nature. To the assembled multitude, Pope Urban thus addressed himself: "In God's name I command this—to the absent I enjoin it! Let such as are going to fight for the cross bear it on their garments, that they may outwardly demonstrate the love arising from their inward faith; enjoying by the gift of God, and the privilege of St. Peter, absolution from all other crimes, and they shall receive after death the crown of martyrdom! Let the noted valour of the French advance, which shall affright the whole world by the terror of its name. Remember the saying of God, 'Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life!' Take the way of peril—let it be dangerous with death—let it be terrible and dark—it is the path that leads to life. Lay down your lives for the brotherhood, and receive the reward, even the salvation of your souls—rid God's sanctuary of the

wicked—expel the robbers—relieve the pious—protect the weak—support the just! Think on the fetters, the groans, the dying groans of your martyred brethren! Think of the sepulchre of your Lord profaned! Think of the sacred cross, on which man was redeemed, now in the hands of the infidels, bearing their scoffs and scorn! Think on these, and advance, my brethren—advance to the rescue for your Lord—advance and conquer, in the name of God!" Cries of "Deus vult!" "Deus lo vult!" *Dieux et vult!* interrupted the Pontiff. He then raised his eyes to heaven in thankfulness, and by the motion of his hand commanding silence, proceeded to address them in the same style. Afterwards the whole assembly knelt, while Cardinal Gregory poured forth in their name a general confession of sins. Every one smote his breast in sorrow, and the Pope, stretching forth his hand, absolved and blessed them. Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, was the first person who solicited a cross from the Pope. One of red cloth was affixed to his right shoulder, and immediately great numbers of the assembly were invested with the signs of the new character. From this account of spiritual blindness and mistaken zeal in the cause of a false and corrupt church, learn to set an increased value upon the Protestant character, stamped upon our religion at the Reformation. Whenever you read of persecution on account of religious opinions, you may easily

trace the evidences of impure doctrine, corrupt faith, and too often the unholy lives of those who set up a standard of profession. The religion of the Gospel of Christ is founded on principles of a totally different nature. Can you recollect an instance in the New Testament history of a persecutor afterwards becoming an apostle of Christ?

Earnest.—You mean Saul of Tarsus, who was struck blind by a light from heaven as he was going to Damascus, with letters from Jerusalem to take the Christians prisoners. I know he afterwards received his sight, and himself became a follower of Christ. But, papa, do you think all who follow a false religion do it ignorantly, like Saul, or do you think they know themselves to be in error?

Father.—That, my dear, would be a hard matter to decide. There are doubtless many who worship God in great ignorance; others who act in opposition to light and knowledge. But there is given to every man the light of conscience in a greater or less degree: by this, you and I shall be tried, as well as by the great privilege we enjoy.

MARIANNE B.....

POOR CHILDREN IN IRELAND.

No. I.

Clifden Castle, June, 1829.

I NOW send you a summary of the number of children fed for the last sixteen weeks,

which, on comparing with the weekly returns, I hope you will find correct. It shews you there has been an average of 968 children fed daily; and many of these children must have perished, had it not been for the Lord's hand over them in raising up this relief. I find it has not cost, including everything, one halfpenny per day for each child, and very nearly about threepence per week; and now I desire to thank God for all that has been done; and our truly liberal Christian friends, who have helped us through the past trying season, have kept our children from being scattered by the wolf, and destroyed, both soul and body. But now what is to be done? Can I dare venture to look forward with the hope they shall be kept. "Truly his mercies are new every morning. He openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness." I will not believe that they shall be suffered to perish. You will think *perish* a strong word at the close of harvest; but I will state the case, and leave it with you.

There are in our schools at this moment 460 fatherless children; there are 90 orphans wholly destitute; and there are many others besides absolutely living on the meal we are able to give them. The potatoe crop is seriously injured; and very many have really nothing but a little patch of turnips. If we cease affording this relief in the schools, the children must necessarily be

scattered in search of food, some to the workhouse, which they have already left, declaring they purposed living on the one meal, and have the advantage of the schools. We have a great work in hand; it is, with God's help, the banishment of popery from the district; and I need not enlarge on the necessary results. A great means towards this are these schools; and to make them in any degree efficient, it is absolutely necessary to enable the children to give a regular attendance. There are on our books now 1350, likely to increase shortly to 1500; and I would aim at the regular attendance of the entire amount. They are, I may say, out of popery, and more efficient missionary agents cannot be had; but already are our numbers thinned by the severity of the cold that has set in.

I was astonished to find yesterday, on a visit to Ballyconree, the number that are sick; and all from cold taken going to and in school. I had it not merely on the word of the master, but the agent there informed me he had visited every one of them. There were some there in the school so naked, who I was obliged to direct should get their allowance of meal, and be let remain at home till we could see what might be done for them. The word *naked* is so commonly used for want of sufficient clothing, that I feel it does not convey what I want; but will you try and understand it literally? will you believe there are children there with no

covering but a morsel of old flannel round their bodies, a hole cut for their arms; and their limbs, arms and legs, perfectly bare; yet such is the case; and the very best in the school such as the patron would be ashamed of in other places.

A woman came to me to-day with her boy in her arms, who had taken cold at school. In tears she begged a ticket to the

doctor, or some medicine; and said her husband had made her take him off to show to the doctor. It was all that was now left him of six children, and it is now in great danger.

A LITTLE LETTER TO A LITTLE CHILD.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I wish to write you a little letter; but I think you say, "I like stories best." Stories are very well in their way; but still, dear child, you want something beside *them* to do your soul good. You read the pretty stories in the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, month after month, and it is very well you are fond of them. But, little reader, do you ever say to yourself—"*I have a soul to be saved*"? Are you fearful lest your soul should be lost? If so, you will be glad to see a letter from me which will tell you how your soul may be safe in another world.

Suppose this night, when you were asleep in your bed, you were suddenly awoke, and told the house was on fire. Suppose I came to you, and said—"Come to me, into my arms; I will carry you safely away." How gladly you would fling your arms round my neck, though I had no stories to tell you, and no presents to offer you!

My child, you are young, but yet in as great danger as if your bed was on fire.

You were born with a sinful heart, full of sin and evil. If you die in this state, you must go to hell.

I wish you could peep into your heart. You would find it like a little wilderness. I remember when I was a little girl, I was very fond of flowers. I got hold of my

sisters, and we determined we would go *together* to our father, and ask him a great *favour*. What was this? Wait till I tell you. We went together, and said—"Dear papa, will you give us a garden of our own?" Our kind father said he would give us a little rough patch of ground which had never been a garden, but we might make it into one. We went with great joy to our new work. We were rather sad to see our little wilderness. The ground was covered with nettles and weeds, which had grown by themselves. The ground was hard, and covered with stones. However, we got our spades and hoes and rakes, and began to work hard in our wilderness. But first all these weeds had to be cleared, and the soil prepared for receiving the seeds of the sweet flowers which we wished to plant in our garden. We laboured as hard as little folks could, and in time our wilderness was changed into a pretty garden.

Dear child, your heart is now like this wilderness. Do you wish it to become the garden of the Lord? Then you must seek for God's Holy Spirit to prepare the ground and do the work. Your heart is now filled with the ugly weeds of sin. No sweet flowers of holiness grow there. The weeds grow *alone:* but the seeds of grace need sowing and watching. Pray that your heart may now be owned as your Saviour's property, and be changed from a wilderness to a garden. I shall write to you some-

times, and talk to you about weeds and flowers. Your affectionate Friend,

EUNICE.

THE HEAVENS.—NO. X.

The Sun is the centre of our system, and the source of light and heat. It is a beautiful sight to see it rise in the East at the rosy dawn, beginning its march through heaven; waking up the sleeping flowers, and calling the lark to spring upwards, and sing in the portals of the clouds. The time of sunset, too, is a glorious time—when the departing rays throw, as it were, the whole force of their beauty upon the evening clouds—awakening ideas of a sunnier and a happier land, where every pulse in mind and nature vibrates to the love of Deity, and expresses in some degree his infinite perfections.

Many different opinions have been formed as to the nature and origin of the sun's light and heat. It is not improbable, however, from observations made upon that luminary, that an opaque, habitable globe is enclosed within an hollow sphere, the exterior surface of which radiates that intense lustre which lights up the stately planets and their satellites as they perform their measured rounds, according to the laws impressed upon their system.

We are not obliged to suppose that the inhabitants of the sun—upon the supposition of its being inhabited—are subjected to the intensity of such powerful heat and light as the near proximity to their source would at first suggest.

The influence of these agents may be greatly diminished by the intervention of strata, or atmospheric layers, between the outer hollow sphere and the inner opaque globe, the effect of which may be, not only to produce a moderate temperature on the surface of the latter, but, by different degrees of density in the successive strata, to produce at different points a variety of combinations of colour, with a softened brilliancy of light, alike adapted to the necessities, as the comfort and enjoyment of the blessed inhabitants. There are also very probably a series of apertures in the firmament of the sun—openings, at which the glorious suns, and systems of suns beyond, are disclosed in their magnificence and grandeur—satellites around their primaries, planets around their suns, and suns around one common centre, hasting on their mighty march, and tuning their celestial harmonies, as on the day when the hand of Deity first tempered their lustre, and set them in the coronet of heaven.

What emotions may we not suppose originated in holy minds by such a display of creative power and benevolence! How adapted for the exercise of their affections, and the cultivation of every noble sentiment—the sacred influence to nurse the flame which from the altar of their devotion would continually burn upwards with ardent worship to the infinite source of all! Whether in the calm sunlight of their everlasting day, with light refracted and combined in its elemental variety of dye, and painting correspondent loveliness upon the face

of created things, or in the sudden breaks, the mighty firmamental gaps, through which, as through a telescope, distant space looks in upon their glorious home—all things must be to them beautiful, as they express the perfections of their God, and Jesus the Son of the Father be all in all!

But these apertures in the encompassing strata may have more wonders yet to unfold to the enquiring eye of intelligence. Time may have been in the dim past when those strata were not; the intense power of the light and heat immediately above them, connected with the construction of the opaque globe, had probably the effect of producing them gradually to a perfect state for the end they were designed to answer: and all the operations and laws connected with this result, as illustrating the power of God, and as preparatory to the present more perfect state of things, would constitute a study in some sense analagous to our own science of geology, which transports us to ages past—almost beyond the power of human computation—to commune with eternity, and learn from things created the all-sufficiency of the first great cause.

As the centre of our system, we are very likely unacquainted as yet with all the relations which subsist between the sun and the globe on which we live. Enough, however, we *do* know by daily experience and the returning seasons to bless the hand which bade it run its daily race, to enliven us with its ray, and be the source of the beneficent gifts which are spread so abundantly at our feet. J. M.

BIBLE IN FRANCE.

A poor woman, very ignorant and very credulous, had received the New Testament from a colporteur. She shewed it to her priest, who assured her that such a book was only fit to be cut up. The poor woman, believing she was doing right, called her little daughter, gave her the New Testament and a pair of scissors, and told her to cut up the book at her leisure, leaf by leaf, by way of amusement. The little girl set about it. Seven or eight leaves were already cut, when, the day after, a sick woman of the neighbourhood called: she came to her with the book and scissors in her hand. The woman questioned the child, asking to see the book, read several passages, and offered her, in exchange for it, something which she gladly accepted. A certain period elapsed, the sick woman, struck with several portions which she

had read, had become serious; she only found comfort in reading the New Testament; then she made known to those around her the glad tidings of free grace in Jesus Christ. The colporteur was sought after, they found him out, and numerous purchases of religious books were made of him in this locality.

An old veteran, now a Bible colporteur, has distributed many New Testaments at several barracks in the town where he exercises his pious calling. And here is the account he gives of the visit he paid to one of these barracks in the month of March last:—

"In a barrack, one of the soldiers told me, speaking of the New Testament, that it was better to buy it than to spend the money in liquor. 'You are right, comrade,' said another, 'you will find yourself better for it.' 'Yes,' cried out a third, 'if my poor mother knew that I had obtained this book, how happy would it make her! for she often advised me to read it when I was at home.' 'I should like to possess,' said a fourth soldier, 'one of these books; but I have not money enough to buy it.' 'How much do you require?' his comrade answered. 'A penny.' 'Here it is,' said he, 'on condition that we read it together.' 'Corporal,' said another soldier, 'will you advance me my pay?' 'What for?' 'To purchase one of these books.' 'Yes, my friend, here it is,' answered the corporal. 'And you likewise,' said I to the corporal, 'you will take one of the books, will you not?" 'Yes,' said he, 'I will purchase two; one for myself, and one for my

sister, to whom I will send it.' After this a sergeant spoke as follows: 'Since I perceive that the men of my sub-division, who can read, desire to possess the New Testament, I am ready to advance to such as have not the money to purchase it.' 'Thank you, sergeant, I have money,' said several. 'Perceiving,' said the colporteur, 'a soldier who appeared quite delighted with the sales I had made, and you, friend,' said I, 'will you not have one?' The soldier, with much emotion, pointed to a New Testament on a shelf over his bed, and answered, 'My dear mother gave it me at my departure, and therefore it is to me the more valuable.' And he then added, 'What a happy thought it was that brought you to visit our barrack! I thank God for the sales you have made here.' Two days afterwards, added the colporteur, a young and pious soldier found me out, and said, 'I will also do something for the advancement of God's reign among the soldiers.' He purchased a Bible of me for a sergeant, a friend of his, a pious man, fearing God."

THE LILY OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—MATT. vi. 28, 29.

HULEH consists of nothing whatever but an old mill, yet it has a prodigious population of mosquitoes. The vicinity abounds with a species of lily, which probably furnished our

Saviour with his incomparable illustration. It is two or three times as large as the ordinary lily. The ground of its upper petals is of a purplish straw-colour, and that of the lower of the richest dark velvet; but the whole is variegated with the most superb tints and gorgeous hues. It has something imperial in its bearing, and in all presents a display of matchless splendour, truly surpassing "Solomon in all his glory."

"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE."

Bread made from corn is sweet and good;
I eat, and grow, and thrive;
Each meal I take for such nice food,
To bless my God I strive.
But there is bread that comes from heav'n
My soul to cheer and feed;
And that good Lord by whom 't is giv'n
Will give to all that need.
Christ is the bread of life to me;
And when I praise and pray,
And trust in one I cannot see,
I'm fed from day to day.
Christ died, to save our souls from hell;
Christ lives, that we may live:
On these great truths I love to dwell,
For strength and health they give.

E. E.

NOTICE.

The Editor is sure that his little readers would be very thankful to "J. H." if he would simplify his valuable papers.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 317.] MAY, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. II.

OLD PYE STREET AND DUCK LANE, WESTMINSTER.

Not the least of benefactors are the men and the women who go down into the low haunts of wretchedness and crime, and scatter the seeds of truth and love in the hearts and minds of forlorn and desolate beings, who take by the hand those unfortunate wanderers "who have strayed from love and heaven, into a far country of sin and misery, and who have fed with swine upon the husks which the birds and beasts have thrown under their forest-

tables," and seek to lead them back to virtue and to God.

We seek not to bestow needless flattery, when we claim a place among the world's most useful labourers, for the humble yet zealous teacher of the destitute children who assemble in the "Old Stable." Not contented with the numbers who daily gathered around him, he has collected from under the arches and bridges, and even stranger places of London, a number of those poor wandering outcasts who could only find in such places a shelter or a home. Never was the oil of human sympathy poured into more hopeless hearts than into the festering wounds of these young and desolate spirits. Some of them had not known the comfort of a bed for years, and others had not had their clothes off for several months at a time, wandering about, homeless and destitute—often living on the garbage they picked up in the streets and market-places, without knowing they had a friend on earth, or a God who pitied them in heaven; but once brought under the care of their kind benefactor, they were not long before they found they had both. He provided them with food and lodging—a large portion of the expense of which has often been defrayed from his own limited income. Nothing can exceed the gratitude and attachment which, in most cases, they bear to their teacher and friend. Many of them have undergone a reformation of

character, and some have given evidence of the commencement of a work of grace in the heart. Before returning to rest at night they generally join together in prayer. We have sometimes thought that, surely it was a sight which a pious parent would envy in his own family, to see these poor youths kneeling together in prayer, and one of them earnestly pouring out his supplications in behalf of his benefactor, himself, and companions.

Through the kindness of Lord Ashley and a few friends, some of these youths have been provided with a free passage and outfit to Australia. A meeting, at which his Lordship presided, was held in the Working Men's Institute, on the 28th of March, for the purpose of committing them, by prayer, to the mercy of God, and affording them an opportunity of bidding farewell to their teachers and friends. The audience consisted chiefly of the parents of children in the neighbourhood, and the elder boys and girls from the Juvenile Refuge and the "Old Stable." His Lordship, in a plain and practical address, enjoined upon the emigrants the duty of honesty and persevering industry, and more especially of gratitude to God, through whose goodness those friends had been raised up who were the means of rescuing them from wretchedness and ruin.

THE DAY'S THREE RULES.

THE DUTY, THE BURDEN, AND THE LESSON.

An old man called to him his son and pupil one morning, and said to him, "Theodore, have you prepared your mind for the *three things?*"

"What three things, father?"

"The three claims of the day, my son, concerning which I instructed you. We should enter on no day of life without carefully inquiring what is before us, and what is expected of us."

"Now, I remember," said Theodore: "they are the three rules which you desired me to say once to myself every morning on rising."

"What are these rules, my son?"

"They are these rules," replied Theodore: "1st, *Do the duty of the day.* 2nd, *Bear the burden of the day.* 3rd, *Learn the lesson of the day.*"

"Yes, my son; and there is no day to which these do not apply. Each has its duty, its burden, and its lesson. Something has to be done, something to be borne, and something to be learned: and he who neglects no one of these three things spends his days aright. Endeavour, Theodore, to apply these rules to some one day which is fresh in your remembrance—as for example, yesterday."

"I will do so," said Theodore: "The *duty* of yesterday was, that of making a

catalogue of your books and engrossing it in a volume. This, I mean, was my grand business. There were many lesser duties, arising from my circumstances. The *burden* of the day was a heavy one; but I am afraid to name it, lest you laugh at me."

"Out with it."

"It was a mortification of my vanity at the rejection of my verses sent to the newspaper."

Ah! I can believe it. Mortification of pride and vanity are among our heaviest burdens."

"The *lesson* of the day," continued Theodore, "was taught me by a lamb in the meadow, which suffered itself to be rudely pushed about by my dog, without the least sign of resentment, and thereby soon forgot the injury and healed the wound."

"I perceive," said the old man, "that you have observed my precept, in recalling to your memory these three things on closing your eyes for sleep. But suppose you go further, and endeavour to apply them to the future. We have just begun a new day: how do these rules apply to what it is likely to bring you?"

Theodore paused a little, and then replied: "The *duty* of the day is to go on in my studies, especially to perfect myself in what remains of geometry: and it is well you have called it to my mind, for I have to row myself across the river to get my book

The *burden* of the day is in great part unknown to me. I can, however, foresee something of it in these severe studies, added to the knowledge that my companions will be keeping it as a holiday. The *lesson* of the day, so far as not included in the geometry aforesaid, cannot be foreseen. But I shall be more on the watch for it; in consequence of your reminding."

"My son," said the old man, "it is impossible for me to tell you the advantage I have derived from the habit of looking forward every morning, and backward every evening, upon the passing day, with these three little words on my mind—THE DUTY—THE BURDEN—THE LESSON."

HEAVEN.

SHOULD not our interest in heaven, and our relation to it, continually keep our hearts upon it? There our Father keeps his court; We call him "Our Father, who art in heaven." Unworthy children, that can be so taken up in their play as to be mindless of such a Father! There also is Christ our Head, our Husband, our Life; and shall we not look towards him, and send to him, as often as we can, till we see him face to face? Since the heavens must receive him until the times of the restitution of all things; let them also receive our hearts with him. There is also new Jerusalem, which is the

mother of us all; and there are multitudes of our elder brethren. There are our friends and old acquaintances; whose society, in the flesh, we so much delighted in, and whose departure hence we so much lamented; and is this not attractive to thy thoughts? If they were within thy reach on earth, thou wouldest go and visit them; and why not oftener visit them in spirit, and rejoice beforehand to think of meeting them there? Socrates rejoiced that he should die, because he believed he should see Homer, Hesiod, and other eminent persons. "How much more do I rejoice," said a pious old minister, "who am sure to see Christ my Saviour, the eternal Son of God, in his assumed flesh; besides so many wise, holy, and renowned patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. A believer should look to heaven, and contemplate the blessed state of the saints, and think with himself, "Though I am not yet so happy as to be with you, yet this is my daily comfort, you are my brethren and fellow-members in Christ, and therefore your joys are my joys, and your glory, by this near relation, is my glory, especially while I believe in the same Christ, and hold fast the same faith and obedience by which you were thus dignified, and rejoice in spirit with you and congratulate your happiness in my daily meditations." —*Baxter.*

POOR CHILDREN IN IRELAND.

NO. II.

Clifden Castle, July 10, 1849.

How much increased our numbers are! The Sunday-school return was 1059: I cannot admit one more. Two little things came last Sunday, orphans; the parents had died of starvation; they are about four and five years of age, in a most wretched condition. Their little covering was in rags; their skeleton legs scarcely appeared to belong to human beings, nothing but skin and bone, and the joints quite swelled: they are so far gone, it will be hard to recover them. They had come a mile with some other children, not knowing for what they came; they had no certain place to stop; I gave them in charge to a widow till I should see what can be done with them.

I have found it useful selecting the smartest and most intelligent boys, and making Irish teachers of them. They can be made useful as monitors; they become attached to the school, and are great helps to keep attendance regular; and in a short time, the Lord helping us, as he will, we shall turn out a goodly company of them as bold as lions. Two of them heard yesterday that two of our missionary agents, Mr. J. and T. C., were in danger in a house in the town where they had been reading; the two boys ran off, made their way through the crowd till they got up to Mr. J., and stuck to him and T. C. till all was over.

The other day a man was speaking to one of the boys, and offered to "treat him." The man pressed him hard. "Oh, no," said the boy, "that don't become *our* religion at all." The man got angry, and said, "Ah, you jumper, why what's your religion?" "My religion is Jesus Christ," said the boy. "Jesus Christ? But who is the head of your religion?" "Jesus Christ," said the boy again: "and let me ask you who is the head of your religion?" "The pope on earth, and Christ in heaven," was the reply. "Well," said the boy, "did you ever see a beast with two heads? it must be a monster. But Christ won't share with any, and you have lost the other, and a body without a head is dead." Several collected into the shop, and the controversy continued a long time, and the usual cant

about Luther. "Luther was a fine fellow," said the boy; "he believed the word of God, and so do I, but I don't find anything about him there, and that settles him." They parted good friends. I have been obliged to refuse any more admissions; the schools are so full, I really don't know what to do.

When the master spoke in the Clifden school of the bishop's intention to hold a confirmation there soon, and said he would take down the names of a few whom he thought fit for it, the whole school (of 170) was in an uproar, crying to have their names down; "they would never go away—would never go to mass;" is it not important to keep such a body in regular attendance? how much more with such an enemy!

At B., the Sunday congregations were crowded, and several about the door; they were so interested in the sermon, they interrupted Mr. Conerney several times with expressions of approval. One said, "Oh, it is only now we are coming to know the thing; we were kept in darkness all the time past."

The school at E. is overcrowded, and the priest's school there lasted one week, and no more.

Salterns, July.

A bigotted Roman Catholic, named C., came up to an orphan boy in my employment, abused, threw him on the ground, and was kicking him, when a convert came

to the poor boy's assistance; we sent for a doctor, and had the boy bled, and he was confined to bed for four days.

August.

Last Sunday week we had service for the first time in our new school-house; though it is not yet finished, about five hundred were present. About 250 children attend our Sunday-school, from 300 to 400 our service, and upwards of 200 our day-school. I rejoice to see a great religious and moral reformation among the people here; they refrain from breaking the Sabbath, stealing, and other wicked practices, even the most bigotted Romanists here bear testimony to this fact.

Last year I had potatoes planted in Ballinasloe within a few yards of my cottage, inside Lord Clancarty's domain walls,—they were dug up at night;—*now* I have some potatoes planted in a comparatively open place—*starving* poor people constantly pass on all sides—yet they were never meddled with.

A farmer named D. has a good plat of potatoes planted in a neighbouring field; he circulated a report some time since, that I bought half his potatoes from him; I met him shortly after, and enquired his reason for circulating such a false report. He said, "His object was to save his crop; for when the people considered them mine, they would not touch them."

THE HEAVENS.—NO. XI.

It seems almost beyond our power to form a conception of the manner in which the heavenly bodies are created. The subject is involved in dim obscurity at present; perhaps future discoveries made by more powerful telescopes than have ever yet been constructed, may enlarge our sphere of observation, and enable us to draw conclusions from more certain data; or it may be that this is one of the mysteries, the shadow of which can alone fall upon our spirits, the *full* knowledge being hidden in the counsels of the everlasting Father.

What is called the "Nebular hypothesis" is by many clever men esteemed worthy of attentive consideration. It supposes a number of vaporous bodies in different parts of the universe passing through a series of condensing processes prior to their final formation into spheres or globes analogous to the world in which we live. Some of these masses have been discovered to be composed of clusters of perfect stars; but if we possessed more powerful telescopes, new ones, in their original fluid state, very probably would appear in portions of the heavens at present apparently unoccupied and clear; and if greater discoveries in science at any future time resolved these also into mighty celestial suns and planetary systems, we have no proof that more acute vision than our own may not yet discern the primary elements of creation floating on the calm ocean of boundless space—in some instances, perfectly

diffused and pure; in others, gradually condensing at the centre; and in others again very little removed from a perfect globe, floating in a thin airy atmosphere. A singular truth, in illustration of this theory, is the fact, that a fluid body revolving about its axis would assume exactly the shape of our earth—a sphere flattened at the poles, which shape it would retain permanently as a solid body.

The subject is one of great difficulty, and profound thought; but though there is much in science hard to understand, it is a useful discipline to our minds, accustoming them to lofty thoughts, and making the lesser concerns of life assume their proper place, when compared with the wonderful and glorious things of God's creation. J. H.

THE MUMMY PLANTS.

It is said that in the hand of one of the mummies found in a pyramid a bulbous root was discovered, which grew, on being placed in the earth, and bloomed a beautiful but unknown flower. The seed of the word finds no nourishment in the dry and withered heart of the impenitent; but it is planted in a new soil when the heart is changed; and then the eyes of the pious parent are gladdened when he sees that seed spring forth and bud, ere he "sleeps in Christ."

A PLEASANT STORY.

A YOUNG man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university in America, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whose office it was to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of the poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the labourer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man had soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife (sick and helpless), and his children (without bread), whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing. The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not

much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of words that I never before understood, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

HINTS FOR BOYS.

Seven kinds of company to be avoided:

1. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.
2. Those who scoff at religion.
3. Those who use profane or filthy language.
4. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5. Those that are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others.
6. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7. Those who are of a cruel disposition, who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals and insects, robbing birds of their young, &c.

All these sorts of company are to be avoided; for if you associate with them, they will soon make you like themselves; and "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Dr. Baird gives some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. Dr. B. had no conception of it before his arrival. He found himself able to read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the wonder. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon—you can see the whole face of it—and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, the sun does not go down for several weeks. The sun begins to rise here at midnight. The changes, in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great that we can have no conception of them. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes and shews its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. They go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P. M., and stay

there till the sun is well up in the morning: and the people get into this habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock; the next time he awoke it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street.

THE COVENANT OF SALT.

"With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."
LEV. ii. 13.

SALT amongst the ancients was the emblem of friendship and fidelity, and therefore was used in all sacrifices and covenants. Bruce mentions a kind of salt so hard, that it is used as money, and passes from hand to hand no more injured than a stone would be. "A covenant of salt" seems to refer to the making of an agreement wherein salt was used as a token of confirmation. Baron Du Tott, speaking of one who was desirous of his acquaintance, says, upon his departure, "he promised in a short time to return. I had already attended him half way down the staircase, when stopping, and turning briskly to one of my domestics, 'Bring me directly,' said he, 'some bread and salt.' What he requested was brought; when, taking a little salt between his fingers, and putting it with a mysterious air on a bit of bread, he eat it with a devout gravity, assuring me, that I might now rely on him." (Part i. p. 214.) Among other

exploits which are recorded of Jacoub ben Laith, he is said to have broken into a palace, and having collected a very large booty, which he was on the point of carrying away, he found his foot kicked something which made him stumble; putting it to his mouth, the better to distinguish it, his tongue soon informed him it was a lump of salt; upon this, according to the morality, or rather superstition of the country, where the people considered salt as a symbol and pledge of hospitality, he was so touched that he left all his booty, retiring without taking away any thing with him. (*D'Herbelot Bibl. Orient.* p. 466.) This use of salt is also evident from Homer:

"Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank, their hecatomb they bring;
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the SALTED cake."
Il. i. p. 584.

And again:

"Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles SACRED SALT from lifted urns."
Il. ix. l. 281.

CHINA.

THERE is a great work going on in China, where you know our tea comes from. I must send you a few extracts of a letter just received from Dr. Gutzlaff. He writes from Hong Kong, and says, "Due north of the Eastern frontier of this province is the Tarpos district, to which the assistant Hewang-shing-he was

sent. He fell unawares into the hands of robbers, who had stripped several people of their clothes, and kept twelve as hostages, to extort money for their ransom. Having been much in fear for his life, he besought God Most High to spare it; and when the robbers saw him praying, they asked him, "Who do you expect to save you?" To this he replied, that God would rescue him, and told on what message he had come, the books he had brought with him, and that all he had was two dollars. The captain of the robbers then called on the others to restore him what they had stolen, and then requested him to preach. He did so, and they kept him two days. He prayed much during that time, and they then set him at liberty, and gave him 400 cents for his journey."

Thus you see how the Lord knoweth how to deliver his servants from the greatest dangers, and, as David says, prepares a table for them even in the midst of enemies.

Dr. G. goes on to say, "Opposite Hong Kong, many miles distant, is a barren island, as you would think, quite unfit for men to live in. On landing, you find a large population engaged in cutting granite. You see the men perched on crags, with chisels and sledge-hammers to split the rock in slabs, while others carry it down to the beach. It is hard work, under a broiling sun, which soon wears the poor men out, and they die. Their dwellings consist of stones roughly put together, with a thatch over. Still they are a very cheerful race, and endure much without repining. Many happy

hours have I passed amongst them, in telling them of the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The Rev. J. Evans, a missionary at Malacca, writes: "The thirst of the Chinese for religious books increases daily. I have twelve men constantly employed in the Chinese printing, yet I am not able to get out books half fast enough. The people around are crying out for them. Since the commencement of the Malacca press, there have been issued nearly 500,000 vols. of Chinese and Malay tracts, several thousand copies of the Gospels, and a few copies of the Scriptures complete. The hearts of the Chinese seem opening to the truth, and they receive with eagerness the words of eternal life, whether offered in books or by the living voice."

ACCOUNT OF A POOR SAILOR BOY,

A NATIVE OF THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS.

Being with his vessel at Constantinople, he went on shore every day to purchase provisions. He once met, at a baker's shop, a Jewish missionary, who spoke to him of Jesus. He became so interested in what the missionary told him of our Lord, that every day, for three months, he sought out the missionary. On the vessel leaving Constantinople, the missionary told the boy that he hoped they would meet again, and as he was about to go to Holland for his health, perhaps the boy might visit that country during his stay there. For two years

the boy sailed from port to port; and wherever he came, his first question was, "How far is Holland from here?" At length he sailed for London; and on asking his usual question, he was informed that the steam-boat would soon leave for Rotterdam. In the full belief that God would bring him to Holland, and again to the missionary, in order that he might teach him more of Jesus, he left his vessel at night, and reached Rotterdam by the steamer, but nearly destitute of money and clothes. On entering the town, he wandered into the poorest part of it, but where many of God's children reside. He went into a barber's shop, where he saw a Bible: he immediately asked the barber to tell him something of Jesus. This was rather a difficult task, for the man knew nothing of the Saviour, but his wife had felt the power of the living word. "She sent him to me," says Van Dorp; "but as I know little of German, which the sailor-boy could speak, I conducted him to a German family. These friends were so pleased with him, that they intend to keep him for a fortnight with them. We have given him new clothes, and a Russian New Testament, with which he was much more pleased than with his clothes. The expenses have been paid by the poor people who frequent our prayer meetings."

AN INDIAN'S GIFT TO CHRIST.

In a portion of the Southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a meeting held in the wild forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane, and the unbefriended stranger who wept there. He pointed to him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit, and said—"Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus—the white man take them away: me give him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him Jesus could not accept these gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket: poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor ignorant but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow, and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out—"*Here is poor Indian—will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people as

this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done his work; and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of the inheritance.

WALKING WITH GOD.

EACH child, though quite little, has something to say,
When she meets her dear father the morn of each day:
There's the sweet smile of pleasure—the move of delight—
For love makes us happy, and the countenance bright.

And happy should we be to kneel down in prayer,
And to think of our Father, who meets us when there;
To think he forgives us for Jesus's sake,
Oh! this will bring peace, and the heart happy make.

To feel that he loves us, and gives us his grace,
Oh! what words can such happiness rightly express;
And to find our warm hearts drawn towards him in love,
And sweetly submitting to all he approve.

To walk in this spirit throughout the whole day,
And to love his remembrance in work or in play,
Is walking with God: then God walks, too, with us,
And keeps us in dangers or troubles, or worse.

D.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 318.] JUNE, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. III.

DESTITUTION AND IGNORANCE.

From a paper drawn up by the Committee of the Field Lane Ragged School, and now in course of circulation, we present our readers with the following extracts—as shewing a state of wretchedness and destitution which few would be prepared to credit, were it not for the respectable parties by whom it is substantiated. Truly "the rich and poor meet together," but the one knows not how the other lives:

Towards the latter end of May, the City Missionary of the district, accompanied by a brother missionary and one of the committee, visited the arches near where the school stands, and there, crowded together, they discovered seventeen wretched, homeless, friendless creatures, who had crawled thither, unable to procure money for lodging, and having no other place to which to resort. They were invited to attend the school the next morning: they came, and a most wretched and pitiable sight it was: bread was given and prayer offered, and they were directed to Jesus, the bread of life. The case being made known to Lord Ashley, with his usual kindness his lordship, at about midnight on the 31st of May, in the company of the friends referred to, visited the arches, and found a large number of these poor creatures. For some time they came to the school, and received the best advice that could be given, and a daily allowance of bread. Of these, four were received into the Refuge, in Old Pye Street, Westminster: two were taken into Mr. Nash's dormitory, and three procured admission into the workhouse, being ill from sleeping under the arches, and want of necessary food. The rest would gladly have remained under the arches at night; but in consequence of the cholera making its appearance, the police received instructions to prevent them: they were therefore compelled to walk the streets for several

nights, till at length a friend, at his own expense, took an attic in a neighbouring court, where they could sleep—eight were received. At first they had only the bare boards on which to lie, but even this was such a change for the better that joy beamed in every countenance. Other friends being raised up, supplies of bread, left-off clothes, and mattresses, were procured. Shortly after this, the committee took a house in Fox and Knot Court, containing four rooms, and fitted it up as a dormitory; and there are now constantly six or eight of the most wretched and destitute lodging there, who are supplied with a portion of plain food daily.

Since the night when the discovery was first made, fifty of these poor creatures have come under notice. Of these, thirty-three had no parents; fourteen had one parent each; and only three had both parents living. Twenty-three of them had no shirts, sixteen had no shoes, and most of them had their clothes in a tattered condition, while their bodies were filthy in the extreme. Some of them had not slept in a bed for five weeks, some not for five months, and some not many times during two years.

Of these fifty, twenty-two have been admitted into the dormitory, of whom four have obtained employment; four have been restored to their friends; six have left of their own accord; six are still in; and two

have been expelled as incorrigible. Others are waiting to be admitted.

It should be also stated, that many could not read at all, and that they have been trying to get a living by begging, or stealing, or picking up bones, &c.; so that we found a considerable number had been in prison, and some several times.

Perhaps there are many who may think that these boys, several of them being very bad characters, were quite undeserving of notice. That *some* of them were undeserving there can be no doubt; but not all: and the committee felt that it was not so much their duty, in the first instance, to investigate what had brought them into such a truly pitiable state, as to try to relieve them. They were well nigh starved: they were filthy in the extreme—had scarcely a vestige of clothing, and it was imperative upon the committee to stretch out their hand and help them. Jesus fed a fainting multitude without inquiring whether they were sincere in thus following him, and cured all manner of diseases, which a life of sin had produced. . . .

The committee have one of the rooms of the dormitory fitted up for industrial classes, and they have engaged the services of a tailor and a shoemaker to instruct several boys in their respective trades. It is hoped that some boys may here gain sufficient knowledge of one of these trades to fit them for emigration to Australia, where they

would get plenty of employment. More than thirty boys have been admitted to these classes. . . .

A few Sundays ago, nearly twenty young men—thieves, costermongers, drovers, &c., presented themselves for admission. The school was quite full, and the time for closing nearly arrived, so that the superintendent refused to admit them till next Friday. "We wish to come in," was the reply, "as we want some religion." The superintendent was much moved, and would have tried to let them in if it had been earlier: "but," said he, "school will close in a quarter of an hour." "Yes, sir," was the rejoinder; "but is n't a quarter of an hour's religion better than none at all?" Several of this number have attended regularly since, scarcely one of whom can read.

"DO YOU THINK I HAVE A MOTHER?"

You have, perhaps, heard of "Ragged Schools:" if you have not, allow us to tell you, that in the metropolis of London a few devoted persons are in the habit of gathering and teaching all the wretched, ragged little creatures who throng the lanes and alleys of the city: all who are inclined to attend are invited to do so—no matter how badly clad they are—no matter how low they are sunk in wickedness and crime—they may all come and be taught the way of

happiness and peace. One day, when these young outcasts were all collected, a good minister attended to address them, and, on looking round upon the tattered group, he was particularly struck with the quick eye of one remarkably squalid, unclothed lad. He had only part of a shirt, and some trousers sadly torn, especially round the knees, allowing his poor dirty skin to be seen. The gentleman drew near the boy, and said to him—"Have you a mother?" The poor boy, looking up to the minister, and then down upon his miserable garments, answered, with an expression of countenance the minister said he should never forget, "Do you *think* I have a mother? Do these open knees look as if I had a mother?" The gentleman was much interested in the manner of the reply, and kept his eye on him. After a little, he delivered a short address, and soon perceived in the face of the same lad unusual attention and excitement: he became restless in his seat, till, at length, when the good man waxed warm in his subject, the little fellow could hold no longer, but slapping his hand violently on his poor exposed knee, cried out—"Well done, old boy! that's good! go on." The minister said it was with great difficulty he restrained his feelings, but as the lad appeared to be quite sincere and really interested, the service proceeded to the close without further interruption. How many a poor ragged, homeless,

motherless child, with a mind capable of receiving all the knowledge that the wise can teach, has been reclaimed and brought into the society of the wise and good, by the means of these Ragged Schools and the exertions of the self-denying friends who devote a portion of their time to them? Truly, the blessing of those who were ready to perish shall descend upon them—the blessing of those who were ready to perish not only in this life, but to perish everlastingly—pass into the gulph of misery, exclaiming, as they bid farewell to hope and happiness—"No man cared for my soul." Perhaps some of the young men who take an interest in our little magazine, may read this. Allow us to ask you, Have you a ragged School near you? Can you not aid it, by giving a little time to teach these outcasts the way to be respectable on earth, and happy when earth has passed away? Think of the boy in rags, with a soul large enough to follow in a Newton's path, asking the good man, "Do you *think* I have a mother? Do these open knees look as if I had a mother?"

"WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO GOD."

YES, dear children, I hope many of you who read these lines are on your way to God. I will tell you what put it into my mind to write a few lines to you on this subject. My own dear little Alfred, (the

youngest of twelve children,) a merry little fellow between three and four years old, some time since was constantly, when alone by himself, or when going about the house, singing in his own little tune,

"We are on our way to God,"

the words of a hymn which he had heard sung, and which appear to have pleased him very much, (whether the words or the music I cannot say.) The chorus of another sweet hymn appears also to have attracted his attention, for he generally alternated the words,

"We are on our way to God,"

with

"Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Alleluyah, Alleluyah."

Of the latter of these he had acquired more of the appropriate tune than he had of the former.

One day, when we were alone by ourselves, I thought I would talk to him on the words which he seemed to take so much pleasure in repeating. I said, "Alfred, my boy, you are very often singing,

'We are on our way to God;'

do you know what is meant by, 'we are on our way to God'?" He istantly and very cheerfully replied, "Yes, papa, I know." I said, "Well, tell me then what is meant," not supposing that he would be able to give me a very correct answer. He replied,

"Why, it means we are going to heaven, papa." I, of course, told him that was the meaning of the words, and then took the opportunity of explaining to him that not all who knew or could repeat those words were on their way to God and heaven. I do not remember all that I said to him; but if I can say a few words, or write a few lines to you that may, by the blessing of God, bring you into, or help you forward in your way to God, I shall be most thankful.

We must not think that all little children are on their way to God, no, nor all children who have kind and pious parents, who teach and try to lead their dear little ones to God; for some are obstinate and rebellious, and disregard all that their kind parents say to them. And some, who have not kind and religious parents to admonish and check them, are in the habit of lying, and deceiving others—of cursing and swearing—of making the Sabbath a day of profane pleasure and amusement: others are cruel or quarrelsome, or are disobedient to their parents, and many are altogether prayerless, and do not so much as say even a form of prayer. Children of such character and disposition ought not to think that they are on their way to God. But children who like to hear of God, and Jesus, the Son of God, who died for our sins, who wish to love God and try to do his will, although they may not at all times be what they know they ought to be, may hope that they are on their way to

God. The gracious Saviour, Jesus Christ, we know, is willing that little children should come to him, for he has said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come to me." By coming to him, I mean praying to him, and trusting in him as the Saviour. If you so come to Christ now, you will go to live in heaven with him when you die. All who come to Jesus, God will receive, and bless, and love. He will make them his own children, renew their hearts, and make them good by his Holy Spirit.

Little children, who, from a consciousness of their irreligious and wicked life, have no ground to hope that they are on their way to God, should try to turn to God, and should pray that God will turn them to himself. Pray to God to help you to resist temptation, to avoid sin, and to come to the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour. Pray, and God will hear you. Confess your naughtiness, and the wickedness of your heart. Pray to God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you, and make you good. Try to pray with your heart. My little boy, who has been mentioned to you, has been taught to acknowledge the wickedness of his heart and to pray for a good one. He has slightly altered the words taught him, and says, in his own simple words, "Give me thy Holy Spirit, and change me mine wicked heart, and make me a good child;" and sometimes, before repeating his prayer, says, "I *will* pray with my heart, papa."

May God give him grace, and every dear child who may read these lines, to pray with the heart, then there will be no doubt that they are on their way to God, and heaven, and eternal life. "They that seek me early shall find me," seems to be a promise expressly for children. Believe it, think much on it, and seek the blessing contained in it.

G. C. T.

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

A BISHOP, who had for his arms two field-fares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" thus explained the matter to an intimate friend of his.

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillelgen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods

to pick up some sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed the open window of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day, thinking, whilst he was gathering the juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked them what it was for. The boys told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting a trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt he could catch some. The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares.

He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just then, as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and, with some alarm, he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master. "A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents; tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides." "I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy. The schoolmaster looked at the boy, who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers, that reached only half way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy," said he, "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?" "O yes," said the boy, trembling with delight, "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else." "What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling. "Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees. "O dear, kind sir, teach me to

read!" The liberal master complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms. "What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend. "I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was myself."

THE HEAVENS.—NO. XII.

THOUGH you may not perhaps have seen any comets, you have often heard of them as being very singular bodies belonging to our system. Their periodical revolutions cannot be calculated with the same degree of accuracy as those of the planets. Their orbits are very elliptical; at one time stretching away into distant space, at another approaching very near the solar luminary, the great emporium of light and heat; and we must regard it as an instance of infinite wisdom, that in no part of their eccentric courses are they permitted to come into contact with the mighty planets and moons as they describe their several periods, as a concussion of this description would be fraught with fearful catastrophes, and awful results.

As bodies move the faster the nearer they approach to the source of attraction, when comets are in that part of their orbit nearest to the sun, their velocity is considerably greater than that of Mercury; and unless their constitution is so ordained as to modify the excessive degree of heat which else must then radiate from their surfaces, language is impossible by which to describe its fervency and power; and the materials of which they are composed must differ greatly from those with which we are acquainted in our own planet, for were our respective situations to be reversed, our immediate destruction would be inevitable! Even now in times of drought, the excessive heat, by drying up its moisture, causes the earth to crack in many places, and, if not speedily revived by rain, all fertility and cultivation would be at an end. But it scarcely appears just to believe that comets must necessarily be uninhabitable because of the extremes of temperature which they experience in describing their periods. We all know that red hot bodies take some time to cool; and the heat which is acquired when in the part of their orbit the nearest to the sun, may so affect them during the whole extent of their mighty courses, as to mitigate the intense cold of distant space, and produce a pleasing variety of climate, exactly adapted to the sentient beings whose habitation they are.

Comets, sweeping along the starry sky, with their luminous trains, have often excited feelings of dismay in ignorant and superstitious minds. They have been regarded as indicating

some terrible event, some dire catastrophe; and kings have trembled on their thrones when the beautiful strangers looked down upon them with their brilliant eyes. Now, however, a more enlarged acquaintance with the revelation God has given us from heaven, the conclusions of a nobler philosophy, and the magnificent discoveries of science, have done much to dissipate the darkness of preceding ages, and lead us to form more correct and unprejudiced opinions of the works of God. Superstitious terror makes the mind shrink from a calm study of the character of natural phenomena; but the child of God, with humble reverence, is privileged to mount upward by the golden pathway of comets, suns, and planets, to adore the God of their creation, and behold in them reflections of the ineffable beauty of the Eternal!

J. H.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

[J. H. has been aware of the difficulty of treating some of the subjects introduced in the papers on "The Heavens" in a manner sufficiently simple for the comprehension of children; she, however, hopes that ideas may have been suggested which can be profitably carried out in a more mature stage of the youthful mind. The following, if approved of, may perhaps be the first of a series of detached papers on simplified scientific subjects.]

I.

THE MICROSCOPE.

You know what a microscope is. It is a wonderful instrument, and by its means objects can be magnified to considerably more than their

proper sizes. It is not, however, exactly about the microscope that I am going to speak to you, but about a few wonderful things which it has brought under our notice, and which are well worthy of our attention.

Perhaps some of you live by the sea-side, and you find it very pleasant to walk on the smooth sandy beach, looking for shells among the weeds, or watching the joyous little waves as they fling their silvery foam upon the rocks. How impossible would it be for you to count the sands on the sea shore! A single grain is so small that you can scarcely hold it between your fingers, and yet that single grain of sand is a world in itself! It is divided into multitudes of habitations, each of which is the dwelling-place of a living creature, with a perfect body, and all the organs necessary for exercising the functions of life! God, in that tiny grain of sand, has shewn his love, his power, and his wisdom. Not one of those little animals is forgotten by him. His eye bends over them lovingly; his hand supplies their need; his beneficent goodness is constantly engaged in providing for their happiness and comfort. Although so small to us that we can scarcely even *imagine* their existence, they are perhaps instances of the Divine perfection, and splendid illustrations of Jehovah's attributes to those pure and holy spirits who worship with ardent reverence at his footstool: and how great and wonderful must God be, who, although he wears the crown of empires on his brow, does not forget the smallest work which he has created!

His footstep is sounding in the sands, his ear is listening to the beating heart of those little creatures who inhabit them, and every thing necessary to their welfare is spread around them by his love. Nature is a mighty book, and the trees and streams, the mountains and valleys, the heather bell and daisy, the music of the waves and the sands of the sea-shore, are beautiful stories, full of the lovingkindness of our heavenly Father, and given us to read, that we may know and love him better.

The down on the wing of a butterfly, that happy creature which glances so joyously across our path, sailing on the sunbeam, or fluttering on the bosom of a flower, is composed of exquisite little feathers, each perfect in its colouring and structure; and when we examine the mould of cheese through a microscope, it is found to consist of a perfect development of vegetation—trees budding, flowering, and bearing fruit, in their appointed times, and rich in specimens of creative power and infinite wisdom.

How many wonderful things are hidden from us! With all the discoveries that have been made, there may be millions and millions of interesting things in the world around us, which we may be never able to discover even with more powerful microscopes than are at present made. No one by searching can find out God to perfection; he is always beyond the grasp of mortal minds—for they are finite, and have limits set to their knowledge—but he is infinite, and all things are naked and open in his sight. It is important to observe that he has bestowed

the same care on the formation of the tiniest insect which has been discovered, as upon the structure and organic functions of the mighty elephant which walks upon torrid plains, and the great whale which has its pastime in the rolling waters of the surging deep.

God is glorious everywhere, and in every thing that he has made, and by giving us such a beautiful world to live in, and providing us with the means of knowledge that we possess, it is surely his intention to lead us to himself—that by believing in the God of the Bible, we may know and love the God of nature. J. H.

[More papers of the same kind will be very acceptable.—Ed.]

SILK OF THE CHINESE.

One of the most famous manufactures of China, as you know, is silk, in the production of which they excel all other nations. The empress is the patroness of the manufacture; and once every year she goes with her maids to worship the god of silk, while she does everything she can to encourage the rearing of the worm, and the weaving of the article amongst the women. In China the people wear silks in many ways. They are used as robes of state, as trousers, shoes, caps, boots, and in many other ways. In general they are plain silks, but of the most brilliant colours, and often beautifully embroidered. All, from the princes to the peasants, wear them more or less; and those who

cannot afford to get much, are delighted if they can only get a little.

To supply the large demand for silk, both at home and abroad, they rear great numbers of the silk worm; and its proper feeding and management is quite a business amongst them. They have houses built on purpose in which to keep them, and people employed continually attending to them. Their common food, as you may know, is the mulberry leaf; and they have therefore large plantations of this tree. The houses for their rearing are in the centre of these plantations, and great care is taken to keep them quiet, as they maintain that the worms will not thrive, but often die, if disturbed by noise. These houses are heated or cooled as the weather and season require, so as to bring out the young brood just as the mulberry tree puts forth their supply of food.

The principal provinces in which the silk worm is bred are, Che-keang, Keang-nan, Hoo-pe, and Sze-chuen. Here, too, the mulberry is most cultivated. They are planted in a kind of orchard, at a convenient distance from each other, and every means tried to make them produce great quantities of leaves and little fruit. To effect this, the trees are not allowed to exceed a certain age and height; and when they grow too old, or shew a tendency to produce fruit, they are uprooted and cast away. In gathering the leaves they use a sort of ladder, with a prop to support it, as the young trees could not bear the weight of a common ladder, and our engraving gives you a view of the process.

The Chinese loom in which the silks are woven, seems to be a very simple kind of thing; and yet such is their ingenuity that they can imitate the most beautiful patterns from either France or England, and produce materials that we, with all our finer machinery, can never imitate. Their flowered damasks and satins, their crape (*Canton crape*), and their washing silks (*Pongu*), which grow more beautiful and soft the oftener they are washed, have so far defied all attempts at imitation by us.

How sad that a people so clever and ingenious should have been so long without the Gospel of Christ! And how happy and glorious will it be for them, when as a people they receive the religion of Jesus!

THE FORGIVING BECHUANA.

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive yours."

You have all heard of the Bechuanas in South Africa, amongst whom good Mr. Moffat labours. A few years ago these people were amongst the most degraded and wicked of the human race, and full of revenge and cruelty. Now the Gospel has completely changed many of them, and proved its great power amongst them, of making the most savage kind and gentle as a lamb.

Some months ago Molehabangue, one of the late king's sons, and brother to Gasibonoe the Chief, went out hunting ostriches in company with his servant and several others. The ostrich runs very fast, and the hunting of them is full of excitement. It so happened that one of them ran between the prince and the servant. The servant at once levelled his fowling piece and fired, without knowing that his master was within reach of the shot. Most unfortunately the ball missed the ostrich, and entered the shoulder of Molehabangue, grazing the jugular vein, and breaking one or two of his ribs. When the servant saw what he had done, he fled, expecting to be pursued and killed, according to their heathen custom. Molehabangue resolved to forgive him, and ordered that he should be followed at once, brought back, and his life spared. On his being brought back, Molehabangue sent his wife to the chief to say he wished to see the man with his own eyes, and to beg that he might not be put to death.

The poor servant was accordingly sent into the room of the dying prince, but on seeing his master lying there, was so much affected that he had to be taken out again till his sorrow had a little gone down. On returning, Molehabangue spoke most kindly to him; told him he was not to blame; that every event was under God's control; and that all was well which God either did or permitted to be done. "When I die," he added, "do what you can to serve my children."

Poor Molehabangue lingered a few days, but was seized with a fit of coughing, burst the blood-vessel, and died immediately.

On his death being made known, the people demanded the death of the servant, but Gasibonoe said "No: he shall not be killed. He is innocent; and I abide by the dying request of my brother."

Molehabangue was buried in a Christian manner, close to the grave of his father. A little green mound marks the spot where he lies, and the servant still lives. When his younger brother took Mr. and Mrs. Moffat to look at the spot, they could not help thinking of what a change the Gospel had produced upon these people. Formerly even the royal dead were put into a round hole in the fence of the cattle-fold; but now they lie in a quiet burial-ground, and about their graves good people meet to bless God for the grace he had shewn them in life, to look forward to the day of their glorious resurrection, and to stir up each other to follow their faith and love.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."—JOHN iv. 10.

"IF thou knewest," little child,
The gift that God has given,
How fully would thy thirst for joy
Be satisfied from heaven!

"If thou knewest," little child,
That, sinful as thou art,
Compassion fills His soul to thee,
And tenderness His heart.

"If thou knewest," little child,
The pleasures of His love,
Thy little heart would love to think
Of Him who is above.

Would think of Him who's seated there—
And hear his Gospel tell
How once, to shew the way of life,
He sat beside the well.

And *now* His tenderness the same,
Who still is meek and mild;
He draws the living waters still,
And gives them to the child.

Drink, little sinner, freely drink,
These waters are for you:
The springs of life are ever fresh,
The wells of mercy new.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 319.] JULY, 1850. [VOL. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. IV.

SAD REVERSE.

AMONG the children attending Ragged Schools, we believe there are not a few parallels to the following melancholy case: we speak of those who, by the imprudence or death of their parents, are speedily brought from affluence and comfort to a state of extreme destitution. "Let him who thinks he standeth take heed lest he fall."

In describing the case, we must lead our readers, in thought, to a large and fashionable house, not far from Portland Place, in

which, about eight years since, there lay a dying mother. She was the wife of a medical gentleman, of highly respectable connections. Two genteel little boys stood by her bedside, who had just been brought from a boarding-school to see their mother die. On being raised up in bed, she took the youngest by the hand, and bade him farewell, telling him he would never have such a mother again. Shortly afterwards she died, and how far her statement proved correct our brief narrative will soon show.

While on a visit to the Golden Lane School, one Sabbath evening last winter, we observed two boys enter, whose extremely wretched appearance arrested our attention. They had neither shirts, shoes, nor stockings; their feet were black and swollen, and chapped with the frost. The clothing of each consisted of an old coat and pair of trowsers, filthy and ragged. Of the 300 children then present, they seemed the most destitute, yet in the polite answers of the elder boy there appeared traces of a superior training. They were the same brothers who stood at the bedside of their dying mother! Shortly after their mother's death, the circumstances of the father began to change for the worse, which was greatly accelerated by a course of imprudence and folly. A few months ago we visited him, where he now lives, in a wretched room, for which he pays one shilling per week.

Broken in spirits and in constitution, he is often maintained by the charity of others.

About a week after we first met with the poor boys, through the kindness of a few friends we enjoyed the luxury of having them stripped of their filthy rags, thoroughly washed, and supplied with clean clothing. So altered was their appearance, that on entering the class on the following Sabbath their teacher did not know them. We regret to say, however, that the younger boy—a fit subject for a Juvenile Refuge—was led away by bad companions, and is now in prison, suffering through his father's folly and the want of a mother's care. The other, we trust, by timely aid has been saved from ruin. He was placed in a situation as errand-boy, where for the last six months he has conducted himself well.

THE TWO SUNDAY-SCHOLARS.

BILL GALM AND TED WICKS.

When I visit a Sunday-school, I look with deep interest at the class of elder boys, who can read well, and can say their collects and gospels without difficulty. Those lads have attended perhaps for many years in that room, and have risen from the lowest to the highest class. I think to myself, "poor fellows, the battle of life will soon begin, the flesh will war against the spirit, the prince of the power of the air will strive to rule in

you, making you children of disobedience, and religion will drop out of your minds, I fear."

Thank God! it is not always so; here and there a fair-haired or dark-browed lad listens, prays, and resolves to choose the Lord for his portion, and is kept from youthful sins, and is good and happy here, or removed to enjoy the presence of God.

These wise boys are, alas! few in number; the great proportion, when they leave school, forget their Creator, their Redeemer, their Teacher, their Bible, and rush head foremost into folly, trying also to forget "that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God."

I will tell you the story of Bill Gale and Ted Wicks, both Sunday-school boys.

Ten years ago, I was visiting in a village in Somersetshire, and on the Sunday morning went into the boys' school, to take the upper class. The parsonage, church, and schools are close together; the fine tower of the church casts its shadow into the play-ground, there being only the church-yard and village road between.

When I went in, the boys were singing their morning hymn, and the classes looked full, forming squares round their teachers. I joined in the hymn and then seated myself in the midst of my class, and looked at the different countenances of the boys I was going to teach. They were busy finding their collects, but eyeing at the same time

their new teacher; some of them were innocent, anxious looking boys; some were full of play; one of the biggest was lame, and had a shrewd clever face, and an ugly sneer marked him, as he gabbled over his collect, and then wheeled round on his crutch to sit and laugh with his next schoolfellow. I asked this boy's name—it was Bill Gale.

After the lessons had been repeated, I opened my Bible, and I remember the portion of Scripture which I read and explained to them; it was in Dan. vii. 9, 10. "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened." I talked to them long and earnestly about the judgment, and those books which must be opened—the Book of Conscience, and the Book of God's Remembrance. I tried to arouse their attention and fear, as I described the terror, the agony which they would feel when those books were opened, if their names were not written in the other book—the Book of Life. I told them of a dear brother who was converted at their age, and who had taken as the words that should guide him, "Seek ye the Lord while he may

be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

The lads all listened, and some looked earnestly and with tearful eyes in my face; Bill Gale listened, and moved his crutch uneasily, but did not look at me. He had resolved to observe lying vanities, and to forsake his own mercy; he was going to "sow the wind, and would reap the whirlwind."

The church bells had been ringing some time, and now the last called us from school to the house of God. I wished the boys good bye, and said I should probably never meet them all again, till we should stand before the great white throne, either to be blessed or condemned; and lifting up my heart for them, I joined the congregation.

The next day I went to see some of the poor of the parish, and amongst others, Thomas and Mary Gale, the parents of lame Bill. They had known better days, and must have been a good-looking couple when they married, some sixteen years before. Now they were very poor and destitute; he, an invalid, unable for work, and spending most of his time upon his bed, whilst she earned a small addition to the parish allowance by going into Bristol on errands, leaving him in charge of the children. She was a light-footed, gypsy-eyed woman,

very pleasant to talk to, and with a warm heart, and ever ready to do a kind turn for a neighbour, though she would go into a passion with that same neighbour for a matter of no consequence at all. She spoiled her children by her foolish ways—beating them one hour, and coaxing them the next. Every body liked Mary Gale, though the respectable people of the parish shook their heads, and said she was ruining herself and her family by her want of steadiness, and that it was a pity, for both she and they might have done better.

Years passed on! A few months ago I was again in that village: many changes had taken place; the aged had been removed to the rest of the church-yard; the middle-aged had become old; the church was refitted; the parsonage rebuilt; young voices shouted in the garden, and filled the house with glee. The old schoolmaster and his daughter had passed away, and new teachers held their situations. I scarcely knew the names of the families whose children were in the school. I asked after some of those whom I remembered, and amongst others, the Gales. The rector of the parish answered, "the parents are both dead, the daughter is married, and Bill is the worst of the wicked."

"But was there no hope in the end of the parents?"

"Thomas, I fear, died careless: poor Mary's case was more hopeful, but her

course was inconsistent, until her last long illness came on. She never, I believe, broke the seventh commandment in its letter, but she did in its spirit, by her foolish light conduct. Ever after her husband's death she would go and dance at the public-house, and sing for the amusement the men in the tap, who called her "Poll," and encouraged her with praise and half-pence. I let her alone for a time, and soon afterwards, by the chastisement of a long and severe illness, the Lord made her, I trust, aware of her folly, and, by his Spirit, led her to repentance. She seemed to feel the loss her own soul had sustained, and the injury she had done to her children by her light ways, and want of firmness: she appeared penitent, and died peacefully. But I never speak with comfort or confidence of death-bed repentance. I believe that God *can* work on the dying bed, and at the eleventh hour, but I am also *sure* that many who appear full of right feeling in those awful circumstances, would return, like the sow, to wallow in the mire, were they restored to life."

"I quite enter into your feelings: how much we should pray for *continuing* grace, as well as *converting* grace, both for ourselves and for those whom we teach! then conquering grace is vouchsafed in the last great conflict, and the soul departs, leaving a line of light behind. But poor Bill! that shrewd-looking, sneering lad on crutches,

what has been his downward course since I heard him say his collect at the Sunday class? he is still in the land of the living; he *may* repent, and shew fruits meet for repentance."

"Wretched fellow, he might have been now a man in comfortable circumstances, for he was clever, and his lameness procured him friends. I made interest to have him apprenticed to a shoemaker soon after you remember him; he became a good workman, and could have procured a respectable situation when out of his apprenticeship; but his love of drink, of bad company, of his fiddle, of the idle corner, ruined him. He only worked enough to buy drink, and live half the week in brutal intoxication. When I passed him at the idle corner, he was a heap of rags and dirt, with an impudent look on his bad face. His ruin was completed by the company of an infidel with whom for a time he worked, and who broke away the last hold on the miserable sinner, namely, a fear of the all-seeing eye of God. Whilst with that man, he became so ill as to be unfit for work; and just before his mother's death, he fell down at her door, one Sunday morning, drunk, diseased, and covered with filthy rags, and was carried off to the workhouse, where he now lies, very ill, and quite hardened."

"Are there no means of appealing to his conscience; have you not seen him; has no one visited him?"

"I have not yet seen him, for there is a chaplain to the workhouse, which is at some distance from this parish; and now, whilst the cholera prevails in our land, no one is willingly admitted except near relations. His sister went to see him, and told him he would never recover; he said, he *should*, he *would* get well again; she asked him if he was sorry for his sins? he said, 'yes! for they had brought a deal of pain and trouble on him;' she said, 'is that all the reason?' 'yes,' he replied sneeringly, according to his old customs."

On hearing this sad tale, I went alone into the garden, and as I pondered over the sad course of poor Bill Gale, the boy who might have been an ornament to his village, I said, "O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

The next morning, as we sat at breakfast, the passing-bell tolled, a sound which makes the heart beat quicker, even in the breast of a believer. We sent to enquire who had been called away; the answer made us all start: "Sir, it is tolling for a man who has died in the workhouse, called Bill Gale." "When did he die?" "This morning; and the master sends his duty, and he must be buried the day after to-morrow, for he was so diseased they can't keep him any longer."

The servant left the room, and we sat silently: we followed the trembling soul into the eternal world, and imagined the despair of him who knew his duty, but did it not.

On the day of the funeral, I sat at the window and looked down into the churchyard. It was a glorious September afternoon; so bright, that the beautiful world looked as if it were still *very good*, instead of being full of sin and misery, as, alas! it is. The school gate was swinging to and fro, for the lads had just been dismissed, and were loitering in and out of the playground, waiting for the funeral; that same gate that Bill Gale used to push open with his crutch when he went to school ten years before. The bell tolled, ceased, and then the clergyman appeared, the evening sun shining on his white dress and forehead, and after him the parish coffin, and then one mourner in an old black dress, the sister of the dead man. Very sad and very solemn was the minister's face, and as the coffin dropped into its shallow grave, I thought of the resurrection, and I covered my face and wept. . . . . .

When I returned home I gazed with peculiar comfort on a white grave-rail, which receives the last rays of the setting sun. The church-yard is opposite to the dining-room window, and encircles the beautiful ivy-covered ruin of the old parish church; the grave-rail is to the memory of Edward Wicks, aged 19.

He was one of my own school-boys, and his memory is as pleasant as that of Bill Gale is terrible; we called him "the flaxen-haired ploughboy," and loved to look on

his fair, pure face, when he was washed clean and in his proper place, with a well-learned lesson at the Sunday-school. He was a hard-working boy; from six years old he took his money to his respectable though poor home, to help the family with the weekly bread and shop things, and he picked up his learning as he could. So the Sunday rest and the Sunday class were very pleasant to dear Ted, and, I trust, a foretaste of the rest which he will enjoy for ever with the people of God.

He became a very good answerer, and had an excellent knowledge of his Bible, and was never ashamed of the tear of feeling, when his teacher was helped to touch his young heart with exhortation and advice. As Bill Gale was noted for his shrewdness and *impurity*, so was Ted Wicks remarkable for his simplicity and *purity*.

He went forth, after his confirmation, into the dangerous world for a few years; and though, thank God, restrained from *vice*, the warmth of his feelings somewhat chilled, and for a few months he neglected his Bible and the Table of the Lord. Then began the Lord's controversy with his young servant; he returned to his home, bowed down with pain, and with inflammation devouring him. His friends visited and prayed with him, but he was shy and reserved at first, and appeared conscious of a backsliding heart, and anxious for recovery and cessation of pain. But Ted was

not to recover; and became more and more thoughtful and liked to be alone. We hoped, that during those long spring days, as he lay in the room where he was born, listening to the birds, his blue eye dim, his crisp curling hair damp with the dew of severe illness—we hoped, I say, that the Lord was bringing back to his mind the instructions of his youth, but we did not expect such an overflowing of divine goodness as was granted to the dear youth.

One day his mother said, "Ted, I do bless God, as you never was such a loose, bad fellow as some be." "Mother," said he, "how can you talk so? never say such a word again; my sins are more than the hairs of my head; I lie here and think about them, and I wonder I was not cut off: I've forgotten to do all I meant to do when I was at school; mother, promise me never to say such a word again." The mother was very thankful to hear her dear boy's penitent expressions, and had not meant unduly to exalt him, and told us with tears of joy of his contrite, humble state.

Just at this time we left home for a fortnight, commending the youth to the care of those who we knew would fulfil their duty towards him. During our absence, I received the following letter from one of them:

"DEAREST MADAM,—I write with joy to tell you of dear Edward Wicks. He has given

us a good testimony of his faith in his crucified Saviour; and God has graciously manifested himself unto him, so that he can call Jesus *his* Saviour, and feels that he is his. The first three days after you left, he was rather better; and though not communicative, listened with sweet attention. The moment I spoke of prayer, his hands were raised, and with a solemn look he seemed to join fervently with me.

"Since that time he has been so sleepy, that I have not been able to say anything to him till this afternoon, when Mrs. Moody and I were summoned suddenly to him, for his mother thought him dying. We found him holding communion with his God. O! how I longed that you and my dear master had been present: how you would have rejoiced to hear him call upon Jesus the Saviour, and then tell us that he was a poor unworthy sinful fellow, and yet that Jesus died for him. 'Yes,' he repeated, 'for *me*, for *me*!' Then, in a few minutes, he said—'I am in the dark valley; Jesus, be near me, and I shall fear no evil. Blessed Saviour! *my* Saviour! comfort me, comfort me!' He then prayed earnestly for his friends, and for a time seemed to enjoy close communion with God. Mrs. Moody went near him, and he said in a soft whisper, raising his hand, 'Do not breathe upon me; do not speak to me; do not touch me; for His arm is under my head.' Does not this, dearest madam, beautifully

illustrate two passages in Canticles: 'Stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please;' and, 'His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me'? His weeping mother asked him if he was happy. She need not have asked, for his face was radiant with joy. We all wept, but they were tears of gratitude. We blessed God for this encouragement to faithful teaching; and may I travel on in that path more earnestly than ever, strengthened by the promise, 'Ye shall reap if ye faint not.'

"I remain, your affectionate servant,

"B. TURNER."

We returned home a few days before his death, and found him in the same happy state as the above letter described him. He received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the most decent manner; and as his life drew towards its close, his prayers became fervent and remarkable. He could wave his thin hands, and plead thus: "Lord, thou hast begun a good work in me, finish it, finish it. Let my death be a blessing,—let it be a blessing to all the village; but, above all, to David. O! have mercy on David—on my little brother David. Blessed Lord, thou hast said that thou wouldest forgive me if I ask with all my heart. I have asked—I have asked; and thou wilt, thou wilt. Let thy red right hand pass over all my sins. Don't leave me in the dark valley: I'm almost at the

end." Then, in a moment of great joy—"I'm going—I'm going to Jesus! beautiful—glorious,—good bye."

Just as he was departing, Satan was permitted to try his faith. We were present, and the conflict was severe. "Pray for me. Mr. O., kneel down, and pray for me!" We all knelt down, and joined the clergyman in his fervent petitions. Life was ebbing fast, but still Satan, the adversary, tried the faith of the youth. It was in vain. He held fast the sword of the Spirit, and pleaded the promises; and the last words we heard, were—"Thou HAST promised that if I ask, I shall be forgiven. I *have* asked. Bleeding Lamb! mercy, mercy! My blessed Saviour, help me!"

Thus he passed away. Peace was granted. And amidst the tears of the villagers he was laid in his long narrow grave, awaiting the resurrection unto life.

I have now told you my true tale of Bill Gale and Ted Wicks. Whose life would you, dear boys, like to live? whose death, dear boys, would you wish to die? E. O.

THE HEAVENS.—NO. XIII.

THE many millions of stars which sparkle in the sky, are supposed to revolve in their courses around one common centre of light and heat—the grand sun of the whole universe. What this sun or central body really is, and where is

its precise situation, are questions of much interest, but questions which it is not probable we shall be able to answer in our present state and circumstances. All we can do, is, to form conjectures upon the subject, and see how far they agree with the discoveries made in science, and more especially with the holy declarations of God's own word. I do not think it unlikely that this centre of all created worlds is that blessed place which is commonly understood by the word "Heaven"—the home of the children of God, where is the throne of Jehovah, and where Jesus ever lives to make intercession for us. Some reasons for my thinking so I will try to tell you as simply as I can.

We know that God is everywhere; but it is no less true that heaven is his throne, and earth is his footstool: and when Jesus had finished the work of our Redemption, he ascended up to heaven, to sit at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Now, although we may conceive that a purely spiritual being may not have a particular place in which to dwell, yet we must remember, that our blessed Saviour was not *God* alone, he was God and *man;* and as a glorified *man* he is set down on his Father's throne, in that house of many mansions, where he is even now preparing a place for all who love and serve him on earth. He himself says —"I am the light of the world." We are dark by nature. Sin has separated us from our God, who is "light," and made us captives of the devil, who is the prince of darkness: but it seems that Jesus is also in some way connected

of light around which the many millions of heavenly worlds revolve, and from which they derive their splendour, there is a glory and a light in the Bible which I pray he may open your eyes to see. J. H.

HER MAJESTY IN HER CRADLE.

"Two or three evenings previous to his visit to Sidmouth," thus writes to me one whose intercourse with the duke was constant, "I was at Kensington Palace; and on my rising to take leave, the duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant princess in her crib; adding, 'As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child, and give her your blessing." The duke preceded me into the little princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer, that as she grew in years she might grow in grace, and in favour both with God and man, nothing could exceed the fervour and feeling with which he responded in an emphatic Amen. Then, with no slight emotion, he continued, 'Don't pray, simply, that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be *guided and guarded* by God.' That prayer was offered." —*Life of the Duke of Kent.*

RED RIVER INDIANS.

As a specimen of the welcome which the converted Indians are prepared to give to a Christian Bishop, and as an encouragement also to Missionary efforts for their benefit, the following interesting document may be referred to, which was presented to the Bishop of Montreal upon his visit to the Red River Settlement a few years ago:

ADDRESS

To the Bishop of Montreal from the Christian Indians at the Indian Settlement.

To our Chief-praying Father from Montreal. We, the Cree and Ogibwa Indians, Members of the Church of England, wish to say a few words to our Chief-praying Father.

We thank you, Father, for having come this

long way to visit us. Our Praying Father told us that you intended to come two years since, but that you were taken very sick, and could not. Our hearts are very glad that you are come at last; and we thank God for sending you. We shall, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, try to do what you tell us. We thank the English people, in English country, across the great water, for sending us a Praying Father, and for paying a Teacher to teach our children. You see, Father, that nearly all our young people can read the Word of God. We now live very comfortably, and we owe all this to the good people in English country. If they had not pitied us, we should have been still Heathens. We pray every day for our great Mother, the Lady Chief, Victoria, and for her relations, and also for our Chief-praying Father, and for our Praying Fathers.

We hope God will take you safely back to you own home, and we pray Him to bless you for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Signed, on behalf of the Indians, by me,

HENRY PRINCE.

Acting for my Father Pigwys, Chief of the Red River Indians.

The first clergyman was sent to this country in 1820. Two years afterwards the Church Missionary Society began a Mission at the Red River. Their attention was first directed to the Settlers and mixed race, and to the Indians intermingled with them. Afterwards Indians were collected at a new Station on the Red

River, where there is a village of converted Indians, containing above three hundred souls, engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the midst of the village stands the church and school, and clergyman's residence. The ordinances of religion are prized, and regularly attended by these converted Indians.

Another station has been established among the Indians at Manitobia Lake, at the distance of about two hundred miles from the Red River.

There is a third station at Cumberland House, five hundred miles distant, with an out-station, two hundred and fifty miles still further towards the north.

These two stations are exclusively for the benefit of the Indians, who have shewn a remarkable willingness and aptitude to receive Christian instruction, and have many of them evidenced the power of Divine grace upon their hearts by an exemplary Christian conduct.

One very interesting fact connected with the establishment of the Cumberland Station, and its out-station at Lac-la-Ronge, is, that the Gospel was first preached in each place by *native teachers;* and that when a missionary first visited them, he found nearly whole tribes, consisting of more than one hundred persons each, brought under Christian instruction, and a large proportion of them so well instructed, and so evidently under the influence of Divine teaching, that he had no hesitation in admitting them to baptism.

THE MEEK.

A MISSIONARY in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

INDUSTRY.

THE bees are active all the day
Sucking out honey from the flowers,
And should not we as well as they
Try to improve these fleeting hours?

They are but homely little things,
With their brown coats and shining eyes,
But each a weightier message brings
Than many fine and gaudier flies.

And, children, like the useful bees,
You should each day be busy too;
Intent in all your God to please,
In all his holy will to do.

Youth is the golden time to store
The blessed truths which age will need;
And when the first spring-time is o'er,
It may be vain to sow the seed.

Then dearly prize each passing day,
And earnestly your gifts employ,
That ere youth's budding flowers decay,
You may prepare your endless joy.

J. H.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 320.] AUGUST, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. V.

THE RAGGED BOY—THE PARENTS' TEACHER.

In 1838, a boy was admitted into the school, whose parents were indifferent, worthless characters. They were of that class who professed to maintain their children by honest industry, leaving home at an early hour in the morning for market, to provide themselves with the articles they intended to sell in the streets, and seldom returning till a late hour in the afternoon, abandoning their children to shift for them-

selves, while they spent the most of their earnings in the public-house. So debased were they, that even their neighbours looked upon the attempt to reclaim them as impracticable. Their home, as might be expected, had few comforts — it contained nothing more than a few shavings, which served as a bed—an old basket inverted was their only table—two old saucepans the only seats in the room.

The persons of both parents and children were quite in keeping with their home. The father's whole attire was not worth three-pence: it consisted of an old waistcoat and trowsers, both in tatters, and a pair of old shoes—if shoes they could be called—these made up his whole apparel: under-clothing was out of the question. The mother's dress was in shreds, without another piece of covering, and the children were literally covered with rags and filth. The poor boy, when he first entered the school, wore an old coat, which might have served his father—the skirts of which swept the ground as he walked along: a dirty apron was tied round his front outside his coat, which served for trowsers and shirt, while his little bare legs were exposed to the wind—such was the condition of this family when the boy first came to school. After some months' care and instruction, he was taught to read. A New Testament was given him as a reward, which he was requested to take home, and read the third

chapter of John's Gospel, when his parents were in a proper state to listen to him. The father and mother were both so delighted with their boy's progress and gift, that they listened to him reading with pleasure: but the father stopped the boy when he got to the third verse of the above chapter, and said, "You are surely reading wrong,"—"Except a man be born again!" —for neither father nor mother could read; and nothing could satisfy the parent until he sent for the writer, to convince him as to the correctness of his son's reading. Being satisfied on this point, the difficulty in the poor man's mind was only increased. "How," said he, "can a man be born again?" He was told in a few words, that the new birth spoken of in the passage, meant a changed heart: instead of living in our own sinful pleasures, we would live for the glory of God. New desires, also, would follow, instead of the love of sin; a love of holiness, and a constant fear to do that which we knew to be wrong. This change would naturally produce a change of life and conduct: the man thus changed in heart and life was said to be a new man, or "born again;" and nothing but the Spirit of God could effect this change. He was, from this circumstance, led to reflect. He said, "Now, mother, we are all wrong!" Indeed, this remark was too true; and, like one awakened out of sleep, he began to look around him. Wretchedness and misery

stared at him on all sides. The public-house was given up; both began to look after family comforts, and, in a short time, a new bedstead and bed took the place of the shavings, a deal table instead of the basket, and half-a-dozen rush-bottomed chairs occupied the floor. Their persons, also, in time, underwent a similar change: instead of the filthy rags spoken of, decent and comfortable clothing covered their bodies. This good work began through the means of their boy's instruction at the Ragged School; and we rejoice to add, they have continued, for the past nine years, to give decided evidence of a great change, both in heart and life. While such a result as this amply repays us for our toil and trials, it furnishes a strong argument to those who doubt of the benefit conveyed to parents like them, through the instrumentality of the educated ragged boy.—*Westminster, Past and Present.*

THE EMIGRANTS.

NO. I.

MANY of our readers are aware that, through the active exertions of Lord Ashley, Her Majesty's Government consented to grant a free passage and outfit to Australia, to 150 male and female scholars attending the Ragged Schools. We purpose to give short sketches of some of the most interest-

ing cases that came under our notice, from which our readers will see, that if "ignorance is the parent of crime," destitution and misery are often the occasion of both.

A—— was born in one of the lowest parts of Westminster. His father and mother were both drunkards, and the room in which he first opened his eyes to the light of day was a sad picture of a drunkard's home; the broken windows and shattered doors were the standing records of countless scenes of domestic warfare and midnight revelry. In that home he never heard the voice of prayer or praise, but often listened to the horrid oath, and the discordant notes of the drunkard's song. Often was he left in that cheerless, empty room, for many hours together; cold, hungry, and almost naked; rolling in filth, and passing away the weary hours in fruitless sobs and tears.

Nor to him was the return of his worthless parents a source of comfort, for his cries were often silenced by the cruel treatment of a mother, from whose heart every trace of maternal sympathy had been driven away by a course of dissipation and vice.

A few years afterwards, and the birth of another child brought him a companion in his misery. He now became the nurse of his younger brother, ere he had himself passed the years of infancy, while his mother was spending her time in the public-house. The death of his father brought to the poor boy a change of employment. His mother soon found a man of like character to become her companion in iniquity. It was then determined that the boy should not only shift for his own living, but that they should be partakers of the fruits of his labours. Day after day did the heartless mother turn her child into the streets, daring him to return unless he brought with him either money or goods.

If he returned unsuccessful, he was refused even the miserable shelter of their wretched dwelling, and driven again into the streets, under the darkness of night, to seek a resting-place where he best could. So intolerable did this treatment become, that, casting himself on the wide world, without home or friend, he determined that if he must steal it should only be for himself.

For six or eight months he wandered about a common vagrant, during which time

the only bed he had was when in prison, which rendered the days of his confinement the happiest ones he enjoyed. How could the prison in such a case become "a terror to evil-doers"? To this poor boy it was the only place in the wide world where he could find home or shelter. Think of the conflicting emotions in the breast of that youth when a term of his so-called punishment had expired: he has just stepped without the prison-walls—but is it liberty? It is only liberty to steal or starve; his very next meal must be stolen before he eats it, and his resting-place at night must be in the open air, or under some dreary archway. When we asked him what he did on coming out of prison, if he attended to what was told him, and left off stealing—"What could I do," said he, "but what I had done before? I had no home—no food—the police would often come and shake me up, when they found me cold and stiff sleeping on a door-step." Forlorn and hopeless though his condition seemed to be, the "Father of the fatherless" and the God of the needy had yet more blessed days in store for him, and strange were the means by which he was pleased to accomplish his gracious purposes. So wretched did the poor wanderer become, that at length his very appearance called forth the sympathies of one whose heart had long been hardened by a course of the most daring iniquity—one of the most notorious thieves in the

metropolis. Even in that heart, over which conscience had lost its power, there were chords of human sympathy not yet dead, and which the unconcealed misery of this youth called into lively exercise. He went to the City Missionary of the district, and describing the condition of the boy, pleaded with him to take him under his protection. "I cannot bear," said he, "to see him in such a state; he'll soon die, if you don't do something for him." "Why," said the Missionary, "do you not take him with you?" "Ah!" replied he, "it is because I know a thief's life too well, that I seek to rescue the poor wretch from such a course." The Missionary took the boy, and placed him under the care of a poor but respectable couple, who received for his board and lodging 5s. per week. Never did the combined effects of starvation, vermin, and filth, render the human form a more loathsome spectacle, or recovery a less likely result. The state of his mind and heart bore a sad resemblance to his bodily wretchedness. He was sullen, stubborn, and sunk in the deepest ignorance. . . . Two years after this, and we find him in the Juvenile Refuge, where for eighteen months he has undergone a course of moral and religious training—but mark the change! The pale, haggard boy is now a clean, healthy, well-grown youth, diligent, obliging, and affectionate—one of the most useful in the establishment. For more than twelve months, and in a variety of ways, has

his integrity been tested, and in not a single instance has he proved unfaithful. The word of God was literally to him a "fountain sealed," but now he reads it with ease and pleasure. And while he is busily engaged in scouring the kitchen utensils, his open Bible is placed before him, for he is committing to memory its life-giving truths, which may yet prove a "light to his feet, and a lamp to his path," in that far-off land to which he has gone. We trust that ere this he has arrived in safety on the shores of his adopted country, to which, we have every reason to believe, he will prove both an honour and a blessing.

TO THE YOUTHFUL READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

My dear Children,—In my letter of February, I tried to interest you in the labours of the "Irish Reformation Society;" and now I wish to shew you some reasons why every true Protestant is bound, by the faith he professes, to use every endeavour in his power to bring his fellow-creatures, and especially his fellow-countrymen, from out of the darkness of that dreadful system of antichristian error, which excludes the light of the Gospel, and enslaves both body and soul.

When we want to distinguish between truth and error, we must bring all human

teaching to the standard of the Bible. We must not build our faith on what *man* says, but on the word of the living God! This is the rule our blessed Saviour himself gave us: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me:" and St. Paul further tells us, that they are able to make a man wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. But the Roman Catholics, on the contrary, think the Bible a very dangerous book to be put into the hands of the people. They will teach the children their own catechisms, and interpretations of doctrines, but they dare not entrust into their hands that blessed book which Timothy knew from a child, and which has guided so many infant feet into the paths of holiness and peace. They set at nought the word of God, through their tradition.

The Bible plainly tells us that we are justified by faith only in the merits and satisfaction of our Lord Jesus Christ, he having taken our sins upon himself, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him; but the Roman Catholic tells us that we must do many things ourselves to recommend us to God. We must fast, and mortify our flesh—retire from the world—make long and weary pilgrimages—and, after death, go into the fires of purgatory before we can be fitted for heaven.

The Bible tells us that there is one mediator between God and men, the "man

Christ Jesus;" but the Church of Rome prays to the Virgin Mary and the saints, and she even believes that the advocacy of Mary is more effectual on behalf of a soul than that of the compassionate Saviour himself! In one of her writings there is a representation of two ladders; at the top of one of them Christ himself is standing, and Mary at the top of the other. Those who attempted to reach heaven by means of Christ's ladder, fell backward; but those who preferred the Virgin Mary's, mounted safely to Paradise.

How strange such doctrines must sound in the ears of Protestant children, and how earnestly should they show their gratitude to God for the spiritual blessings they enjoy, by devoting their lives to his glory, and by every means in their power seeking to break the awful chains of delusion which Satan so tightly binds around his captives!

In St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, we have a graphic picture of the antichristian character which the Pope assumes when holding authority as Christ's vicar upon earth. Any one studying the history of the Popes, may see the truth of the description, "Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." Their inveterate enmity to the Bible is shewn by the anathemas they launch forth against our noble Bible

from God to men, and at the nativity of Christ a multitude of the heavenly host sang their sublime carol in the fields of Bethlehem, saying "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men." We are further told that they are ministering spirits, who watch around us during the day, and when the soft dews of slumber fall upon our eyes. They have joy in their heavenly mansions whenever a sinner comes to Christ; and as he advances onward, along the paths of salvation, they mark his progress as he ceases from sin, and follows the commandments of their God; oftentimes, in instances of danger and difficulty, interposing their friendly offices, and bearing him up in their hands, lest he dash his foot against a stone. Could we see them, no doubt they rest on their glorious wings, and bend down their loving eyes, when a little child with folded hands upon its mother's knee is learning to supplicate the throne of grace, and to lisp in prayer the precious name of Jesus.

Angels are with us in our Sabbath Schools; they come with the Saviour into his house of prayer, listen to the praises of his people; and when the children of God sleep at last in death, angels are ready at their bedsides to carry them into Abraham's bosom. No doubt, they have glorious worlds to live in, high and lifted up above the reach of sin and sorrow, where the sweet music chimes melodiously the praises of Jehovah. There, in bowers of amaranthine verdure, they can sit and hold sweet converse together, tuning their harps to holy strains, and

rejoicing in the perfections of their Maker. But when the will of God is to be done, they are ready and zealous for his service—speeding on rapid pinion from sun to sun, from star to star, and world to world, on his errand of love, and advancing from one stage of holiness and happiness to another, as they know more of God, and are more satisfied with his excellences. They "excel in strength, doing his commandments"—very glorious and very powerful they must be!—and it is a happy thought, that if we know the Lord, we have the angels for our friends, and we know not the amount of good they do us as instruments in his hands, nor the interest they take in our welfare. This knowledge is reserved for a higher state of being, for which we should unceasingly strive to live, in humble dependence on the matchless redemption of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Let me conclude what I have to say to you about the "Heavens," by reminding you, dear children, that blessed mansions are being prepared above for all the people of God. Would you wish to inherit them, and enjoy the holy society of angels, archangels, seraphs, and the redeemed unto God by the blood of the Lamb, in your Father's presence? They love the will of God—do you love it? They hate sin—do you hate it? They delight in truth—is it pleasing in *your* eyes? May the God of grace teach you to sing the song of salvation, whilst you are on earth! May he make in you a clean heart, and renew in you a right spirit, giving you a true understanding in all things, both in

the ways of his grace and in the handy works of his wisdom, love, and power, which encompass us on every side, that you may at last swell the glorious hymn of jubilee, "Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints!" J. H.

VALUE OF ONE EVENING IN SCHOOL.

A little ragged boy was one day seen loitering near the door of a Sabbath-school. The teacher, with his usual kindness, invited him in, and set him down beside some other little boys like himself. He had never been at a Sabbath-school before, and seemed particularly pleased with the exercises. There was something serious in the aspect of the child, which greatly interested the teacher, as he went on telling him of the blessed Jesus, who came from heaven to earth, and suffered a cruel death, to save such poor little boys as he was, and to take them to heaven to be with himself.

The tidings seemed strangely new to the child, and his young heart was touched. God the Spirit sent the arrow of his word into a sure place, and none were able to pluck it out. The boy asked permission to be a scholar, and for this purpose gave his name and address to the teacher. On the following Sabbath the teacher looked for the little wanderer, but he was not there. Good impressions on young

minds are easily effaced, and to this cause he imputed the child's absence. He intended to call and inquire for him during the week, but other cares and duties made it pass from his mind, and it was not till the second Sabbath, when he again missed him, that he remembered the circumstance. On one of the days of that week, however, he was found threading his way through the habitations of the poor, the vile, and the worthless, in search of the home of the little stranger. At last he found it in a miserable attic room, at the top of a long dark stair.

He had been accustomed to scenes of misery and wretchedness, but here there was something more than mere want. The room had the appearance of complete desolation, which was rather enhanced than diminished by the presence of a squalid drunken-looking woman, the only living being in the apartment. "Does J—— B—— live here?" said the teacher, as he entered the dark abode of the little boy. She turned round, and pointing to a corner, shrieked out, "Aye—there," evidently with less of sorrow for the child, than a feeling of her own wretchedness at the time. And *there* the teacher turned, and saw, not the beaming, intelligent eye, which had interested him so much a few days before, but his little friend stretched on some straw, a cold and lifeless corpse.

Upon inquiry he found the child had died of fever, caught a few days after the teacher had last seen him. During his illness he had talked frequently of the precious truths he had that night heard at the Sabbath-school, and greatly desired to see the teacher—a desire which either the carelessness or the apathy of his mother had never gratified. Oh, how gratefully would the sick child have welcomed the present visit, had it been a few days sooner! That had been the *first* and *only* time he had ever been at a Sabbath-school—but that short *once* to him how precious! He had received so much of the Gospel as had, we believe, been the means of his conversion.—*Bateman.*

ACCOUNT OF A PIOUS CHILD IN INDIA.

Among the children who died, was the son of our catechist, Panchoo, who gives the following account of his child's last moments:

The following few remarks are offered with regard to what at present occurs to my mind as having transpired at different times before and during the sickness of my dear child, Obhoy Churn Mookerjea, who departed this life on the 1st of September last, aged six years, eight months, and twelve days, leaving a pleasing testimony of the gracious dealings of God with him from the first dawn of reason to the moment of his departure, and who, I trust, is now adoring the wonderful love and mercy of Jesus, in whose precious blood he was desirous to be washed clean from his sins. At an early period of his life, when about eighteen months old, he used to listen with more than ordinary attention to what we told him about Jesus and heavenly things. And at three years of age, he committed to memory the Lord's Prayer in English, and learned to say "graces" before and after his meals: in fact, he would never touch any thing without first asking a blessing upon it.

In the English language, however, he made, beyond this, very little progress; but in Bengali he advanced with rapid strides—so much so that, in order to be able to read his Bible, he mastered the task within three months, by reading the Old and New Testaments, and "Ellerton's Dialogues."

He was at an early age inclined to seek the

Lord in his own appointed way; and nothing caused him more grief than hearing others tell falsehoods. He never could take a fancy to those whom he had once heard speak a lie; and often he would come running to me, saying, "O father, you don't know how I feel and tremble in every limb at so great a sin!"

On the Lord's-day he would never take his breakfast before service was over, after eleven o'clock in the morning, so fond was he of the house of God.

Two months before his decease, it happened one day that, after having repeated his Scripture lesson, he was so much delighted with the contents of it, that no sooner was school over, than he ran in all haste to his younger sister, of whom he was very fond, repeating to her the Scripture lesson he had learned, and the Lord's Prayer, and singing a hymn to her.

His death, which was quite unexpected, was no doubt occasioned by a slight fall he had on a rainy day—the 13th of August last—in consequence of which he was at first seized with a fit of shivering fever, which however, unhappily soon afterward, turned into a highly inflammatory fever. Still, no alarming symptoms appeared till about three days before his death. He then constantly desired the presence of his mother, who, notwithstanding the many cares and anxieties she had concerning the rest of the family, upon whom the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand, complied with his wishes as often as circumstances permitted. Whenever his mother was with him, he would improve his

time by calling upon me to pray, and sing a Bengali hymn to an English tune, with which he was always very much delighted—so much so that, before his sickness, even at night, in his dreams, he used to sing Bengali hymns to English tunes.

Once, in the height of extreme pain, it was affecting to see him—instead of repining—take up his hymn-book, and hear him repeating several times the words, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, save me, a poor and miserable sinner!" And then, with great emphasis, concluding this his fervent supplication, with the Lord's Prayer.

On his being asked to take some medicine, he replied that there was no medicine in this world which could recover and save him; but that there was one in heaven, whither he was going.

Soon after this, according to the child's request, the readers, some pious Christians, and myself, being assembled near his death-bed, sang the hymn he himself fixed upon, namely, the first in the Bengali hymn-book—

> O come, ye sinners, O come all,
> Jesus Christ your object make," &c.

after which we read a chapter and offered up prayers.

The next day he appeared to be very much exhausted both in body and mind, and sometimes he started up, as it were, on account of the great sufferings he endured, or the powerful conflict he had with sin and Satan, by reason of

which, till three o'clock in the morning of the next day, he continued crying aloud at intervals, "O Father, leave me." After this struggle was over, he observed his parents and the other Christians around him crying and weeping, at which he stretched out his hands toward each of them, one by one, addressing them in the following manner: "My dearest father and mother, fear not; do not weep: 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' May the Lord have mercy upon you!"

After this heart-rending scene, one of the readers offered up prayers, in which the dying child heartily joined; and at the conclusion of which he emphatically added his "Amen." He then again inquired after his parents; and after having taken an affectionate farewell of them, he appeared more composed, and every thing about him indicated that there was peace.

Early the next morning he inquired whether it was dawn, and, continuing his inquiries, he asked, "Did the church bell ring? Am I not quite recovered? May I not go to church?" And on telling him he was too weak to go to church, he replied, "Then let us have morning service here to-day:" and at the conclusion of the hymn and prayers, he several times repeated, "The grace of God," &c. (2 Cor. xiii. 14.)

The following day he became worse and worse, and his bodily strength was gradually declining till about eleven o'clock that night, when, without a sigh or groan, he closed his eyes in Jesus, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

THE DRUNKARD REFORMED BY HIS CHILD.

The following true anecdote may shew that none have such small influence as not to be able to effect some good; for as is proved by this account, even little children may exercise an influence over their parents.

In the town of Reading, in Berkshire, there was a man who was noted for his drunkenness and profligacy. His little daughter attended an infant school in the neighbourhood, where she was taught to love the Bible and its commands. One night, coming home late from the alehouse, he began to abuse and ill-treat his wife, using profane and improper language. The next morning he got up sober to go to work early, when he heard his child say, "Father." He went to her, and she said, "If you say such wicked words as you used to mother last night, you will go to the bad place." This short sentence made such an impression on the father's mind, that he left off his bad habits, and became a reformed character. His house was well furnished, and, contrary to being dressed in rags, he and his family wore decent clothing; and he used to say on a Sunday that, instead as was formerly the case of not having a tidy coat to put on, he had so many he did not know which to choose, and, so far from waking with bad headaches as before, he now rose refreshed with his sleep, and able to do his work much better.—*Olive Leaf.*

"HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"He might have been!" What might he *not* have been—
That vice-encrusted, passion-fetter'd thing—
Had Christian kindness sunned his youthful mind
With beams of sacred truth? Alas for him—
The child was parentless! it had no home
But that unwholesome room whence it was driven,
Except at night, into the vicious lane:
And it had no society, but this—
The swearer, liar, profligate, and thief:
No cheerful hearth, no fond approving smile,
No words of welcome and no kindly speech,
No softening books, good training, pattern high:
What wonder that the boy a demon grew,—
Hard, mischievous, degraded? And good men,
Solemn and staid, paced daily to and fro
Along th' adjoining street; on Sabbath-days
Thronged to God's public worship, gravely knelt,
And prayed, "Thy kingdom come;" gave lavish
To Christianise th' antipodes,—nor cared [gold
For the dark heathen alley-world at home.
Oh! ye who love the Saviour, reverence truth,
And feel for man, train up the youthful poor
In duty and God's fear! Thou doubtest not
Of man's depravity, believest too
In God's most needed blessing. Have, then, faith
In Christian effort. Doth bad teaching thrive,
And shall not also good? Build, fill the school,
Lead to the Bible, to the Cross, to God.
Nor shalt thou work in vain! Beneath those rags
How knowest thou? there may be human stuff
To make a future Newton, Howard, Neff:
See to thy talent, and remember well
Their Father is thy Master; lest the poor
Rise up against thee at the judgment-day,
And at thee pointing, groan, "We *might* have been."

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 321.] SEPTEMBER, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. VI.

THE RAGGED BOY.—THE RICH MERCHANT.

"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due time ye shall reap."

Business of importance called me at one time to the great city, the London of America. I had spent the morning in viewing the great buildings, the City Hall, the great Custom House, Trinity Church, with its tall spire, then nearly completed, and many

other public places, so interesting to the stranger; and, being much wearied with my morning's excursion, I sought my friend's house as a place of rest. While sitting at the dining-table, a servant handed me a note, that moment left at the door by some unknown person, which read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Having seen your name announced as one of the speakers at the Sunday-school meeting, it would give me great pleasure to see you at No. —, Pearl Street, this afternoon, at three o'clock. Do not disappoint me.

"Your friend,

"GEORGE S."

I hastened to comply with the invitation at the appointed hour. Crowding my way along through the multitude of people thronging the busy streets, I arrived at last at the number mentioned in the note. I inquired of the clerk for the name; and, to my surprise, he introduced me to the proprietor of a large wholesale dry goods store, one of the first establishments in the city.

"Sir," said the merchant, "I believe I am not mistaken; this is Mr. M——, the poor student of Mr. W——, once my teacher in the Sabbath-school of W——."

"I was a poor student, and a teacher in the school you mentioned. But this cannot be George S——, the white-haired boy, owned as my scholar!"

"The same," answered the merchant, grasping my hand with the greatest joy;

and a tear trickled down his cheeks. "The same; only grown to manhood. You will pardon my hasty note, and this abrupt meeting; but, sir, I thought that we should never, never meet again, and learning that you were in the city, I was anxious to offer you the hospitalities of my home during your stay, if it is agreeable, and consistent with other engagements; please order your trunk to be taken to my house; my house is yours while you remain. I cannot be denied."

Indeed I could not deny him. With joy I complied with his generous offer; and at his house I found a home indeed. Here it may be proper to give you a history of our first acquaintance.

While preparing for the ministry, it was the custom to seek out poor children for the Sabbath-school. In one of my rambles, I found a little boy in the street, poorly clad, with his little bare feet in the cold snow; no hat, and in the most wretched condition. I called him to me, and proposed the following questions:

"What is your name, my little fellow?"

"My name is George S——."

"Where do you live?"

"In the woods, by the old mill."

"What is your father's name?"

"I have no father," and he burst into tears; "my father was brought home dead, about a year ago. He was found frozen to death on the road to our house."

"And your mother—is she still living?"

"Yes; but she is poor, and goes out to work."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, one brother and one sister."

"Are they at home?"

"Yes, sir; they are little ones, and cannot go out now."

"Well, my little fellow, you want a pair of shoes, and some clothes."

"Yes, sir, I do; but I want to get something for mother to eat first."

This told the story. I asked no more questions, but immediately set about the work to be done. George was soon in my waggon with me, and food enough for his mother's present necessities.

On reaching their house, I found a lonely woman, with two dear little ones, and nothing to eat. George jumped out of the waggon, and ran into the house, saying, "O mother! mother! you will not cry any more; the gentleman has got us enough to eat for a whole month." I found, by inquiry, that the father had been a drunkard, and died in a drunken fit, and the poor widow had to struggle on alone. George, who was then about ten years of age, was the only child large enough to be of any help to his mother, and a good boy he was to that poor mother.

I left the house, and the next day sent a good woman to clothe them, and get George to attend the Sunday-school the next Sab-

bath. George was at the school, with new shoes, and hat, and clothes—a happy, cheerful boy.

For one year he was my scholar; then I left the place, and never saw him again till I met him, as I have told you, a merchant in a great city. God had prospered him, giving him friends and influence; and, from an errand boy in the store, had raised him to be the owner. He was then twenty-four years old; with a wife, and one little boy a year old.

Now go back with me to New York, and you may think that you see me seated at the fireside, while he is relating the dealings of God with him, since I left him a little boy in the Sabbath-school at W——.

Soon after I left the place, he was fortunate enough to meet a man from New York who loved Sabbath-schools. While he was on a visit to some friends in the country, he saw George, and, being pleased with him, offered to take him home. The mother consented, and George left home, with many tears, for a place in the gentleman's store.

By good conduct he gained the affections of all who knew him. At the age of eighteen years he was advanced to the station of clerk, and from a clerk to a partner with his employer. When he was twenty-one years of age his partner died, having no children or relations, not even a wife; and he gave to poor George all the interest in the concern, and at once made him the owner of

some thousands of pounds. And here I found myself, seated with my old scholar, in a fine house, and a happy family.

He is superintendent of a large school of poor boys, picked up from the streets and lanes of the city; a member of the church, and much beloved by all the brethren; a man known, too, by the poor and afflicted. Every Sabbath morning he has a school among the poor sailors in the dock, in a room he hired for the purpose.

As I sat there, so happily rejoicing in the goodness of God, as manifested in this instance, I could not but ask George, "Where is your mother?"

"O sir! she went home to heaven from my arms, in this very room, a few months since; and just before she died, she gave me a strict charge to seek you out, and, if I found you, to tell you that her dying breath went up to God for a blessing on your head."

"Your sister, what has become of her? and your baby brother?"

"O! sir, my brother has grown up to be a young man, and is now a clerk and first book-keeper in my store; and he, too, has a large class in the Sabbath-school. And my dear sister is far away, the companion of a devoted missionary in the west. She was married but a few months previous to my mother's death."—*American periodical.*

THE EMIGRANTS.

NO. II.

We have been gratified by the receipt of letters from three of the boys, giving accounts of their safe arrival in Australia. It is pleasing to see, that neither the associations connected with a long passage, nor the new scenes of a strange land, have tended in the least to diminish the gratitude they formerly expressed for the kindness bestowed by their benefactors. They still regard those who sent them out as their kindest friends, and the means of emigration afforded them as a boon which, even when in prospect, they did not too highly prize. A few days after their arrival, they obtained employment, and, under the roofs of their employers, they now find comfortable homes. Even the youngest boy not only thinks of securing a sufficiency for himself, but he expects in a short time to send home a part of his earnings for the support of his mother, whom he left behind.

We now present our readers with brief accounts of two, the materials for which have been chiefly supplied by the masters under whose care they were placed. The first of these two, Charles F———, was brought up in one of the most wicked neighbourhoods of Westminster. When twelve years of age, he was left without father or mother. With the exception of one brother, all the other members of the fa-

mily had been disposed of by transportation and imprisonment, and as his brother could scarcely support himself, poor Charles was left to obtain a living as he best could. He procured an old fiddle, on which he learned to play a few tunes, in such a way as to render his services acceptable to the drunken companions with whom he found

it needful to associate. By such means he subsisted for two years, fiddling at night, stealing articles from shop-doors during the day, in the company of a band of youths who had no other means of living than by stealing, gambling, or passing counterfeit

coin. Not feeling satisfied, however, with these varied engagements, he often envied the boys he saw coming from the Juvenile Refuge, tidy, healthy, and cheerful, and many of whom he had known when, like himself, they were the pests of the neighbourhood. He often wondered if he could get into the Refuge, and began to make inquiry, as he said, "on the sly." He ascertained that he must be under fourteen years of age, and, from want of protection, likely to go astray. On mentioning his desire to his brother, he was told that it was useless for him to try, as he had a bad character. In reply, he said, he thought that he had just such a character as was necessary; "for," said he, "I am going to ruin as fast as I can. I'll go and tell the master so, and see if he won't take me in." On his being admitted, the master requested him to give up the fiddle, which he willingly did, saying, he had no wish ever to make use of it again. He was now taught to work about the premises, and, after a few weeks' training, he became a faithful and industrious lad. In his education he made such progress, that, when he left the Refuge, he could write a fair hand, and had advanced in arithmetic as far as the rule of Practice. He was at length placed in a situation of trust, the duties of which he fulfilled with the greatest diligence. From his mild disposition and consistency of character, he exercised a most favourable influence over

the other boys, all of whom still hold him in affectionate remembrance. May he so prosper in Australia, and increase in influence, as to prove a blessing to those among whom his lot may in future be cast!

The other case, which we shall briefly mention, was one of extreme destitution. While the master of one of the Westminster schools was returning one evening from a Ragged School Meeting, his attention was arrested by the wretched appearance of a boy in St. Giles's, wandering about, apparently without home or friends. Unwilling to leave the miserable creature in such a condition, he took him to the school, stripped him of his filthy rags, which consisted of an old tattered coat and part of a pair of trowsers, and these in a complete mass of vermin, by which his body had become in such a state as can be more easily imagined than described. He was thoroughly washed, and supplied with clean clothing; when this was being done, he burst into tears, and turning round, kissed the hand of his benefactor, and expressed the deep gratitude he felt for the kindness so unexpectedly shewn him. His master provided him with food and lodging, along with some other youths he had gathered from the streets in a similar state of destitution. On being questioned, he explained the cause of his misfortunes with great readiness, in a long and touching narrative, but which afterwards proved to be untrue. It was a statement

which he had prepared for daily use, when pursuing his vocation as a street beggar, and which, no doubt, came more readily to his mind than the true state of the case, which he had scarcely ever told. So greatly was he ashamed of his conduct when his master discovered the falsehood, that he made his escape from the school, and was neither seen nor heard of for upwards of a fortnight. He was again found, and brought back in nearly as bad a condition as at first. He then gave a true version of his history, from which it appeared, that his father was dead, that he lived with his grandfather, along with his mother and a little sister. He had wrought with his grandfather until enticed away by some profligate characters in the neighbourhood. On his return, he was treated so cruelly that he again left them, and went in search of employment. Being unsuccessful, he was obliged to sell his clothes, and then resort to begging, selling matches, songs, &c. His master found out his grandfather, who corroborated the boy's second statement, but refused even to come and see him, or allow him to cross his threshold. Surprised at the kindness and forbearance of his master, after he had shewn him so much ingratitude—deeply penitent for his past misconduct, and especially for the falsehoods contained in his first statement, he resolved to lead a new life, and by industry and perseverance to redeem his character, and to raise himself,

if possible, from his degraded condition. The state of his mind at this time may be best gathered from the following letter, which he wrote to his little sister on hearing of his mother's death:

"My dear Sister,—I hope you are quite well, and I am exceedingly sorry to hear by Mr. N—— that my poor dear mother is dead, and I can never forgive myself for not writing to her; I fear, my dear Anne, my conduct was the cause of her death; we shall never see her again on earth, but I hope we shall see her in heaven. I hope you are a good girl to my grandfather, and ask them if they will forgive me, as I have left off all my bad habits, and will be a good boy for the future. I hope you are getting on with your learning, as I have lost nearly the whole of mine since I have been away, but I am making up for it now. Mr. N. is very kind to me, and says I shall never want a friend while he lives, if I am a good boy, and he is in hopes of getting me a place. I do hope that my grandfather and grandmother will forgive me, for I do really intend to lead a different life for the future. I hope you have learned to write; if you can, write a few lines to me, and if you cannot, do beg of grandfather to do it, and forgive me.

"I am, my dear sister,

"Your affectionate brother,

"E. W. S——."

The promises made in this letter were most faithfully kept during the whole period of his attendance at school. His untiring perseverance was repaid by a rapid improvement in his education, rarely to be met with among boys of his class. His master says, "He went through Reduction, Compound

Interest, and also Mensuration—could write a good hand, both plain and engrossing (the latter he wished to practise, with a view of getting employment in a solicitor's office!) He had also a good taste for drawing; in fact, I don't know of anything he could not accomplish, provided he set his mind to it." How great must be the importance of turning such a mind into the right channel, and securing its energies for the benefit of society, instead of leaving it a prey to evil passions and depraved habits, encouraging others in the commission of crime, and becoming a fruitful source of every species of wickedness!

On his being accepted as an emigrant, his gratitude and joy were unbounded. A short time before he embarked, he said, "Now, if ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called 'Lord Ashley's Farm.' I shall never forget the Ragged Schools; for if it had not been for this Ragged School, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I would have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains."

THE SCRIPTURES.

We hear from David, that God's word was sweet as honey, yea, sweeter than the honeycomb to his taste. Do we enjoy it thus? Is there not just as much sweetness in Scripture now as there ever was? Why can we not find it, and taste it? When a person is

suffering from fever, his food and drink do not taste as they did: it is not that they are altered, but that his mouth is out of taste, as we say.

I have seen a person who could not bear the light: he was obliged to wear thick shades over his eyes, and, besides, had curtains drawn round him. This was from no fault in the light itself; it was as clear, as beautiful, and as agreeable as ever; but he had a terrible disease in his eyes.

What are we to say, then, to those who take no interest, find no sweetness, in God's word; who do not care to feed upon it? Has the word lost its preciousness? its life-giving, life-sustaining, comforting, enlightening, sanctifying value? Has it ceased to be God's word, and God's great and good gift to man? Is it no more the bread of the soul? Does the light of heaven no more shine in it? Nothing is wrong in it; nothing wanting; nothing changed from what it was when it was so precious to him who said, "The word of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver;" when so sweet that it was as honey, and he esteemed it more than his daily food. But in what a dangerous state of spiritual sickness must they be who have no heart to receive it; cannot taste it, cannot feel it, and cannot feed upon it!

The solemn and afflicting truth is, that it is not a mere slight disease under which such labour; it is something far worse;

they are "dead in trespasses and sins;" and this spiritual death of the soul now is continued and terminated in the second death, which is everlasting death, after this life is done. Let such remember, again, that they must have recourse to the Bible; for it is by the "incorruptible seed, by the word of God," that the soul is born again. Let such look for nothing short of this, the influence of the Holy Ghost, who is God, to apply the word, and to give life to their souls.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

II.—GEOLOGY.

GEOLOGY is a very wonderful science. In the discoveries it makes in the different strata, or layers, of the earth, new wonders are every day brought to light, and new proofs exhibited of the unlimited wisdom and power of the Creator.

God made the worlds from nothing! All things were possible to Him who has had his ways from everlasting!

There was a time in the ages past when *God was alone:* before the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. He was Love then, as he is Love now, and he made the worlds as so many channels for the gushings forth of that love.

Long ages ago, in the very centre of our earth, God was preparing the elements of those glorious things which are so grand and beautiful around us,

You know what crystal is. It is very pure and white; and when perfect, of the very highest order, in the lower department of creation. The intense heat which burns in the heart of the earth; the subterranean waters, whose dark waves sing melancholy music; and other agents, whose operations it is difficult to understand, were instruments in the hands of God to make that crystal so beautiful; and far, far below our gaze, in the deep secrets of our globe, he has shewn his wondrous power, and exhibited his infinite perfections.

But he is wise, as well as powerful; and as the crystal is a perfect specimen of his power, so the glowing blossom which laughs in the sunbeam, is ever telling us sweet stories of his wisdom. The wisdom which arranged the organs of a flower, and made them dependent on the mysterious principle of vegetable life, is deep and unsearchable! The sap which circulates through the different parts of a plant, and without which it would die, has a natural tendency to descend downward to the earth; but God has provided against this in the admirable structure of the plant itself, and in its living power. His hand guides the nourishing juices through their tiny channels to refresh the little buds, expand the leaves, colour the blossom, ripen the fruit, and perfect the seed to be the germ of other plants.

But God is loving, as well as wise. He did not create the beautiful flower in vain. Not only did he make man in his own image, but the lower animals, birds, and insects are capable of much

enjoyment from the works of God. What a beautiful thing is a butterfly! a living flower upon the sunbeam! with a life all joy, all gladness! A God of love made it, and a God of love sustains its being, and provides for its necessities. There are sweet juices for it in the flowers; in the green leaves, a cool canopy from the heat; and on the bosom of the rose, a fragrant couch on which to rest its wing.

The whole of the early history of creation is proved to be an exhibition of these three glorious attributes of God—power, wisdom, and love.

The fossil bones which are found in different strata of the earth are a source of much interesting study. We are well acquainted with the forms of the animals around us, and with many of those which are brought from foreign climes. But there have been different kinds of animals living upon the earth, none of which now exist. Some of their bones have been found; and clever anatomists—those who understand the different parts of the animal frame, with the arrangement of the bones, muscles, &c.—are able to tell us what were their forms when alive, what their habits or mode of life, and the food they used to eat.

We should be very thankful to God, who has given such knowledge to man. Those who know nothing about these things, if they discover some curious bones in the strata of the earth, throw them aside as things of no value; but science depicts for us the living appearances of the animals to which they belonged, shews us in them the almighty power of the

Creator, and his deep thoughts of love in providing every necessary thing for the creatures of his hands.

God is everywhere! If, with the lamp of science in our hands, we go down into the depths of the earth, he is *there!* His glory flashes from the beautiful crystal; the vivid glance of the electric light is the beaming of his eye, and the deep rolling thunder of the earthquake the echo of his footstep, as he is fulfilling his own counsels, and working out the mysteries of his Providence. J. H.

A NEGRO SERMON AGAINST VANITY.

No people in the world owe more to the Gospel than many of the negroes in the West Indies, who *were* the slaves of man, and the servants of sin, but are now the sons of God. This is a wonderful change for them, and they know well that, but for the preaching of the Missionaries and the power of God, they would have lived and died in darkness. And therefore they very much wish all their black brethren to believe the same "good word" that has made them so happy, and to do the will of their Father in heaven. Nor do they *wish* it merely; but they talk to other negroes about their souls, and some of them, in a simple way, preach the Gospel. Perhaps you would smile sometimes if you heard one of these preachers, for they speak rather oddly, and say things in a way which would not do for an English congregation. But it suits their countrymen, and does

them good. Now I am going to give you a part of a negro sermon, which was preached by a good man in Jamaica. Hundreds of the people hear this minister, and some of them have been made wiser and better by what they have heard. The words are spelt just as he spoke them, but they were sounded in such strange tones as *made* the people attend to what he said, and feel it too.

He thus began—

"Fust Timoty—six chapter, seventeen verse.

"'Charge dem dat be rich in dis world, dat dem be not high-minded.'"

Then he stopped, and looked about upon the congregation; and after this, in a complaining tone, as if somebody was finding fault with him, he said:

"What for him say, 'Charge dem dat be *rich*, dat dem be not high-minded?' *We* no rich. *We* poor nigger. De buckra,* *him* rich. *Nigger* make de sugar; *buckra* take de money;† *what for him say charge dem dat be rich?*"

Then changing his voice, he thus answered the supposed objector:

"You no rich, eh? Make I shew you, you rich. You *free* nigger *now*. So you say, 'Me no like round jacket again.' Den you go to one 'tore.‡ You buy one *coat*, one *tail* coat. You put him on. You look yourself in glass. You like him. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one black trowser. You no want

* White man.

† This was spoken quickly, and in a half-angry tone.

‡ The negro pronunciation of "store," a word which, the West Indies, means a shop.

wash trowser again. 'Wash trowser,' you say, 'him good for *slave* nigger. De *free* nigger, him must hab black trowser, like buckra man.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one smart *shirt*. *Now* you no like *check* shirt. Him good for de *work* nigger, but *free* nigger must hab *smart* shirt. Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy one *black* hat. 'De *straw* hat,' you say, 'no good for free nigger.' Den you go to one toder 'tore. You buy *one boots*. De *slave* nigger, *him* go barefoot. De *free* nigger, *him* must hab boots like buckra. *Den you wait till Sunday come?* You put 'em on. You 'tay till de people all come. Dem sit quite quiet. No make noise. De minister, him come. Him sit down. De people den wait for de minister to begin. Him begin. *Den* you *come!* You walkee up de aisle! *Creak — creak — creak!* What for you make dat noise, eh? *Creak — creak — creak!* Don't dat pride? Don't dat say, 'See me new tail coat! See me new black hat! See me fine shirt! See me good trowser! Hear me new boots! Don't me one fine gentleman! Don't me *rich!*' *Don't dat pride?* 'Charge dem dat be rich, charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high-minded.'"

Dear young friends, there is something for *you* to learn from this negro sermon. There are too many white children in England, who are as fond of fine clothes as the black people of Jamaica, and who suppose, because they think a great deal of themselves, that others think the same. But they are mistaken. The wise will laugh at their folly, and the good will

be grieved at their sin. They will please none but the foolish and the wicked, while they will offend God.

Dear young friends, do not love gay clothing for the body, but seek for your mind the robe of righteousness and the garments of salvation. And value money, not because it will buy a new dress for yourselves, but because it will send the Book of God and the Missionary of Christ to the heathen.

THE HOUSE OF SALVATION.

We went for a few miles by the side of the river Zacken, with rocks and boulders in its

bed in terrible confusion. Its waters occasionally disappear suddenly, and cease to flow for several hours; after which they as suddenly appear, and assume their usual level, a phenomenon not yet satisfactorily accounted for. We ascended to the Kockenfall; picturesque, but not equal to some we have seen. We went out of our way to call at the Rettungshaus, (the House of Salvation,) where orphans and children of the lowest and most miserable description are taken from evil habits and example, and clothed, fed, and educated by a pious man, who is the personification of faith and self-denial. He believed, as he told us, that he had a work to do, and God helping him, he could do it. Without any means but those which God sent him, mostly from persons he did not know, he set about building a house for his destitute children, a few of whom he had already gathered. He entered it before the walls were dry, without a bed, with only one spoon for seven persons, and scarcely a scrap of furniture of any description; yet he laboured on amidst incredible difficulties and hardships, till God sent supplies, and now he supports, educates, and trains to industrial habits, alone, fifty children, precisely in the same principles of confidence in God. He is often in difficulties, but supplies are sure to come in time for relief; and the children are trained to this dependence, for they are told the circumstance of want, and assembled for devotion when it occurs, and for thanksgiving when the answer from heaven is sent by some human hand. Once he was

almost in despair—no supplies in the house, every source of help drained; the children and himself had been very many hours without food, but they had scarcely left the Divine shrine, where in weeping and pleading they had presented their sad case, when the post brought an anonymous letter, with the Berlin post-mark, enclosing a note for a thousand dollars. Such is the reward of faith and humble labour in the service of a gracious Master! We took leave of the children, and dropped an offering into their treasury, deeply interested and instructed by the visit."—*Memoir of Mrs. Sherman.*

"SEVEN TIMES IN JORDAN."

"SEVEN times in Jordan," was the word
The holy Prophet spake;
"Go, Naaman, hasten to the stream,
Its healing virtues take."

But oh! the pride of human hearts,
The captain turned away;
"Why could he not come out himself
And heal me?" doth he say.

"And then, to bid me do a thing
So simple and so mean,
As go and dip my body down
Seven times in Jordan's stream!

"Have we not rivers of our own,
Up by our city home?
Why go to Judah's river, when
To these I might have come?"

"But if the Prophet bid you do
Some great and famous deed,"
The servants say, "would you not go,
Your guilty pride to feed?

"But 'wash in Jordan' was the word
The holy Prophet spake;
Go, Naaman, hasten to the stream—
Its healing virtues take."

"Then turn the horses—drive me fast
To Jordan's flowing flood,
That I may prove the Prophet's power
Of healing from his God."

Seven times in Jordan went he down;
And O, what wondrous power!
Disease was gone, and perfect health
Recovered in that hour.

Such was the cure in Jordan, then,
Its virtues did not fail:
But mind and let us not forget
The moral of the tale.

There is a fountain free to all
With healing in its flood;
Go, sinner, bathe your spirit there,
Be cleansed by Jesus' blood.

"Seven times in Jordan," was the word
The holy Prophet spake;
"Believe in Jesus," now is preached,
And thus salvation take.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 322.] OCTOBER, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. VII.

THE OLD STABLE.

Few persons could look upon the two hundred of the veriest outcasts of society here collected, without having their hearts overflowing with gratitude, that such efforts had been begun where civilization had not

done its work, because Christianity was not there.

The black effigies of the doll, the well-known sign of "pence," or receiving-houses for stolen property, were numerous; the pawn-shops, with their three gilt balls, (the only glittering objects that met the eye,) and the public-house, with its swinging doors, kept constantly moving by crowds of tattered customers—these appeared to be the only establishments where anything like business was done. They were also the only establishments for the instruction of the young; but they neither provided clothing for the naked, nor food for the hungry.

Many are the scenes of interest we have seen in that school-room, over which the memory still fondly lingers, rekindling in our heart mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. Cold must have been that heart that could follow unmoved the youth of nine years, who had just arisen from his straw bed, bounding through the frost and snow, without breakfast, to the school-room. And more especially when he knew that the poor boy never had a shoe nor stocking on his feet; that one brother, thirteen years of age, was transported for seven years, because he would rather steal than starve; and that another brother of eleven was then in prison for the same crime, driven to it by the same necessity. But Charles was not the only boy to be seen in that group, all tattered and ragged:

no, he had sixty schoolfellows, the greater number of whom never had shoes on their feet, and yet some of them had reached fourteen years of age.

The sufferings of the children during the previous winter, some of whom, like poor James S——, had fallen victims, was enough to urge us not to allow another season to come without seeking to obtain the means of covering their naked feet. We therefore went from door to door, pleading the cause of these helpless ones, until money was obtained sufficient to accomplish our purpose. We were told by many to whom we applied, that it would be of no use to provide the children with clothing, as their parents would be sure to pawn them. But this was only an excuse urged by those whose hearts had never become alive to the just claims of the poor and needy.

All that was required was obtained to give each child either a pair of shoes or some other portion of clothing. The day these gifts were made to the poor children, was to them a day above all others, in their short and chequered history. It was on the last day of December, and the friends who supplied us with the means were invited to witness the scene. The Old Stable was filled by two o'clock: every child partook of a piece of bread made for the occasion, and a jug of milk. Some noble ladies were present, but which of the two extremes of society enjoyed the treat most

we pretend not to say. We cannot indeed describe the pleasure we felt at seeing so many who had been accustomed to do evil, learning to do well. And also so many who seldom had more than a dry crust once a day, enjoying themselves with pleasant, wholesome food.

The roll of barefooted boys was called over, and each one had a pair of shoes and stockings given him, with the distinct understanding that they were his own—not his parents'. When these sixty were supplied, the remaining numbers were called up, and every child was presented with some article of clothing according to its necessity. Not a few of them felt that for the first time in their lives they possessed a new garment, which no one ever wore before them. The meeting was closed by an address from the Rev. Robert Moffat, the celebrated African missionary, and praise and prayer to that God who had ever smiled on our efforts.

But the most interesting sight took place next day, when the children returned to school. We have already stated that many of them never had a shoe on their feet before, and great was our astonishment when several of them arrived at school with their new gift under their arm. When asked why they had not on their shoes and stockings, one boy replied, "They hurts my feet, sir." Another, thirteen years of age, said, "My feet feels so funny: you see, sir,

I never had no shoes on before." Another was asked, "Is it the fashion in frost and snow"—for the snow lay several inches deep—"for people to carry their shoes under their arm?" "You see, sir, my feets are all chilblains, and I couldn't put them on, and I wouldn't leave 'em at home, 'cause I shouldn't see 'em again, as mother would take 'em to *uncle's*, and drink the money: you see, sir, she would have drunk me if I would go up the *spout*." We knew full well that what poor Charles said of his mother was equally true of his father, for they were both drunkards. Now for a little more of Charles's history. We have already stated, that he had a brother transported and another in prison, the poor children having been left to shift for themselves. Charles became very much attached to the school, and often promised that he would never do as his brothers had done. Ah! poor boy, he often suffered the greatest privation from the want of food.

After trying many shifts, he applied to us for a loan of threepence, saying that he thought he could make his own living, and attend school too. On being furnished with the small amount, he hastened off and purchased twelve boxes of matches. These he sold at a halfpenny each, realising threepence profit. Encouraged by his new undertaking, he went out every evening with his twelve boxes, and continued with untiring perseverance until they were sold.

For nearly two years he continued this system, attending school all day, and doing sufficient business at night to provide him with food for the next. When asked how he managed to live, he replied, "Why, you know I can always manage to make threepence at night, and sometimes more. I spends one penny for breakfast, another for dinner, and another for supper; that's better than my brothers did, and by-and-bye, when I can read and write well, I will get a situation."

The good resolutions of this neglected boy contrast strongly with the conduct of his besotted parents, and is worthy of all praise, and even of the imitation of some who are placed in better circumstances, and enjoying higher privileges. What were the impelling motives that led this boy to the adoption of such a course? Was it the example of his parents, to whom he should have been able to look for protection and support? No; they were the veriest slaves of the gin-palace, and their home the empty, cheerless home of the drunkard. The furniture consisted of two dirty cups that stood on the mantel-shelf: on the empty fire-place was an old tin tea-kettle, without a cover, and a bundle of shavings and dirty straw in the opposite corner of the room, but without even a rag to cover them or their children during their midnight slumber.

Fancy Charles rising from such a bed in the morning, repairing to the back yard to

an old water-butt, to wash, (for his drunken parents could afford neither soap nor bason,) to make himself somewhat decent among his schoolfellows. Thus prepared, see him off to the cheap bread-shop, a few doors from the school, to have his morning's meal, consisting of three farthings' worth of bread and a farthing's worth of dripping, which, however, was as sweet to him as the new-made butter is to those who have not lucifers to sell before they get a breakfast. It might be supposed that Charles was a dull, spiritless boy, broken down by bad living and the cruel treatment of his worthless parents: but no, he was a happy, contented, spirited lad—the very life of his playmates. He was always among the first at school, and never behind with his lessons, pushing onward, as if longing for the time when he would be fit for the duties of life. He had an only sister, who attended the same school: she was also very regular, although she often suffered for doing so from her cruel mother; poor Charles often shared his morsel of bread with her when she could find none at home.

The time at length arrived when our youth went out in search of employment. After much labour he was engaged as an errand-boy in a fishmonger's shop, at four shillings per week. Six years have since passed away, and he is now the confidential servant of his employer. He has ever looked upon

his master's interests as being bound up with his own.

Some months after our young fishmonger entered his situation, his mother fell a victim to her passion for strong drink. This event left some impressions on the mind of her dissipated husband, and for a time he abandoned his drunken associates. So altered did he become, that he removed from his wretched hovel, the scene of many a drunken debauch, to a more comfortable abode, which, by industry, he was soon enabled to supply with decent furniture. For upwards of three years his daughter kept his home in comfort, until he again became the victim of intemperance, returning to it "like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." He soon sold off every article of furniture he possessed, and turned his daughter into the streets. He became the inmate of a wretched lodging-house, where he is now dragging out the remainder of a miserable life. Happy was it for the poor girl that Charles was the honest journeyman fishmonger, for he shared his loaf with her, and paid for her lodgings, until she obtained the means of earning her own living, which she has long done by honest industry, and may be seen on the Sabbath going to the house of God, in company with her brother Charles, both attributing what they are, to the blessing of God on the instructions they received in the Old Stable.

THE EMIGRANTS.

NO. III.

HERE are the cases of two children sent out as emigrants:

1st. J. P., aged 14 years.—Father dead; has a step-father, who, shortly after marrying his mother, turned him into the street. There he managed as he could, sleeping on stairs and doorsteps for above three months, during which time he never had his clothes off. He was employed during the day by the coiners of Duck Lane, in passing base coin, at which he was very expert—so much so, that they on several occasions endeavoured to entice him away from the Ragged School. This lad having, by good conduct for a considerable time, secured a free passage from the Government Commissioners as an emigrant, is now on his way to Australia, full of joy and gratitude and good resolutions.

2d. W. L., aged 18 years.—Had not slept on a bed for upwards of three years, neither had his clothes off during that time—except when he got wet, and then he lay naked, in a hole under the stairs of an empty house in St. Herman's Hill. He had no recollection of ever seeing his parents, he being left at the door of Westminster workhouse when he was two years old. Was an inmate of the workhouse twelve years. He was sent from there on board a fishing smack; but, through the ill usage of the

captain (as he said) he ran away, and came again to Westminster. There he lived by carrying for the costermongers in the Broadway, holding horses, &c. Was once in

prison (Tothill Fields) for taking part in the Chartist riots: this, he said, was the happiest time of his life. This poor lad was the most miserable object the teacher ever saw. Divested of his rags, he seemed one mass of filth and vermin, which could not be fairly got rid of for a considerable time. He also became an emigrant to Australia.

But we will afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of the capacities of the children sent out, and of the demand for their services in the colonies. Here is a letter, highly creditable in composition, from a boy of fifteen, who was selected from the Broadwall, Blackfriars School, as one of the emigrants in the first vessel. He writes thus to his schoolmaster:

"Ipswich, Moreton Bay, Dec. 26, 1848.

"SIR,—I send these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present. We have arrived in safety, and thank God for it. We had a bad passage from Plymouth to the line. When we were within eight days' sailing of the Cape of Good Hope, they found we were short of provisions; but we still kept on, for a heavy gale of wind set in about the middle watch, which nearly carried our foremast away, but, thank God, it did pass away without doing harm. Three days after we left the Straits we came in sight of Sidney Head, and the fourth day, at six o'clock, we hoisted the Union Jack up to the foremast for a pilot; he came on board, and stopped for two or three hours, and then left us all the day. We were nearly all suffocated by the burning wind; it was just like standing before a large furnace, it was so hot. As soon as the pilot left us, a gale of wind came on all of a sudden, that we thought she had struck against a rock; she shook awfully, for the sails were out, but in less than ten minutes they were all down. The wind continued to blow all the night very hard, for we went at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. On Saturday night we left Sidney; we reached Moreton Bay on the Tuesday following. We went ashore on the 16th and 17th. On the 20th I went to Ips-

wich, where I have a good situation as gentleman's servant; I have twenty pounds a year, board, lodging, plenty to eat and drink. I have had a merry Christmas of it. Please to give my best respects to Mrs. Miller, Mr. Harriss, Mr. Truman, and to Mr. Martin. Give my kind love to Agnes Coleman, and tell her I wish she would come out to us, for I should have been quite happy to see her, and there is plenty of work for everybody. We were no sooner at the dépôt than we were all hired. Walker has gone up the country as a shepherd, he being one hundred miles from where I am at present. Please to remember me to all the boys and girls.

"From your humble and obedient servant,

"J. RAVENSCROFT."

Letters in a similar strain have been received from other boys. As far as the accounts have gone up to the present time, the whole of them are doing well; they are liked in the colony, and are contented with their position. The cost to the Government at home of sending out these children has not averaged, we believe, £5 per head, and they are disposed of for life; whilst in a prison they would have cost £10 a year, with the prospect—nay the almost certainty—of coming in again every year of their lives until otherwise disposed of.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

III.—SNOW.

EVERY season is full of natural beauties. We love the spring, when the young buds appear,

and the birds sing, and the skies are blue; and after the soft, warm days of summer, it is pleasant to walk in the cool woods, upon which the departing sunbeams shed their richest glow. Autumn has its merry harvest time, when the valleys ring with the blithe song of the reaper, and God's promise is once again fulfilled, that while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease. But is there not much to love and admire in winter also? Perhaps it is painful to us to bear the cold; but if we try to think less of ourselves, and our own personal convenience, and look out upon the snow-clad hills and frosty skies of winter, with an earnest desire to find there some proofs of the love and wisdom of our Father, we shall soon cease to think it a dismal and an uncomfortable season.

The trees are leafless; or if the sturdy oaks still retain a few of their leaves, they are sere and dry; the flowers have closed their glowing petals, the gardens and fields look desolate, and the merry insects hide themselves until the sun shines longer, and with more fervent rays. Nature seems to be inactive, as though she needed a season of repose; but it is not really so. She is busy during winter, preparing the ground for the spring seeds, and nourishing the grain which the farmers sowed in their fields in autumn. Even the withered leaves have their uses—they help to enrich the soil—and the rain, snow, hail, and frost are all valuable in making the ground fruitful.

It is about snow that I wish to speak to you at present. How beautiful it is, spreading a

mantle upon the hills and valleys, and hanging its wreaths upon the hedgerows! Although snow is cold in itself, it is a warm covering for the trees, plants, and young corn. It protects the earth from freezing winds; and when thawed by the warm air, the nitre it contains penetrates the soil, fertilizes it, and contributes greatly to the nourishment of the seeds. Man is at great labour and expense in manuring his fields, but the beneficial influences of the snow are above all that his ingenuity can devise, and are God's own beneficent provisions for maintaining the beauty and fertility of our globe.

The rain and snow that come down from heaven return not thither again, but water the earth, and cause it to bring forth and bud. "Snow consists of watery particles frozen in the air." Water, when frozen, becomes ice; but snow differs from ice, because the water of which it is constituted is frozen when floating in the atmosphere in the form of vapour. There is a great deal of nitre in the air, which enters largely into the composition of snow, and gives it that fertilizing quality of which we have before spoken.

We are so much accustomed to the sight of the beautiful snow flakes, as they career upon the wind, that we forget to examine the perfection of their structure, their exquisite symmetry, and the wonders of Divine wisdom, of which every one of them is a brilliant specimen. The love of God our Father is reflected from their shining surfaces, and the still silence of a snow-robed landscape utters in softest whisper-

ings the deep stories of his majesty and greatness!

How many forms water assumes! From the heaving waves of the ocean, to the snow flake, the ice, the hoar frost, and the rattling hail! And all have their uses in the economy of creation.

The snow does not stay long upon the ground: having accomplished its work, it passes away; and as the days grow long, and the snow-drop and violet, those pure fair flowers, look forth upon the gardens, and tell us that spring is coming.

All things go onward. God, in the operations of nature, as well as the dispensations of his Providence, ever reminds us that here we have no rest. The seasons shall each, in their turn, accomplish his wise designs, until Christ again comes, and the morning dawns "without clouds;" that morning of the resurrection, when those who have slept in Jesus shall arise to reign with him for ever. J. H.

THE ISLAND OF PATMOS.

Patmos is a small, rocky isle, with not a tree visible upon it, like most of the islands we have seen. There is little cultivation, although a considerable hamlet is seen clustering on the hill-side, while a castellated building crowns the summit. The inhabitants are supported almost entirely by the proceeds of the sponge fisheries along its rocky shores.—*Expedition to the Jordan.*

A LETTER ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB POOR OF IRELAND.

My dear young Friends,—In that nice little book, "The Children's Friend," a number of which I am sure you welcome every month, I have written two letters to you about the poor deaf and dumb children of Ireland; but perhaps all of you who read this letter may not have seen the former ones, so before I say any more I will ask you to get "The Children's Friend" for September, 1847, and for December, 1848, and you will find the letters I speak of in them, and then you will understand this one a great deal better.

Well, now, to tell you of the poor little mutes. You know, every Easter Monday there is a meeting at Claremont, when gentlemen, who love the Lord Jesus Christ and Ireland's poor deaf and dumb children, tell all the people who come to the meeting, and a great number of them are little children too, what they have been doing for the deaf and dumb children during the year that passed since they met there; and on that day also they take into Claremont as many of the poor children, whose parents are asking for them to be admitted there, as they possibly can. Last Easter Monday these kind gentlemen took in the seventeen children I wrote to you about last year, and thirty-five more besides; and I will tell you why they did this; why they took in so many. The reason was, their hearts were full of love for the poor little children, and they could not

think of them, and say to their parents, "We cannot take in your child, and your child," and so on. No, their kind hearts would not allow them to do this, and so they determined to take them all in, and trust to other kind hearts to help them to collect money enough to keep them in Claremont, where they all now are, along with fifty-two children besides, who were there before they were admitted, so that now there are altogether ninety-four children in Claremont.

And now, my dear young friends, pause for one moment, and try and bring those little children all before you, assembled in their school-room at Claremont; try and picture to yourselves a little group learning to read, another to write, and another learning from their teacher of the good Lord Jesus Christ—perhaps being told by him of the deaf and dumb man that was brought to Him while He was on earth, whom He cured—try and picture this to yourselves, and then remember that you would not, if you went into that school-room, hear the hum of voices that you do when you go into your own; but you would see by the countenances of those poor deaf and dumb children, that though they cannot speak or hear, yet still that they understand what they are taught.

Now I will copy for you some answers that a little deaf and dumb boy, who was educated at Claremont, and who I believe is there still, wrote down for me last year in reply to these questions I put to him: "Are you happy at Claremont?" "Yes." "Do you like to read

the Bible?" "I hope, yes." "Which of your lessons do you like best?" "Bible." "Why?" "Because it teaches us to obey God's commandments; and if we obey, we will go to heaven." "How can we keep ourselves from doing what is wrong?" "By the Holy Ghost telling us." "Do you remember any promise in the Bible of a time when there shall be no more deaf and dumb people?' "Mark vii. 34. Isaiah xxxv. 6." Now, are not these pleasant answers to have got? was it not pleasant to read that the dumb boy loved his Bible? I hope you love yours too, my little friends.

But now picture to yourselves, again, these ninety-four children at Claremont, and tell me, would you not wish to have them all kept there to be educated and taught about God, about his love in sending Jesus Christ to die for sinners, and of his love in taking those who love him to heaven, where all are holy and all are happy? I think you would. But I must tell you, in order that all these children may be kept at Claremont till they are old enough to do something to support themselves, a sum of £660 must be sent to Claremont for them before next Easter Monday. £660, I know, sounds a very large sum of money to you all. I think I hear you say I cannot get that for Claremont. But, my dear young friends, you can help me to collect it: every child who reads this letter can help me. If he or she have not a sixpence or a shilling to send me, they can show this letter to every one they know, and ask them to give them something, and I think few will refuse

them. Some who read my letter last year thought of it, and collected some money for me, and I thank them very much; but I hope now that *every* child and *every* one who reads this letter will remember it, and try and collect some money for me, and send me all they can.

And now, my young friends, farewell. May the good Lord Jesus Christ bless you all, and give you hearts to love Him, and Ireland's poor deaf and dumb children, for His sake.

Your sincere friend,

ANNE ALLEN.

My direction is, "Miss Allen, Cloyne House, Cloyne, Ireland."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?"—GEN. xlvii. 8.

Most travellers in the East remark the striking testimony to the truth and accuracy of Scripture narratives arising from the unchanging habits and manners of Oriental nations. An instance of this nature is incidentally afforded in the recent travels of Mrs. Romer in Egypt. She was presented to a native Sovereign of Nubia, who after the ceremony of introduction was over, somewhat startled her by asking *how old she was*. She found afterwards that on such occasions this was considered a mark of politeness. Pharaoh's question to Jacob receives a remarkable illustration from this practice.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

It is said of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once, in a walk to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the

company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done *would prove music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and bless God for this occasion." O how many might have the anxious thoughts which infest often their midnight hour, changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen with full hands and friendly words in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!

THINK OF YOUR MERCIES.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO COULD NOT OPEN HIS EYES.

Do our young friends think sufficiently of their mercies? When you see a fellow-creature homeless, friendless, and starving for the want of food, think of the mercy which distinguishes your lot from his, and has given you plenty to enjoy. When you see another who has lost a limb, or an eye, or is deaf and dumb, or has lost his reason, think of the mercy which dis-

tinguishes you by the possession of all these blessings. Pity your suffering fellow-creatures; help them in all things to the utmost of your power; and out of gratitude let your heart and tongue inquire, What shall I render to the Lord for all his mercies?

We owe all we have to the wisdom and goodness of God. If the Almighty had made us in a very slight degree different from what we are, we should have been imperfect or deformed, and destined to suffer great inconvenience and misery all our days. Let me illustrate this truth by one fact which came under my own observation. It shews the consequence of one little member having lost its power to act; I mean that little muscle which we contract a thousand times a day when we open our eyes.

I once met with a poor boy, apparently about thirteen years of age, whose eyelids had no muscular action. His eyes were apparently good, but he could not use them without the constant trouble of lifting up the eyelids with the fingers, and thus holding them open so long as he desired to see an object. They closed the moment his fingers let go their hold, and I observed that, as the trouble and inconvenience of thus employing both hands were too great to be constantly endured, one eye was generally not used at all, and very often both were closed in darkness. So much does our well-being and comfort depend upon the use of that little organ which moves the eyelid—an organisation which we all use through every moment of our waking hours, perhaps without a thought of the con-

trivance of the benefits resulting therefrom. Let us think more frequently of the goodness of God, and praise him with grateful hearts.

SELF SACRIFICE.

An aged couple in New York were, in the severe winter of 1783, reduced to their last stick of wood. Their only daughter, by whose industry alone they had long been supported, had no means of procuring her parents fuel or food. In this distress, she thought of the expedient of going to a dentist, with the resolution of disposing of her fore-teeth, knowing that he had advertised to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which induced her to make the sacrifice, which so affected the dentist, that he could not forbear shedding tears. He made her a present of ten guineas; with which, with a heart full of joy, she hastened home to relieve her parents.

ORIENTAL ORIGIN OF A HIGHLAND CUSTOM.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered; as she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I, at once, saw the impression of the passage of Scripture, re-

specting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege. The slipper in the East, being taken off in-doors, is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike for "good luck," as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied!—*Pillars of Hercules.*

A HYMN.

COME, little lambs of Jesus' flock,
Who love and bless his name;
And listen what the Bible saith,
And wherefore Jesus came.

He lived in glory, peace, and joy,
With God and angels too,
In that bright heaven above the sky,
Which looks so clear and blue.

But soon he thought of sinful men,
And how they went astray;
He wished to make them holy too,
And walk in wisdom's way.

He laid his robes of glory by,
And left his bright abode,
To suffer and to die for you,
Beneath his Father's rod.

Oh, will you not, then, love that One,
Who did so much for you?
There now are children safe in heaven,
And you may get there too.

J. Foster, Printer Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 323.] NOVEMBER, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS.

NO. VIII.

THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In the summer of 1846, I paid a visit to my native town, and, as may be easily supposed of one who had left the freshness of the country for the close confinement of a house of business in London, I was more than usually anxious to enjoy once again the haunts of my boyhood. In one of my rambles, I chanced to meet a poor lad, with whom I entered into conversation. Greatly to my delight, I discovered that he was not only intelligent, but that he had given his heart to God—that he had early sought the

Lord, and had been found of him—the result of a Sunday-school education, where, to use his own expression, "he had learned more that was good than anywhere else besides." He shewed an evident satisfaction in finding in a stranger one who loved the same God, and trusted in the same Saviour. From him I learned the site of the Ragged School, of which I had heard before, and on Sunday morning I set out in order to pay it a visit. I might perhaps meet my young friend, and profitably employ a little time with him; and, at all events, it was likely I might derive some useful hints from the manner in which the school was conducted.

The school had not commenced, and the town missionary, who acted as superintendent, invited me to visit the abodes of the absent children, a few only having as yet arrived. In this manner we occupied about twenty minutes; and, although I was a native of the town, and thought, from having spent my boyhood there, I must needs know every nook and corner of it, yet the result proved how much I had been mistaken. Numerous were the courts and alleys behind the houses that I never dreamt of, and all overflowing with an increasing population, trained up—if training it can be called—in vice and ignorance.

On our return to the school, we found it fully occupied, the teachers and scholars being at work in their respective classes. As I was a visitor from London, the town

missionary urged upon me the duty of addressing the children, I ventured upon a brief address, and in the course of it, as an encouragement both to the children and the teachers, I related a little story—a true story—for it had occurred in a Ragged School with which I had and still have the privilege of being connected.

A little girl, a mere child, had been missing from the school for several days, and a week having elapsed, the governess felt it would be right to inquire into the cause of absence. Was she ill and in need of assistance? had she relapsed into neglect and evil ways? or had she been surprised by sudden death? No: none of these things had occurred, though they seemed to comprise all reasonable probabilities. The governess found the poor little creature seated at the bedside of her sick father, upon whom she was attending with all the care of a woman, and in the zeal of her young heart she had, during the week, taught him his alphabet, and even to put two letters together—the whole stock in fact of her own knowledge. Much to my surprise, as I went on with this simple anecdote, I observed in one corner of the room, a plainly dressed man, (a teacher,) with tears rolling down his hard furrowed cheeks. The time of course admitted of no questions, but on leaving the school-room my first thought was to ask the missionary the cause of a grief so much to all appearance

beyond the occasion. His reply was—"The little tale touched a tender chord; that man had at one time been the plague and terror of the neighbourhood, he was so utterly ignorant that he did not know his letters. Soon after the establishment of the Ragged School, his little girl had been admitted and taught to read: she was so delighted by her new knowledge, that she would not rest until she had communicated it to her father. Great, however, as was her influence over him (greater than that of any one else,) it took her some time to effect this. Baffled once, and again, she still persisted. At last she succeeded in exciting his curiosity. He grew by degrees interested in what she told him. He submitted to be taught by his child as she sat upon his knee; and the good seed thus sown quickly ripened into fruit. Poor as he was, he laid out sixpence in the purchase of a second-hand Testament: he read it; the Spirit opened the eyes of his understanding, and the change in the whole man was complete. The idle one became industrious, the blasphemous became pious, the rough became gentle, and the wretched became happy. In gratitude for the advantages he had thus acquired, he undertook to impart to others what he had found so beneficial to himself; and was then, and I trust is now, one of the most efficient teachers in the Ragged School.

'Despise not the day of small things.'"

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I attended last week the funeral of a little girl only seven years old. You would scarcely expect that such a young child would die; the death of old people who are worn out by time and toil is not wonderful, because age and care eat away our strength, as the worm gnaws the heart out of the stoutest oak; but the death of a child is an untimely death—it is like the fall of the leaf in spring, when it is green and fresh, and full of sap. It is like cutting off a bud that would become a flower, or a blossom, which, if left on the tree, would turn to fruit. The question occurs then why did she die? Because it was the will of God, my young friends. We live just as long as he pleases, and no longer. He bestows our life, he sustains our life, and he takes away our life. It may seem to you perhaps that she died of sickness; but who sent her sickness? Sickness could never come unless God permitted it. God sent sickness upon King Hezekiah, and when he prayed, God took it away again. But he sometimes does not think it well to take away our diseases, and then no medicine can cure us, no physician can do us any good, for God says in the Bible, "I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand." You see then how dangerous it is to offend God. Our life is in his hands.

If your life were in my hands; if a thought, a wish, a breath of mine could deprive you of life, how dangerous you would think it to give me offence. Take care, then, how you make God angry. Make it your chief business to please God; for if he say to Death, "Go to that disobedient child—that child who does not speak the truth—that artful, passionate, thoughtless child"—nothing will hinder Death from obeying God. No friends—no prayers—no tears—no promises—no skill will make him change his purpose or drive him away. But God sometimes takes children out of this world, not because he is angry with them, but because he loves them. You remember how he took away Elijah. He sent a chariot to carry him up to heaven, and he sometimes sends Death upon the same errand. I believe he did this in the case of the child, the young disciple, I speak of, for she loved God. She never told me that she loved him, but actions speak louder than words, and her actions proved that she loved God. Whoever loves him loves his word, and there was no book which this child loved so much as her Bible. She read it—she listened to it, she asked questions about it. And she was very much afraid of offending God. Her tenderness of conscience showed this. When first taken ill, she was pleased if any one would come and read to her by the bedside. Some one promised to do this, but whether she forgot her promise or not, I

cannot say. She did not keep it, and this little child was very much grieved. "What an awful thing," she said, "to tell a story, which she will have to answer for at the day of judgment!"

Though this little girl had many kind friends and indulgent relatives, and the prospect of much earthly happiness, she thought that "to depart and be with Christ, would be far better." She spoke of heaven, as her home, and often expressed her desire to go there. I ask you, then, if her early death was not a mark of God's love—a particular mark—for instead of leaving her in this world to bear many years of disappointment and trial, he took her at once to himself. He saw that she was a beautiful flower—too beautiful to grow in the wilderness, and so he transplanted her to heaven, where she will bloom for ever, and be admired even there for her grace and sweetness.

You see, then, why God takes children out of this world; it is either because he is angry with them, or because he loves them. Tell me then, if he were to send death to take you away, which of these would be his reason for doing so? You know whether you are like this little girl, who loved God, loved her Bible, loved the Saviour, and longed for heaven. If so, your death would be only a happy exchange, and a proof of the love of God to your soul. But if you are children who care nothing about such things

as these, I should have no hope in your death. I should be afraid that God had taken you away in his wrath, and that instead of carrying you up to heaven, where angels dwell, death had hurried you to that place where evil spirits and the souls of the wicked are shut up and punished. Oh! then live as this child lived, and your last end will be like hers. Christ will be your Shepherd—God will be your Friend—and heaven will be your inheritance.

"Her spirit has fled to the regions of glory,
Where all the redeemed are gathered in one,
Where angels themselves are recording the story,
Of God's everlasting and glorified Son.

"Already she dwells in the bosom of Jesus,
Who bade little children be brought to him here;
And were we to choose only that which would please us,
We had sullied her pleasures to save us a tear."

"I LONG TO GO HOME."

"I LONG to see home!" cries the sailor, straining his eyes from the mast-head to get a glimpse of the green hills of his native land.

"I am going home," says the shopman, barring his shop windows and locking his heavy door, thinking all the while how tired he is, and how he longs to rest in his snug little sitting-room.

"I must hurry home," says the mother, thinking of her sweet babe in the cradle.

"Oh! how I want to get home!" cries the tired school-boy.

"Don't stop me; I will go home," exclaims the little girl, skipping off as fast as her feet can carry her.

How every body loves home! When we are tired, home is the place of rest. When sick, home is the spot to be nursed at. In joy, who will rejoice with us like those at home? In sorrow, where shall we find sympathy like that which we get at home? Home! The poet never spoke more truly than in these words—

"There's no place like home."

Have the children who are sitting at their warm firesides, or around the pleasant tea-table—father, mother, brothers, and sisters, looking upon them with eyes of love—I ask, have they ever considered how very dreadful it must be to have *no home*, no spot where they love and are beloved? for, after all, the especial charm of home is, that love is there. Look around your own home, and think how very mournful it would be to have no home at all.

"Where should I go, and what should I do?" you ask. Ah! that is a great question. Where *should* you go? You may think there is no danger upon that point, for you feel sure that you will always have a home.

Perhaps, then, you will be very much surprised when I tell you, that some day or other you will be turned out of your home. Yes, you will be turned out. And, worse than

all, the door will be locked against you. That door, which has so often opened to let you in, will be locked against your coming back.

"Turned out of doors!" you cry. "Never —my father will not allow it."

"But suppose he cannot help it."

"What! will officers of justice come and carry me off? They have no right, unless I break the laws of my country, and I don't mean to do that."

"No: the officers of justice will never take you, I hope; but they cannot prevent you from being taken. If your mother should call upon the strongest constable in the world, it would do no good; you will still have to go."

"Oh," you cry, "turned out of my home, my own, dear home!" Why, where *should* I go?"

"I do not know; but it seems to me it is something you ought to see to."

"Well, but who has any power, any right to do it? Who can, and who will dare do it?"

"It is *Death*, my child. Death is on his way to your house. I cannot tell how near he is. Perhaps he is still a great way off—perhaps close by. He will go in, for nobody can keep him out: he will lay hold of you; and after a few struggles which you will be likely to make, he will turn you out of your home—from the mother who has tenderly watched you from infancy—from your

father, who has so often dandled you on his knee—from the brothers and sisters who have helped you in your lessons, and played with you in the sunshine—the door will be locked against you, and never, never more will your bright eye and strong limbs be seen again in the dear home circle."

"It is very, very dreadful to think about," you say; and you almost shrink from it. "What should I do? Where *should* I go?"

These are the very questions which I wish you to consider. You are young, I know, and the thought of such a young creature being turned out of its home seems mournful; and it would indeed be very dreadful if there were nobody to take you up, and no place provided for you. Oh, how precious is the thought, that there is a tender-hearted, loving Friend, ready to take care of poor wanderers, and a beautiful mansion for them to dwell in! The name of that friend is Jesus, and the beautiful mansion is called heaven. If we can only say—"heaven is my home," we have nothing to fear; for nobody can turn us out, and we shall there be happy for ever—very, very happy, with no pain, no tears, no sin, no good-byes any more. It will be *home* for ever and ever.

But here is a point I wish you to remember: *only the children who fear the Lord, and have their sins pardoned*, are taken up by the Lord Jesus, and carried to beautiful

new homes in heaven. Think of that; and think of those unhappy beings who, when death turns them out of their earthly homes, have no friend, no refuge, no place of rest. Where will they go? Think of this, and ask, Where shall *I* go? Who will be *my* friend in that solemn hour?

AN ATTEMPT AT A HYMN IN PROSE.

Come, let us think of Him who is called the Friend of sinners.

Thou hast loved to find some little one, to whom thou couldest tell thy joys, and who could weep with thee in thy sorrows: thou hast made this little one THY FRIEND: and very sweet has been this friendship.

A friend hast thou found from thy birth in thy mother: she hath soothed thee in distress: she hath been unwearied in her care over thee in sickness. No trouble ever came upon thy young heart but she felt a pain in thy pain.

Thou hast found a friend in thy father. In danger hast thou run to him: when thou hast needed direction, thou hast looked to him: his eye was over thee tenderly in the time of danger, and his hand ever ready to help thee.

But there is a better Friend than these. Thou knowest His name: thy God and thy Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

He became an infant, that he might know

what children feel; he was in distress, and he was tempted, that he might feel even with the youngest, when tried or troubled.

When no one but himself could save, he was willing to do it. He came from his glory to dwell on earth, and to die, to save thee.

No sinner, however great, was left out of the compassion of Jesus. He gave himself to die for all. He is willing to save every one who will come to him to be saved. He is THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

He not only pitied sinners in their trouble, but he took for them their place; their punishment fell on his guiltless head.

No tongue can tell the love which he still manifests to all who trust in him, and seek him as their Saviour.

Oh! let us love him, for he has loved us. He will receive us: he will give to each of us a new heart. He himself will love us, and make us happy in knowing his love.

THE EMIGRANTS.

NO. IV.

PERHAPS there are many young people who have never heard of the thousands of wretched beings who are to be found in every great town in England: offsprings of vice and crime, heirs from their birth of misery and destitution, they have no shelter but holes and corners, where animals might

creep for warmth, no food but the scantiest and often the grossest kind, no covering but rags, no means of sustaining even this miserable state of existence but by begging and stealing, and other of the most lawless and sinful pursuits. Such "beings" have been sought out by the benevolent, and by the greatest patience and kindness have been, in many instances, persuaded to accept instruction, and, finding the comfort and happiness of doing well, are anxious to go on in the path of duty; and it is to assist them in this endeavour, that the present appeal is most earnestly made.

Will happy children, born of kind parents, receiving (by no merit of their own, but simply by the goodness of God) the benefit of Christian education, refuse to help these desolate and abandoned ones? The merest trifle will be a boon! Withheld not, then, your mite. Remember who hath made you to differ, and render your thankoffering willingly and gladly; for it is God who hath given you the power.

If the Christian children of England raised funds sufficient to *purchase* a Missionary Ship, and send it with a band of devoted Missionaries to a foreign land, might they not, if proper means were used, raise funds sufficient to *freight* a ship to Australia, with poor ragged children from London, many of whom are now starving in the streets? We should like to see such a ship in full sail, with two hundred Ragged School

Emigrants on board, and two thousand young Christian friends standing on shore, bidding them farewell; and to hear the last shrill echoes of their young voices, heartily and gratefully responding to the well-wishes of their youthful benefactors. It may be too much to expect, but not too much for the mothers of England to accomplish, if they anxiously desired it.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF PLANTS.

(From the Monthly Vol. of the Tract Society.)

It is a remarkable fact, and well worthy of our attentive notice, that many of those plants most valuable to man, are precisely those most disposed to run into varieties. This is remarkably the case in one of the most useful fruits of the

temperate zone, the apple, of which Mr. Don enumerates fourteen hundred varieties, cultivated in gardens; and the benevolent intent of such an arrangement is at once seen in the great extension given to the usefulness of the plant. The wild apple, or crab, is a harsh, sour fruit, but from it, by cultivation, this vast diversity has been developed, affording a combination of qualities suited to a variety of uses, and thus making it most extensively applicable as an article of food and luxury. The same author gives 674 varieties of the pear, 69 of the nectarine, and 19 of the orange. 160 varieties of rice are known in Ceylon alone. It seems difficult to believe that the red cabbage, cauliflowers, savoy, brussels sprouts, and white cabbage, have all sprung from the *brassica oleracea*, as found on our shores, with its sea-green leaves, no appearance of head, and flowers like charlock. Yet such is the case. The rose, again, sports into 1400 varieties; and many of our favourite garden flowers, which delight equally the sight and smell, are similarly disposed. How bountiful and kind a provision is this, made by our heavenly Father, to minister to the wants, comforts, and pleasures of his creatures! How true that, though we have sinned and rebelled against him, he is long-suffering and full of compassion, and that "his tender mercies are over all his works."

The distribution of the food plants of our globe, and the precise adaptation of the species which succeed best in each country to the wants and condition of its inhabitants, are most beau-

tiful instances of the providence of Him "who giveth food to all flesh; for his mercy endureth for ever." While many of the comparatively less important fruits, such as the orange, banana, mango, peach, cocoa-nut, &c. are more restricted in their limit of growth, few plants have such a range as the most important of the *cerealia*—wheat and barley—and as God has so formed our bodies, that bread is to be their main support, so he has given to the corn plants a capability of bearing extremes of temperature which few other plants possess. Surely this may teach us to trust him for our daily wants; for while such a supply is made for man and beast, He who thus feeds the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field will never suffer his children to want any needful good.

This abundant and suitable provision, made for the food of man, in the vegetable kingdom, may also lead us to think of that "Bread which came down from heaven," of which, if a man eat, he shall live for ever; for surely, if we require daily food to support our bodies, our souls stand in greater need of constantly living by faith on Jesus Christ, the Son of God. While our fervent prayer is, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," let us regulate our expectations by the assurance that the same bounty which is displayed in creation is engaged also in dispensing the riches of grace; nor is the supply thus mercifully afforded less suited to promote our spiritual health and happiness, than is our daily bread to the nourishment of the body.

Nor is this the only analogy suggested by a

view of those benevolent arrangements of the Creator which we have been contemplating. Most of our best medicines are derived from plants, and the large number of those in almost all countries is a remarkable proof of the goodness of God in thus providing for the cure or relief of the many maladies to which the human frame is liable. It is worthy of notice, that some of the most active medicinal plants are very abundant in those countries in which the diseases for which they are efficacious are chiefly prevalent: such as the Peruvian and Wintin bark in South America, and others.

Notwithstanding the marks of the Divine goodness and bounty that are everywhere manifest in the vegetable kingdom, there is, nevertheless, much which shows us that this is a fallen world—the abode of fallen creatures. Why, else, do we see the numerous tribes of poisonous plants, ready to deal death and destruction to every one that tastes them? How, else, can we reconcile the presence of such plants as the upas, the manchineel, the panghinia of Madagascar, the wooxali of South America, the dumb cane, the frightful nettle of Java, and a multitude more, in a world which abounds in proofs of the Divine love and mercy? God has stamped the inscription upon the globe in characters which all may understand, but which none can erase, that man is a fallen creature—that he has incurred his Maker's frown; while yet that Creator, in wrath remembers mercy, and still provides food and comforts for the creatures who have rebelled against him.

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!"

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady resided, for a few years after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities of Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly loved by the fellow-boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B——, was very fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The gentleman was given to expressions which must ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B——?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother, for if he had he would not use such *naughty words.*" The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and a pious mother rose in all their freshness to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterwards known to make use of similar expressions.

THE RAGGED BOY—THE FAITHFUL SAILOR.

We give the case of a youth whose parents were both engaged in crime, and whose eldest brother had been transported fourteen years. The father and mother have both since been transported. This poor orphan boy was taken to the Ragged School, and after receiving instruction for some time, at his own request was provided with a basket and water-cresses; this, though small and humble in itself, yet furnished him the means of gaining his bread honestly. The writer watched over his onward progress through trials and difficulties for nearly four years, until he left school. He left his basket, which was sometimes filled with cresses, and at

other times with herrings, for a situation as errand-boy. The writer ultimately, at his own request, obtained for him a ship, as he had a desire for a seafaring life.

While engaged in penning this paper, a fine-looking young sailor called upon the writer, and inquired after his welfare. So altered had our water-cress youth become, that it was not until we were told he was none other than F. C. whose parents were transported, we could recognize him. He showed us his papers, which at once told us that his character stood high and good as a sailor, and bids fair to rise in the profession he now follows. He thanked us for the Bible which was given him, and said that he should ever make it the man of his counsel on sea or land, as the safest chart by which he could steer his course through life.—*Westminster, Past and Present.*

HOUSE-TOPS.

We in England always apply the term to the *inside* of the house, to its highest rooms. The top of the house, *outside*, is so out-of-the-way—generally so inaccessible from within—and only to be reached by ladders from the street, that the names we have for it denote its comparative strangeness to us. It is not the *house-top*, but the *roof of the house*. And if we have to speak of the highest part of all, then, because our roofs are mostly *sloping*, the supporting timbers resting on the walls in a certain angle which brings them together, this top of all is called

the *ridge* of the house. All this we understand, because we have always been used to it. We see houses before us built on this plan. We see them built on no other. House-tops, therefore, are with us of no use but to keep the houses dry inside; and no one goes there but the mason or the tiler for purposes of repair.

This very phrase shows the necessity of judging of the language of a people, or of a book, not by our own usages, but by those of the times when the language was spoken, or the book was written. We have a very ancient book, called the Bible. In reading it, we find frequent mention of *house-tops*, and that in a way utterly inconsistent with all our own customs. Let us take a few texts to illustrate this: "Samuel communed with Saul upon the *top of the house*." (1 Sam. ix. 25.) "Let him which is on the *house-top* not come down to take any thing out of his house." (Matthew xxiv. 17.) "They went upon the *house-top*, and let him down through the tiling," &c. (Luke v. 19.) "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the *house-tops*." (Luke xii. 3.) "Peter went up upon the *house-top* to pray about the sixth hour;" and then he saw the remarkable vision which sent him to Cornelius and the Gentiles. (Acts x. 9. &c.) Now, how easy would it be for a scoffing infidel to laugh at all this, and say, "Only think of a man clambering on to the roof, and shouting to the people below:" or, "A pretty place for a man to retire to, to say his prayers! Would he sit across the ridge of the roof?" The fact

is, that then (as now) the roofs of the houses were flat. People often went on to them for cool air, or for retirement, or for calling to the

passers-by in the streets. In very hot weather they would even have their beds on the flat roof of the house. In Eastern countries, houses are built on this plan to the present time, and the roof of the house is still used in the same manner, and for the same purposes. As soon as a traveller gets into the East, he sees with his eyes what may have startled him before when he has read about it. These flat roofs are battlemented, both for safety and for greater retirement.

A CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER.

A youthful father, with his first-born son,
A blue-eyed boy, whose months were twenty-one,
Sat on his cottage garden's rustic seat,
A book enjoying in that sweet retreat.

But oft his eye from its pure page would stray
To his dear boy, and watch'd his artless play.
And once, while gazing on his infant face,
Love, like a fountain, bubbled up apace;
And while this current flow'd, in accents mild
The words escap'd his lips, *God, bless the child!*
The child the accents caught, prolong'd the strain,
And from his lisping lips the words were heard again.
"God, bless," he said, and at his father smil'd,
This the first prayer of that beloved child.
Be this thy prayer, sweet child, through all thy days,
Acknowledge that great God in all thy ways,
Then shall He guide thee with his eye of love,
Till thou shalt reign a king and priest above.

G. H.

A HAPPY FLIGHT.

A FACT.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Is. xlv. 22.

"Pray," said a mother to her dying child,
"Pray;" and, in token of assent, he smil'd.
Most willing was the spirit; but so weak
The failing frame, that he could hardly speak.
At length, he cried, "Dear mother, in God's Book
Is it not written,—unto Jesus look?
I can look up;—I have no strength for pray'r,
'Look unto me, and be ye saved,' is there."
"It is, my child, it is:—Thus saith the Lord,
And we may surely, safely, trust his Word."
Her son look'd up,—to Jesus rais'd his eyes;
And flew—a happy spirit—to the skies.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 324.] DECEMBER, 1850. [Vol. 27.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

NO. IX.

WICKED LADS.

We have been favoured with the following important statement from the secretary of one of the first Ragged Schools that was established in London. We trust the youths to whom he refers may find their way back to school, and that, by kindness and perseverance, their teachers may be as successful

as many of their fellow-labourers have already been, in rescuing such unhappy outcasts from the ruinous course on which they have entered :—

"Finding it impossible to get the children to attend our school in the forenoon, we determined upon changing the hours to half-past six in the evening. We commenced our new plan on Sunday, Nov. 26, when we had upwards of 200 children and youths in attendance. Under all circumstances, their behaviour was good during the greater part of the evening. About ten minutes to eight o'clock, however, there was a signal given by some of the boys, and instantly there was a move in all parts of the room, and a rush made to the staircase. The superintendent was amazed at this proceeding; recovering from his surprise, however, he darted across the room, and was just in time to catch the last one ere he reached the door. Twenty-one had already got away.

"The boy who was caught struggled hard to get away, and loudly cried, 'Let me go—let me go.' But, holding him fast, the teacher replied, 'When you have told me what this plot means, you shall.' 'I want to go to business,' said the boy. 'Business—why, it's Sunday night.' 'Never mind, you let me go,' continued the lad. The superintendent still held firm. 'Well, 'l you the truth, sir: do you see it's 'clock, sir?' The teacher looked at

the clock, and nodded assent. 'Well, sir, we catches them as they comes out of church and chapel.' A policeman now entered. 'Where,' said he, 'did you get those boys from? They are, every one of them, convicted thieves.' Reader, we present you with the fact. It must do its own work. Perhaps some of these boys, ere long, will be on their passage to a distant land; not sent out as pupils from our school, but as felons. Would we could have checked their wicked course. But yet, who knows what good the hour's instruction they received may do? Perhaps, when thousands of miles away, they may remember the Ragged School, and the class, and the book they read, and He who gave it; and, like the thief on Calvary, with their latest breath, they may cry, 'Lord, remember me.'"

THE CHILD-COLPORTEUR.

"MOTHER, will you promise me something?" asked a little boy, laying his hand on his mother's shoulder, as she sat busily sewing. "Promise you what?" asked she. "Will you *only* say yes, mother?" "That would be very rash. You do not want me to say yes in the dark, do you, Eben?" "O, but you had just as lief say so, I know," persisted the child.

"Then I am sure you had just as lief tell

me what you want me to say yes to," said the mother. "Well, then, may I be a *real* colporteur? may I, mother, please?" asked the boy, looking earnestly into her face.

"A real colporteur, Eben?"

"Why, the other day when I stayed at home sick, I played colporteur: shall I shew you how? You make-believe be a poor woman in a log-cabin, mother, and I will come in."

Eben went out: his mother sewed on, when, by and bye, a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said she. The door opened, and in walked the make-believe colporteur, with his old great-coat on, his cap over his ears, and a bag of books slung over his shoulders. "Would you not please to like a good Christian book, ma'am?" said the make-believe colporteur; one that would do your heart good?"

"I do not know as I should," the old woman in the log-cabin seemed to answer.

"Oh, I'll tell you about them, then you'll be very thankful I've come." He took down his bag, and opened it. "Here is 'Little Henry and his Bearer'—there is hardly any thing to equal it"—turning over the leaves of the little book, and thrusting them up in her face. "Little Henry was a white heathen; he did not know about God; he was fretful and very naughty. Neither his mother nor father — nobody told him about Jesus. He was left to his

poor heathen bearer, who taught him to worship idols. By and bye, a young lady from England told little Henry of Jesus, and then Henry told his bearer. As his bearer carried him all around, Henry talked beautifully to him. He told him how Jesus loved the poor heathen, and died to save them. Then his bearer, too, became a Christian. Then he was happy. He was not happy before. Is it not pretty? O! it is good: I think you had better take it."

"But suppose I am too poor to buy."

"Then you shall have it for nothing, if you will read it, and mind all the bearer says. It is as good as preaching,—please take it:" and the make-believe colporteur put the book into the hands of the make-believe woman of the log-cabin.

"There, mother," Eben then exclaimed, shoving back his cap, "cannot I be a *real* colporteur? Why, mother," he went on to say, while a deep seriousness overspread his face, "did you know there are a great many very wicked folks down behind this street? The little children swear awfully. I asked them if they had any good books, and they said, 'No.' Is not this a good place for a colporteur, mother? and ought we not to do something for them? Could not *I* be a colporteur, mother? I am not too little, am I?"

"Where can you get books, Eben?" asked she.

"Why, have not I got some? Jane can

give me a few, and Susan—perhaps you and father will be glad to help. Don't you think, mother, we can spare our books? we have read them through and through; why, you know we *ought* to try to do good with them."

The mother was very much pleased with the plan; and when he begged to begin next Saturday afternoon, she gave her consent. How interested was Eben collecting and assorting his little books. This would do best, and that had the ten commandments in it, and another was about lying. He looked them all over, and could tell what each was about. When Saturday afternoon came, his mother thought he might forget it, for his brothers loved play, and always wanted Eben to go with them; but no, Eben took no interest in bat and ball upon the common; he had another plan which he liked better; so he packed his little books into a basket, and set forth.

"Good bye, Mr. Colporteur," exclaimed Jane. His mother took a tender interest in all his proceedings: she did not hinder him, for she thought haply the Lord had sent him; and when she watched him go forth, so serious and so earnest, she bade him God-speed in her heart, and prayed that the gracious Saviour might please to bless these humble doings.

Eben was gone a long while, and when, at last, he came back, he had many things to tell his mother. "Why, mother," said

be "all the mothers were as glad as could be; and some of the little children that could not read, I read to them. There was one big boy who swore, mother," said the child, fixing his large eyes upon her: "I told him about the third commandment: I told him God would punish swearers: I told him I would bring him a book about it."

Was not the mission of this child-colporteur a beautiful one? I have thought how many nurseries and book-cases there are in Christian homes piled up with books, read and re-read for the last time, laid away and cast aside, which are not yet too old to be useful, and which might be threading their way to the alleys of ignorance and sin: and I have wondered if children, dear Christian children, in their simplicity and earnestness, might not go forth to the poor, ragged, vicious children of their neighbourhoods, and carry to them the bread and water of life.

Ah, children! do you not often abuse books? Is not a cover gone from one, and have you not torn up the stray leaf of another, without thinking, minding, or caring about it? Stop a moment, and think if these good little books may not be of use still. You have read and loved them; are there not many, many others who would love to read them too? On some bright Wednesday afternoon, can you not forsake your play, your dolls, or your

skates, and gather up a little store of neglected books for the destitute corners and alleys of your neighbourhood—as destitute as the log-cabin on the distant prairie? Can you not become a child-colporteur? O! it would be a beautiful and blessed mission.

"IT HAS GONE!"

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

YES, reader, it has gone, and cannot be recalled. Another year of your life has fled, and its works are recorded in a book whose pages can never fade nor wax old. When all the monuments of marble, and tablets of brass and steel shall have become illegible, or wasted away by the wear of time, the record which God has kept of our words and actions will be as fresh as when it was first written. He has a book of remembrance which fails not to keep all that he writes there. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." What has been the account for thy soul during the year that has just expired? What is as it should, what as it should not have been?

What for thee, Christian, has been recorded — of thought, word, and deed? Things which have honoured thy Lord? Things which have promoted the purity and peace of thy soul? Things which have

been blessed in leading others to salvation? What has been written respecting the *closet*? That it has been frequented, and that tears of contrition, gratitude, and love, and of earnest intercession for sinners, have flowed there? What as to attendance at family prayer? Has it been punctual and uniform? Have you so attended at the sanctuary? Is it written in that book, that you have not, without just reasons, absented yourself from either? How has it been with regard to your labours for the salvation of souls? How many impenitent sinners have, during the past year, received from you a kind admonition—a faithful and friendly warning? How have you discharged the duties of a steward in the use of your property? Have you contributed, as the Lord hath prospered you, to the various institutions of religious benevolence? Have the poor been clad, and the hungry fed by your kindness? Christian parent, have your life, counsel, instruction, and prayers in your family been what you wished they had? Christian minister, has the Master found you faithful to the flock of which the Holy Ghost has made you overseer? Has no lamb of the flock been neglected? No sinner gone to the awful account without having been warned by you?

Impenitent soul! what has been written on that book of remembrance for you? Alas! what a record. Mercies without

number and without measure have been bestowed, and not one has been gratefully acknowledged. All have been devoted to your own selfish gratification. How much of your time, talents, and possessions, have been employed *against* the service of God, rather than for its furtherance? Another year has been added to your life, and you have spent it all in impenitence. Sins which you cannot number have been recorded against you, but not one tear of contrition for them has been shed. Offers of pardoning mercy have been repeatedly made; but you have been deaf to all of them. You have neglected the great salvation. You have treated the blood-bought inheritance as if it was worth less than the trifles of time which you have anxiously sought. It may be that you have grieved the Spirit of grace, when he convinced you of sin and urged you to be reconciled to God. Whatever your sins have been, however numerous or aggravated, all have been recorded against the great day. A year spent in rebellion! And how many similar years have preceded it? All years of sin! Sinner, perhaps the last year of your life has arrived. It may be, that before another year, or month, or week, shall have passed away, you will be numbered with the dead. Think of it, and turn to God, if peradventure he may give you repentance.

EXTRACT FROM SIR JOHN ROSS' VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS,

During the Years 1839—43.

March 7, 1841.

EARLY in the morning, whilst running before a strong easterly breeze, we found ourselves embayed in a deep bight of the pack, which was seen stretching across our bows as far as the true north. We were also at this time much hampered by the extensive fields of pancake ice, which at this period of the season always form near the margin of a pack; we immediately hauled to the wind, but had great difficulty in extricating the ships, although still favoured by a fresh breeze.

At noon, we were in lat, 65° 31′, long.

162° 9′ E., and again in clear water, but it soon after fell quite calm, and the heavy easterly swell was driving us down again upon the pack, in which were counted from the mast-head eighty-four large icebergs between S. and N.N.W., and some hundreds of smaller dimensions.

We found we were fast closing this chain of bergs, so closely packed together that we could distinguish no opening through which the ships could pass; the waves breaking violently against them, dashing huge masses of pack ice against the precipitous faces of the bergs; now lifting them nearly to their summit, then forcing them again far beneath their water-line, and sometimes rending them into a multitude of brilliant fragments against their projecting points.

Sublime and magnificent as such a scene must have appeared under different circumstances, to us it was awful, if not appalling. For eight hours we had been gradually drifting towards what to human eyes appeared inevitable destruction. The high waves and deep rolling of our ships rendered towing with the boats impossible, and our situation the more painful and embarrassing from our inability to make any effort to avoid the dreadful calamity that seemed to await us.

In moments like these, comfort and peace of mind could only be obtained by casting all our cares on that Almighty Power which

had already so often interposed to save us when human skill was wholly unavailing.

Convinced that he is under the protection and guidance of a merciful God, the Christian awaits the issue of events firm and undismayed, and with calm resignation prepares for whatever He may order. This serenity of mind surprises and strengthens, but never forsakes him; and thus possessing his soul in peace, he can with the greater advantage watch every change of circumstance that may present itself as a means of escape.

We were now within half a mile of the range of bergs. The roar of the surf, which extended each way as far as we could see, and the crashing of the ice, fell upon the ear with fearful distinctness, whilst the frequently averted eye is immediately returned to contemplate the awful destruction that threatened in one short hour to close the world, and all its hopes, and joys, and sorrows upon us for ever. In this our deep distress, "we called upon the Lord, and he heard our voices out of his temple, and our cry came before him."

A gentle air of wind filled our sails; hope again recovered, and the greatest activity prevailed to make the best use of the feeble breeze: as it gradually freshened, our heavy ships began to feel its influence—slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards—and before dark we found ourselves far removed from every danger.

"O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done, like as be also thy thoughts, which are to us-ward. If I should declare them, and speak of them, they should be more than I am able to express." (Psalm xl. 6, 7.)

TIME FLIES; OR, REUBEN ROGERS.

In summer we seldom think of winter, in joy we rarely think of sorrow, and in youth we hardly ever think of growing old; but when winter, and sorrow, and old age come upon us, we wonder how it was that we did not think of them more.

Reuben Rogers, when a school-boy, wrote this copy in his copy-book, "Time flies;" but when he wrote it he was thinking of his hoop, his kite, and his whipping-top, and paid but little attention to any thing else. What thought he of time? or what cared he whether it crawled or flew?

When Reuben Rogers was a year or two older, he saw the motto on a sun-dial—"Time flies," and this reminded him of the copy he had written on his copy-book; but as the sun-dial stood in a garden, he very soon began to gather flowers, and the motto passed away from his remembrance. A boy in a flower-garden is seldom much given to reflection. Life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.)

When Reuben Rogers was a young man, he heard a preacher in the pulpit say to the assembly around him, "Time flies! Lay hold on eternal life!" For a moment it reminded him of the copy he had written, and the motto on the sun-dial, but was only for the moment, and the thought passed away.

Reuben Rogers lived a reckless life to the years of manhood; caring much for this world, and little for another. As he once wandered through a church-yard, he saw the words sculptured on a tombstone, "Time flies! Prepare!" His copy, the motto on the sun-dial, and the words of the preacher, were again remembered, and, perhaps, remembered a minute or two longer than they were before; but before he left the church-yard they were forgotten.

It was when the grey hair was on his head that Reuben Rogers was laid on a sick-bed without hope of recovery. "Time flies!" said the minister who attended him; "moments are worth more to you now than months, or even years, were before." Reuben Rogers felt this to be true, and the words went to his heart. What would he not have given for an hour; but could he have given the world for it, it had been in vain. He was taken away while calling for one single moment of that time he had so thoughtlessly wasted.

"Time flies," youthful reader, with thee, as it fled with Reuben Rogers. Remember

these words, While thine eye is bright, and thy cheek red—while youth and health are thine—while thou enjoyest the present, ponder on the past, and prepare for the future. "Time flies;" and before thou art aware, youth and health may fly too, leaving thee tottering limbs, grey hairs, and a graven brow.

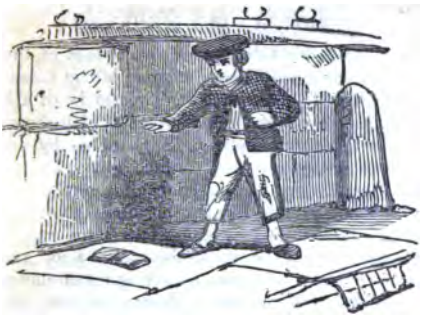
TRUE SYMPATHY.

A poor little girl was one day sent by her parents to buy some treacle. On her way home she let fall her jug, which broke, and spilt all her treacle in the mud. She looked at it with a sad countenance, and burst into tears. As she stood, there passed by several people. One said, "Poor thing!" but passed on. Another said, "What a pity!" but passed on too. A third (some mischievous boy perhaps) said, "Won't she catch it when she gets home!" But a fourth person coming up, had true pity on the child, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave her a shilling to get another jug and more treacle, which sent her away smiling.

So with poor ragged boys and girls. It is not enough to pity—*we must help*, by the means God has given us—and dry up their tears, and lessen their sorrows as much as we can.

HONESTY.

A poor ragged boy, when crossing London Bridge one evening, lately, discovered a parcel



on the pavement. On taking it up he found it contained Bank of England notes, which he immediately conveyed to the nearest station-house. In answer to the inquiries of the inspector, he said he was a poor friendless boy, that he attended a Ragged School, but did not state where. Shortly afterwards the owner of the notes called at the station-house to acquaint the inspector of his loss, when, to his surprise, he found his parcel "safe in custody."

On examination, he found the notes all correct. He gave £5 to the inspector, to be presented to the school to which the poor boy belonged. But, although he has been to several Ragged Schools, he has failed as yet in discovering the right one. He informed me that they also wished to reward the boy for his honesty.

It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence, of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grotesque, fanciful, and beautiful icebergs and icefields surrounded us, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glitter in the sun (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straits) like threads of silver twining round ruined palaces of crystal. The masses assumed every variety of form and size, and many of them bore such a striking resemblance to cathedrals, churches, columns, arches, and spires, that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the floating cities of fairy-land. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along, with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which, from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and unruffled as the surface of a mill-pond. Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our unceremonious intrusion on his domains. Now and then, however, my reveries were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with huge lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed,

and found it necessary to force our way into the next. These concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring; but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice-pieces, and was besides built expressly for sailing in the northern seas. It only became annoying at mealtimes, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own, over the shoulder of the owner, instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed, and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship, however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollect, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool on the ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather sceptical upon this point. It was excellent, and might almost compete with the water from the famous spring of Crawley.—*Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.*

VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

The energy of the sun extends to the remotest bounds of the planetary system; to the newly discovered planet Neptune, revolving at a distance of nearly four thousand millions of miles from the sun; there dispensing light, warmth, and colour to all the beings on its surface, and to the moons that roll around it. What an immense distance!

Let us pass to the starry heavens, and we

pass over a space, in our imagination, which the swiftest ball that ever was shot from a gun, even if it continued in perpetual motion, and with undiminished swiftness, could not traverse in one million of years! But when we reach the stars, where are we? Every star is supposed to be a sun, having a system similar to our solar system, that is surrounded by planets and their attendant moons, all of which revolve round the star as the centre of their system. On a clear winter's night about 1000 of these stars, or centres of systems, may be seen by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to 1,320,000,000, or one thousand three hundred and twenty millions of globes, of the size of our earth, may be seen night after night by every man that looks the sky over his head. But the telescope enables us to see thousands of stars where the naked eye can scarcely see twenty. Dr. Herschel, while watching the milky-way, observed in one quarter of an hour no less than one hundred and sixteen thousand stars pass through the field of his telescope. The stars seen by the naked eye are but the eighty-thousandth part of those already discovered by the telescope. Lo, these are but a part of his ways! Immeasurable regions of space lie beyond, into which even imagination cannot penetrate, and which doubtless are full of the riches of Divine glory. His dominion is over all. Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Blest Jesus, in praise
Our hearts we will raise;
For this is befitting the morn of our days.

Our lips, as they move
To tell of thy love,
But join with the praises of angels above.

In their blest employ,
Thy presence gives joy;
No sorrow there grieves, and no lust can decoy.

As on still we go
Our journey below,
Do thou of thy footsteps the print to us shew.

We gladly will tread
The way thou hast led:
Be thou our kind help, and no foe will we dread.

Oh happy is he,
Forgiven by thee,
Possessing thy peace, and his sweet liberty!

Oh happy the day,
When learning to pray,
The sinner shall seek thee, nor longer delay.

My Saviour! and why,
When thou art so nigh,
Will any neglect thee, preferring to die.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Account of a Pious Child in India 187
Account of a poor Sailor Boy, a native of the Caucasus Mountains 117
Angel of Mercy 236
Attempt at a Hymn in Prose 252
Bible in France 93
Bishop and Birds 131
Child and her Papist Father 56
Child Colporteur 267
Child's Influence 259
China 115
Covenant of Salt 114
Crusades 79
Day's Three Rules, The 100
Days without Nights 113
"Do you think I have a Mother?" 125
Drunkard Reformed by his Child 191
Emigrants, The ..... 172—199—225—253
Extract from Sir John Ross' Voyage of Discovery in the Antarctic Regions, during the Years 1839—43 275
Extracts from the Letters of the Missionaries sent out by the Society for promoting Female Education in the East 44
Forgiving Bechuana 142
Geography of Plants 255
Happy Change 51
Happy New Year 3
Heaven 102
Heavens ..... 22—38—69—90—108—134—160—181
Her Majesty in her Cradle 164
Hints for Boys 112
Honesty 280
Hope in Christ 37
House of Salvation 213
House-Tops 261

PAGE
"I long to go home" 248
Indian's Gift to Christ 119
Important Question answered..... 62
Island of Patmos..... 231
"It has gone!" 272
Letter about the Deaf and Dumb Poor of Ireland.. 232
Lily of the Field..... 95
Little Ann and her Nurse 25
Little Baker 20
Little Letter to a Little Child 88
Little Railway Passenger..... 41
"Look up" 49
Lost Class 18
Meek, The 168
Mummy Plants 109
Negro Sermon against Vanity..... 210
Nelly Vanner 9
Oriental Origin of a Highland Custom 239
Pleasant Story..... 110
POETRY—
The Wandering Lamb 24
My Mother's Bible..... 47
A Hymn 48
Lines written in answer to a Child's Question, "Where do Sundays go when they are past?".. 71
"I am the Bread of Life" 96
Walking with God 120
The Water of Life 144
Industry 168
"He might have been" 192
"Seven Times in Jordan" 215
A Hymn 240
A Child's First Prayer 263
A Happy Flight 264
Children's Hymn..... 285
Poor Children in Ireland ..... 84—104

PAGE
Providential Deliverance 29
RAGGED SCHOOL MEMORIALS—
The Old Stable 73
Old Pye Street and Duck Lane, Westminster .. 97
Destitution and Ignorance 121
Sad Reverse 145
The Ragged Boy—The Parents' Teacher 169
The Ragged Boy—The Rich Merchant 193
The Old Stable 217
The Benefit of the Ragged Schools 241
The Ragged Boy—The Faithful Sailor 260
Wicked Lads 265
Red River Indians 165
Scripture Illustration 235
Scriptures 205
Self Sacrifice 229
Ship among Icebergs 282
Silk of the Chinese 139
SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS—
The Microscope 136
Geology 207
Snow 228
Solitary Witness 46
Think of your Mercies 227
Time Flies; or Reuben Rogers 278
True Sympathy 280
Twins 60
Two Sunday-scholars, Bill Gale and Ted Wicks .. 147
Urgent Case 59
Value of one Evening in School 184
Vastness of the Universe 283
"We are on our way to God" 127
Wonderful Escape 65
Young Disciple 245
Youthful Readers of the Children's Friend, To the 34—177

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BY THE

REV. C. CARUS WILSON.

VOLUME XXVIII.

LONDON:
SEELEYS AND CO., FLEET-STREET,
AND HANOVER-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.

1851.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM TYLER,
BOLT-COURT.

INDEX.

Ancient gateways, 220.

Blind boy and his Bible, the, 267.
Boy who loved his mother, 278.
Bread found after many days, 141.

Child's example, 198.
Crystal Palace, 97.
Child's influence, 143.
Clean shirt, the, 151.
Cobra and Mongoos, 241.

Dublin ragged-school, 165.

Emigrants, the, 15.
Encouragement to teachers, 31.
Eastern costume, 61.
Eclipse, 169.

Floods, courage in, 193.

Garret, home, 100.
God's forgiveness. 195.
God of hell, the, 265.
Girls, three little, 230.

Home, three years without, 204.
Honesty, 234.
How to do good, 281.
Heavenly lamb, 255.

Inniskea islands, 44.
Irish cabin scene, 139.
Intelligence, 46, 70, 94, 116, 140, 164, 188, 213, 259.
Irish school-boy, 92.
Indian boy, 227.
Irish Peggy, 237.

Jesus Christ, God, and man, 13.

Letter from Ireland, 91.
Little Jessie, 172.
Little singing beggar boy, the, 269.
Little George, 271.
Lost child, the, 248.
Love of Christ, the, 279.

Missionary schools,
Memoir of J. C., 155.
Mother's last lesson, 233.
Man who forgot to look up, 247.

None alone, 10.
Noah's carpenters, 126.
Nepaulese ambassador, 175.

Pool of Siloam, 276.
Popery, 1, 25, 49, 73, 121, 145.

Proofs of Supreme Being, 157.
Praying sailor boy, 182.

Reading the Scriptures, 9.
Rainbow, 17.
Reformed robbers, 83.
Roadside well, 245.

Sarah Edwards, 36.
Scientific subjects, 41, 67, 86, 111, 137, 161, 184, 210.
Snow storm, 61.
Sermon, 77.

1 Timothy, I., 15.
Traveller's tales, 106, 132, 149, 179, 206, 222.
Tahitian child, 199.

What can I do for God? 135.
What is prayer? 209.
Young negro fugitive, 217.

POETRY.

God's love, 24.
Hymn, 48.
Blind girl's hope, 95.
May, 119.
When I am old, 166.
Best use of a penny, 191.
Mark x. 13-16, 215.
Bible brotherhood, 238.
What can I do? 240.
Child's prayer, 263.
Children's hymn, 282.
To-day and to-morrow, 283.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 325.] JANUARY, 1851. [VOL. 28.

THE POPE'S AGGRESSION ON ENGLAND.

THE whole kingdom is now in one common stir. Never, perhaps, was public feeling so generally excited from one end of the land to the other: and never, perhaps, have events taken place more likely to cause such a movement since the days of the blessed Reformation. I do not think that there can

be many, even of my little readers, who do not know what is the matter; but lest any should not understand what is to do, I will tell them.

The Pope of Rome has been led to think that the time was come when he might be able to convert all England, and make us all Papists. He says that he has long been praying for this great object, and chiefly to the Virgin Mary to help forward this work. Alas! poor man, I think the poorest child amongst you has a greater advantage than the Pope at Rome; for you learn from your Bibles that you have access at once to the Father, through Jesus his beloved Son, the one Mediator, who is "the way (the only way), and the truth, and the life." And surely it must be far better to go at once to the King of heaven, with his dear Son as our friend, than to have to go to him through saints or angels, however good they may be. Don't you think so? But so it is. The poor old Pope has been busy praying to the Virgin to help him to convert England! Does he not remind us of that striking history of Baal and his worshippers in the Bible! Pray, find it in Kings. How they cried, "O Baal, hear us; O Baal, hear us." But no answer came. And so I do believe it will be with all the Pope's prayers to the Virgin Mary, because Christ is the only way to the Father, and the Bible no where says a word to lead us to pray to the Virgin or other saints.

And now the Pope sets to work to divide all England into dioceses, and they say he is about to do the same in Scotland too; and he has appointed Bishops to each of these dioceses, with one Archbishop as their head, whom he calls Archbishop of Westminster. He has also made him a Cardinal. You know there are a great many Cardinals in the Romish Church. They are above Bishops and Archbishops, and they sit in conclave at Rome to help the Pope with their advice, and he and they manage all the concerns of the Romish Church. And when a Pope dies, the new Pope is chosen from the body of the Cardinals, and by themselves. A Cardinal is also considered a Prince, a temporal Prince, and is in every way regarded as a very great man in the Romish Church, even next to the Pope himself. And it often happens that the Cardinals have even more power than the Pope. I believe at present the Pope has very little of his own way, and that some of the leading Cardinals chiefly rule matters.

Now we cannot wonder that this movement of the Pope in England excites such a general surprise and fear. Our laws expressly state that no foreign Prince has power or jurisdiction within this realm: and moreover, the Sovereign of England is the only fountain of honour in England. Thus, when the Duke of Wellington had honours conferred upon him for his victories

by other nations, he would not accept them till he had asked leave from the King of England to do so. This act, therefore, of the Pope is a direct insult to her Majesty Queen Victoria; and, above all, the sending a Cardinal, a temporal Prince to have jurisdiction over England. But there is another important point. These Bishops are not merely sent to preside over the Roman Catholics in their several dioceses, but over all baptized persons! Was there ever any thing so monstrous! All baptized persons —all you, dear children, who read this!

The Popish Church now makes a grand effort to convert you all to their faith. The new Popish Bishops have a solemn charge to consider you all as their positive charge; and no means must be neglected to bring us all away out of the light, and liberty, and privilege of our Pretestant religion, into the darkness, and bondage, and tyranny of Popery!

No wonder that all England is up in arms; that you hear all around the cry of "No Popery;" and that every town and village is sending petitions to the Queen to entreat that she will adopt such measures as shall best protect us from such a mischief.

You may be ready to ask what will be the end of all this. I really cannot tell you. If we look at ourselves, we may well fear that God may be about to visit us with judgment; for I am sure that none of us, either old or young, have valued and improved

our Protestant privileges as we ought to have done. It may be his will that Popery may gain the upper hand for a time, though we know its final doom. Christ, you know, will reign glorious and triumphant over all his foes, and Popish and Infidel Antichrist must, ere long, bend before him. Yet still we may hope for good when we look to God and think of his power and mercy. And there is one token for good which I love to dwell upon: and that is, the fact that our beloved Queen is most decidedly set against Popery. Nothing can exceed her warm indignation at this aggression of the Pope, and I can assure you that she will leave nothing undone to resist it. This I know for a fact, and you may rely upon it.

Now we know from past history, that whenever a Sovereign has been right and sound on any important point, the healthy influence has descended from the head to the whole body of the nation, and a blessing to the people at large has been the consequence. So I do hope it will be now. I trust that our Queen will be supported and encouraged in her Protestant desires by the whole nation sending in their petitions. And you, my children, sing with all your hearts, and often, and loud, let the song be upon your lips,

"God, save Queen Victoria."

But whatever may await us, one thing is plain: it becomes all rightly and thoroughly

to understand what that system is which the Pope at Rome would now put upon all England. I am sure there should not be a child in our schools, or a peasant in our villages, who does not know what Popery really is. You will thus see and know what it is that we have to fear and do all in our power to prevent, while at the same time, by seeing what Popery really is, you will also the better value your present Protestant privileges, and be stirred up to make a better use of them.

To help you herein, I have thought that the CHILDREN'S FRIEND could not render a better or more seasonable service than by going through the leading points of Popery, shewing what they really are, and proving their falsity from Scripture. I hope to do this in plain and simple language, which all my readers can understand. I should not be surprised if some of your teachers and parents may be disposed to make my papers a ground of catechising, that what you read may thus be more firmly rooted in your memories.

And let us pray that God's Holy Spirit may keep and sanctify our hearts, that we may not indulge an unkind or unchristian thought or word.

We cannot be too resolute against error, but we cannot be too pitiful and tender towards those who are erring. A right knowledge of our own sinful selves may well keep all right here. Why are we in a purer

light? Where should we be but for the grace of God!

I hope in our next number to enter upon the doctrine of the Pope's Supremacy.

---

1 TIMOTHY I. 15.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

WHAT does faithful saying mean? A saying that you may thoroughly trust. Is not all of God's word to be trusted? why should St. Paul particularly say that this is to be trusted? To explain this, suppose that you knew that a person living in Australia was very good; and that he invited you to come from England to him, and told you that he would be good to you. Think of the many thousand miles which you would have to go in a ship; of the storms, the dangers, and the difficulties! Now, you must be quite sure that he was very good, to venture all this upon his invitation.

Now you venture a great deal more upon what you have heard of Jesus Christ; you trust your precious soul to him to save it; you must be willing to endure and lose any thing, rather than not have him for your Saviour: you will not do this unless you can fully trust what is said to you about him. Therefore St. Paul says, This is a faithful or trustworthy saying; you may

rest every thing upon it; be quite sure, you may venture every thing on what it says, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." He came from his glory to do this: this was his end: this is what he does still.

I have seen some persons differently engaged in a house of machinery; one boy only gave the use of his hands. I have seen some boys again set to watch, who did little more than give their time. Some persons are employed to think for others; to make use of their thoughts. A nurse ought to be tender and affectionate; she uses her kindly feelings in the service of a baby or of a sick man. Some people again give a few hours of each day to the service of their masters; now Christ's service requires not our hands alone, or feet, or time, nor our kindly feelings alone, but all that we are, given to him, and given to him always. Christ deserves all this. His goodness to me has been so great, and his love to poor sinners is so great, that I ought to give him all this; to be his servant with all that I have, and always. What is to bring me to be his servant thus? My knowing what Jesus is as a Saviour. Now, St. Paul says you may trust this. Give yourself up to Jesus Christ: he deserves that you should do so. He is willing, too, to save you; willing to save you from sin. You may safely trust this: He came to save sinners.

"Worthy of all acceptation." In the

Prayer-Book we read this, "Worthy of all men to be received," which is, doubtless, the true meaning. But this reception, which the saying that "Jesus Christ is the Saviour of sinners" deserves, is no common, ordinary reception.

I cannot be mistaken here. I may trust it entirely; but I should so receive it as to give up every thing else for it, if needs be. St. Paul says, "For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." This must be my one choice: I cannot cling to it too fast. I cannot give up too much for it. This blessed saying is worthy of all the acceptation which I can give it. There is no other truth to me, a sinner, which is more precious than this.

BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES.

BEFORE you read the Scriptures, always ask of God to give you his Holy Spirit to enable you to understand and receive the truth. If any person who is rich and learned will come into your cottage, and sit down beside you to give you advice or help, you think this very kind: you are very grateful for it. But, remember, God himself, the Holy Ghost, is willing to come into each of your hearts to instruct you. How very condescending, how kind, and very good

this is! Never forget, then, to ask him to come down and to teach you.

Suppose, again, on a very dark and stormy night you had to go from one part of the town to another, how glad you would be if some older person, who was able to protect you, and who knew how to find the way in the darkness, would take you by the hand, and go through the streets with you, you would hold very fast to his hand, and you would be very thankful for his presence. Now, the world is dark, and your hearts are dark, and sin is very dangerous, and yet God the Holy Ghost is willing to take you by the hand, and to lead you into the way of peace. You will never find your way without him. Dangers and difficulties will be too great for you without him, but he will be with you if you seek. Oh, then, keep very close to him; look for his help and guidance always; do not grieve him! Think how great the condescension and goodness of God the Holy Ghost must be to do all this for you!

I AM NEVER ALONE.

An old man sat in his easy chair. He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page—he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and

often hours passed by in which the silence of his thought was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation; one by one the companions of his boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave, until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope, and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—how cheerless his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room, and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear

grandfather," said she, "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to, or to love?" The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child. "I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely? for God is with me; the Comforter comes from the Father to dwell in my soul, and my Saviour is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at his feet, and learn of him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek in your youth this fountain, my child. Drink deep of its living waters; and then when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you too can say, 'I am never alone.'"

Let this testimony of an aged and devoted servant of Christ sink deep into the heart of every child who reads these lines. Seek while in youth the source of that consolation which can be your joy in sickness, in trial, and in solitude—your stay when all earthly helps have failed. Then will it be your blessed privilege to say, "I, too, am never alone."

JESUS CHRIST IS GOD AS WELL AS MAN.

I WANT you to think how great a sin those persons are guilty of who only speak or think of Jesus Christ as if he were a man, and neglect his being God too.

Suppose that any one were to speak of you as having no more sense or feeling than a brute beast; or that you were insane, and had lost your reason; or that you were so bad and depraved, both in your conduct and in your thoughts, that you were only fit for the society of the worst of people: now, he might have been told a great deal against you falsely, by others; or he might so dislike you, as by his anger and dislike to be led to believe a great deal of this. Even if he believed it all when he said it, you would be very grieved to have such things said against you, and you would think it very wicked of him who said such things.

Now, think what he does, who, though Jesus is really God, forgets it or neglects it, and only speaks of him as nothing else than a man. If Jesus Christ is God, over all blessed for ever, who made all things, who keeps alive all things, who is infinitely wise, infinitely holy—so great and so good that he can not fully be understood by any created being—to speak or to think of him as a mere man, is much worse than to use such language as I have mentioned respecting you. There is more, far more difference between God and a mere man, than between

you and the lowest, vilest man or woman that lives. You deserve respect and love, because you do what is right and are a reasonable creature, and not to be treated as if you were a despicable thing or a mere brute: but Jesus, as God, deserves worship, the worship of all creatures, and such love as no created being can deserve—to be loved with all the heart, and all the mind, and all the soul, and all the strength.

It is a very fearful thing to degrade Jesus Christ from this, even in a thought, and to regard him only as a man—a being so far, very far removed from what he really is. And if a person should mean, respecting Jesus, that he were such a man as men are now, full of sin, and fallen all of them so much, there is something awfully wicked in the approach to such a thought. It is really believing that Jesus, the Holy God, is injured and stained with sin. Oh! let us be very careful always to remember that Jesus is God as well as man.

TEXTS IN THE MEMORY.

MANY blessed consequences flow from having the words of Scripture in the memory. We cannot always have our Bibles in our hands; especially if our calling leads us to manual labour.

When you walk by the way, good thoughts will be promoted, and evil thoughts will be

shut out, by some good word of God turned over in the mind. Choose your text in the morning with this view.

When you are at work, you may derive unspeakable profit and comfort from ruminating on some savoury promise. It may, by the blessing of God, do you as much good as a sermon.

When you are at prayer, texts of Scripture in the memory will aid your devotion, by awakening right feelings, suggesting seasonable requests, and prompting to suitable expressions. Thus you join the "Word of God and prayer."

When you retire to rest, or lie awake during the night-watches, or sit beside the sick or dying, you may taste the sweetness of many a gracious promise; and may say, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul."

When you are in pain, fear, sorrow, or sudden peril, one verse of the Bible may be like a star to the benighted mariner.

O be persuaded to make it a part of every day's duty, to commit to memory at least one new verse.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Some poor ragged boys and girls were taken from the Ragged Schools last year, and sent to Australia. It was expected that they would soon get places, and so it has turned out. Some are getting thirty shil-

lings a week. Some as shepherd boys, £12 to £16 a year, and all their food and lodging beside. Some of their letters are very amusing and interesting. To please our young friends, we will give a part of one of them. The following is from a little girl:

"All that you have got to do is to behave yourself, and conduct yourself with propriety. I like Adelaide very much indeed. Oh! it is such a very beautiful place. I am sure if you were here you would like it. It is such a healthy place, that it is quite a new thing to hear of anybody being ill or dying. Where I am living is the Port; in front of the house is the river; it is salt water. I can see all the ships that come in, as it is the harbour, and a very beautiful place it is. At the back of the house is, I was going to say, the whole country, but it is not half nor a quarter of it, it is such a very large country; well, at the back of the house you can see for miles; you can see the hills that seem to touch the clouds, covered with green. They tell me this is where all the mines are, and where all the wealth of the land lies. There may well be such talk about it in England. As soon as the pilot came on board the ship, he told us we were going to a land flowing with milk and honey. One day I went with my mistress a long way up the country; we went to North Adelaide, which is a beautiful place. They are busy building houses, all built with bricks. There are some very handsome

houses in Adelaide, I was surprised when I saw them. The government house is large, and beautifully ornamented, soldiers keeping guard. It is just like looking at the Queen's palace. There are plenty of natives, almost all black, but they are so harmless that they never offer to touch you."

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

VI.—THE RAINBOW.

When the waters of the flood had abated from off the earth, God established a covenant, not only with Noah and his sons with him, and with their seed after them, but with every living creature. God has respect to the smallest of the creatures of his hands. What a

mighty thought it is that that high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, and whose name is Holy, should, in the boundlessness of his compassion, have made special provision for the welfare of those innumerable little animals who have their habitation in the sand, down on the shores of that mighty and ever-rolling ocean which rings unceasingly its musical chimes in the ears of the eternal! The sea has its appointed bounds decreed unto it, and beyond which it may not pass. That sandy beach upon which it throws its spray can never be overwhelmed by its surging tide. God is there. His footsteps are on the shore of that mighty deep, which is an emblem of his own greatness; and his arm of love is for ever encircling the minutest of his creatures, and why? He has made a covenant with them that no flood should ever more destroy the earth, and diminish their measure of happiness. It is because of this covenant that the soft wing of the butterfly flutters joyfully on the sunbeam, and the gnat sings its song at eventide, whilst the pleasant woods are musical with the ministrelsey of birds. And what did God give us a token of the covenant which he made between himself and Noah and every living creature? *He set his bow in the cloud.* The rainbow is a beautiful object; and every time it draws out its magnificent arches upon the surface of the sky, it is a witness of the faithfulness of God. He is ever mindful of his covenant. When he brings a cloud over the earth, the bow is seen in the cloud; and so it

will be to the end of time. Every word in the Bible is true, and nature is a witness with the Bible to the truth and glory of God.

I will try and say a few simple words about the rainbow, which is formed by light. Light is composed of seven coloured rays; and when a ray of this white light enters a falling drop of rain, it separates itself into its seven colours by what is called the law of refraction. It is thus that beams of light from heaven weave that glorious band which is thrown into such brilliant relief by the dark storm-cloud behind it. Rainbows will only be visible opposite to the sun, and they will be more or less vivid as the sun is more or less bright, shining on the opposite rain. Sometimes they are less perfect, and their colours very faint: this is the case when the cloud is less dense, and not so laden with showers.

These beautiful bows that look down as messages of love from heaven to our hearts, are proofs of the simplicity of the means which God selects for the accomplishment of his purposes. Man has to labour and toil and strive in forming and carrying out his plans, but with God all things are possible: and though he chooses to work by means, he could, if it so pleased him, effect continually the most difficult labours by a single word. He takes the light coming down from the sun, and with it he forms the rainbow; paints the tiny motes that dance in the sunbeam, and the yet more beautiful drops of dew as they glitter and sparkle among the flowers, and laugh joyously

to the glory of early dawn. Our God is great: all nature praises him: let not OUR hearts be silent. We are entering on another year; in that year let us seek to live to his glory. He who remembers his covenant with the fowls, and the tiniest insect which floats upon the air, looks down with the most boundless compassion upon the heart of *that* child who breathes forth his prayer with the earnestness of lowly penitence and faith, and with that prayer the utterance of confiding love—"My Father, *thou* art the guide of my youth." J. H.

MISSIONARY SCHOOLS.

You have heard much about the poor heathen children. Your parents and friends wish you to grow up full of love to the Missionary Society; for when they are taken from this world, they hope that you will rise up to carry on this blessed work in their place. Many children die in this country, but there are many, many more who die very young in India and other hot countries, for the climate is so trying that they are not strong and healthy like English children.

In a missionary school at Chinsurah, under the care of the late Mrs. Munday, two little children were placed named John and Emelia. They were sweet children, and very soon engaged the affections of all who knew them. They soon began to love their school very much, and were very attentive and diligent.

Their infant minds were early brought under the teaching of the Holy Spirit; for they delighted most in those lessons where they were taught about the Saviour. Often did their teacher see the tears come into their eyes when speaking to them of that text—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and telling them about the love of Jesus.

After they had been in the school some time, Matilda, a little sister of theirs, was also admitted. Though very young, she, too, soon joined in lisping her simple lessons and sweet verses about Jesus, and then would teach others among her little companions to say the same. But these three little children were not to stay in this world. In the "bright world of endless day" their happy spirits were soon to find a joyful habitation. God had prepared this kingdom for them, and had put his love in their infant souls, and taught them to sing his praises. In less than three short weeks they were all called away. Little Matilda was the first. She had only three days illness. John was in school only *one* day after his little sister, and on that day he asked his teacher and little companions to join him in "praying to the great God to make little Matilda well." They did so, and he remained on his knees with his eyes shut and little hands raised till he was roused by the others, exclaiming, "Teacher, look at Johnny." His prayer *was* answered, though not in the way he hoped. His little sister *was* made well, but it was by being taken

to that world where there is no more sickness, nor pain nor sorrow.

The next day he himself was taken ill with the same complaint, (the croup,) and a few days after he died in his father's arms, telling him he was going to Jesus.

Full of sorrow at the loss of two of their little children, the distressed parents hastened from Chinsurah with their only remaining child, Emelia. They hoped that by change of air she might be spared to them. But while on the journey, she was taken ill, and died. During her illness, she repeated many hymns, especially that one she was so fond of,—

"Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole," &c.

She loved prayer when she was well, and she loved it still more when she felt death was near. About a quarter of an hour before her death, she said to her mother, who was watching over her, "Dear mamma, hold me and *pray*." She went on praying, and then appeared to fall asleep. She died so peacefully and quietly that for some time her mother thought she was only sleeping. Her last thoughts in this world were of Jesus; and she went to be with him for ever, and to join her little brother and sister "around the throne of God in heaven."

These were not heathen children; but had it not been for the missionaries, they would not have heard about Jesus; for their parents were

not Christians, and did not train them aright. Their parents were full of sorrow at losing them: they had not the comfort of religion, and their hearts were almost broken with grief. But the happy deaths of their dear children made a deep impression on their minds; and when in a few short months the father also died, the missionaries were cheered with the pleasing hope that his sorrow and their instructions had been the means of leading him to the cross of Christ.

It was through the missionary school that these dear little ones were gathered into the fold of Jesus, that Saviour who "will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

Will you not long to help in gathering other little lambs into the fold of the Great and Good Shepherd, that blessed, happy fold? Will you not seek to be gathered in *yourselves*? and will you not pray to God to make his servants more and more useful, and to "send forth other labourers"? S. T.

THE BIBLE.

This is the book which God hath given
To guide us safely on to heaven:
Then surely we should prize it more
Than pleasure or than golden store.

God is so good, that I should love
God, ev'ry other thing above:
To do his will I should delight,
And serve my God with all my might.

NEW YEAR 1851.

ANOTHER year is just begun,
And may it prove a happy one!
Father supreme, thy grace impart,
To purify each waiting heart.

Though we are children, thou art [illegible],
And to our prayers wilt bend thine [illegible],
Help us to consecrate our days,
Thy will to do, thy name to praise.

How often have we gone astray,
And wandered from the perfect way;
How oft forgot thy holy will,
And grieved thee by doing ill!

Through his dear name, who left the sky,
For us on Calvary to die,
Make us thine own, and let us be
For evermore conformed to thee.

Sustain us by thy mighty power,
That every day and every hour
We may to Him fresh glory bring,
Our own exalted Prince and King.

So when the storms of life are past,
We shall behold his face at last,
And with the angels sing above
The wonders of redeeming love. J. M.

GOD'S LOVE.

GOD has remember'd me always;
He did so from my earliest days:
He car'd for me before my birth,
And put me safely on this earth:
All my kind friends—my food, my clothes,
Were given, because my wants he knows.

J. Foster, Printer, Kirkby Lonsdale.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 326.] FEBRUARY, 1851. [VOL. 28

POPERY.

NO. II.

THE POPE'S SUPREMACY.

I HAVE told you that the Pope of Rome is making a grand effort to convert all England to his own church. He owns this, and says he is busy praying to the Virgin Mary to

help him. To effect it, he appoints Bishops for every part of England, with a Cardinal at their head, as Archbishop of Westminster.

Now I want you all to know what it is that he would convert us to, and what we should get instead of our Protestant religion, if the Pope could have his way with us. And therefore I proceed to shew you, in as plain and simple a way as I can, what Popery is: and I begin with the "Pope's Supremacy."

You must know that the Bishop of Rome, whom they call Papa, or Pope, is looked upon not only as the Head of the Church in Italy, where Rome you know is the capital, but as the Head or Sovereign Pontiff of the Christian Church throughout the whole world. This is what is meant by the "Pope's Supremacy:" he claims to be the Supreme Head of all Christians.

Now the question is, what right has he to do this? For if he can make out a good right, then I am sure we should all yield to him. But if he fails to do this, then I am sure the whole world should only look on him as a wicked impostor and deceiver. And if this is the case, then the whole system of Popery falls to the ground. If the foundation is bad, all that is built upon it must be bad also.

I do not think there is any thing more easy than to prove this point, namely, the false foundation of the Pope's Supremacy: I trust I shall make it so plain that you can all understand.

We must go to the fountain head of truth in the first instance, and hear what the Bible says.

Now don't you think, that if God meant that the Bishop of Rome should have the rule over all others, he would have said something about so important an event in the Bible? But not one word do we find there about a sovereign Roman Pontiff. But then they say that Christ chose Peter to be the Head of his Church, and that the Popes are his successors.

Let us see what proof there is of this. If it is asserted that Christ gave the keys to Peter, and said to him, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained," why, it is equally true, that he did the same to the other apostles; and, therefore, whatever was meant by this, it was a privilege and power which they all shared with Peter; and he had no supremacy over the rest. But then they refer to Christ's words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church." But the language is clearly figurative; and not even any of the Christian writers of the early days ever dreamt of the meaning being that Peter was the rock. St. Chrysostom and all of them say, that Christ did not build his Church on any poor fallible man, but on the faith of that confession which Peter made.

And do you think that Christ would have singled out Peter before all the apostles for

such a distinction? Peter, who shewed himself so much more cowardly and unstable than all the rest? Who was it that began to sink when walking on the sea? Who was it that denied his blessed Lord with oaths and curses, saying, "I know not the man"?

But let me remind you of a question which was brought to Christ. He was asked, who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Now I cannot but think that if Christ had then made Peter the greatest, he would have said so; or if he meant to make him the greatest, he would not have passed by that opportunity for declaring it. But what is his answer? Is there a word said to encourage the proud pretensions of the "Pope's Supremacy"? Quite the contrary. What a blow does his answer give to all this! Christ says—"The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship, &c., but so shall it not be among you; but let him that is greatest be the least." Oh that Rome could ever fly in the face of such a text as this!

Then it is clear from the book of Acts, that James took the lead, and not Peter. And do you think that if Peter had been raised above the rest by his blessed Lord, that Paul would have ventured to say, "I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed"? At all events it was clear that Paul thought Peter had no infallibility, whatever of this the Popes take to themselves!

Then Peter writes two Letters or Epistles. If he was invested with any supremacy, surely it would have appeared in them; but not a word does he say of the kind—on the contrary, he writes as on a level with others: "The elders who are among you I exhort, who am also an elder." (1 Peter v. 1.) An *elder*, not a Pontiff!

Then though Peter was most likely at Rome with St. Paul, it is clear that he was never Bishop of Rome. The apostles did not appoint themselves bishops, but others; Timothy and Titus, for instance. Linus was the first Bishop of Rome, and then Clemens. The latter has published several letters which we now have; but they do not give a hint at his having the lead over other bishops.

There is another remarkable point. Eusebius is the only historian of the first three centuries. He details all the proceedings of the various churches of Christ, but there is not a word said of any superiority of the Bishops of Rome. It was never dreamt of; nor indeed was it ever established till the beginning of the seventh century, when the Bishop of Rome was declared Universal Bishop, by the Emperor.

The Papists are apt to taunt us and ask, where our religion was before Luther? But we can reply, our religion was in Britain before the bishops of Rome became Popes, and claimed a supremacy over the whole Christian world. For it is a fact, that when

Pope Gregory the Great, as he is called, sent over his missionaries to England, the Christians there refused to become subject to the Pope. They owed him, they said, the homage of Christian love, but the Bishop of Caerleon (in Wales) was their spiritual Head.

It is true that the Pope, by degrees, got a footing in some parts of England, less enlightened, but it is a fact that there were many, and especially in Wales, who discovered the cloven foot, and refused their submission to Rome. And the same was the case in Ireland: as history clearly proves.

Thus we see that the pretensions of the Pope of Rome to supremacy have no authority from Scripture, are not recognised in the first centuries, and were only established in the seventh century. And yet the whole of Popery stands or falls upon this foundation,—the "Pope's Supremacy!" What must we say, then, of a system proved to be so rotten at the very root?

Thank God, we have the Bible on our side for all we are called upon to believe and embrace; and it is our privilege to bring all to "the law and to the testimony."

The Pope will soon get the upper hand of our beloved Queen if he is permitted to go on with his present movement amongst us. He fancies he has power to depose sovereigns at his will; and therefore we may well rise from the Land's End to John o'Groats to resist his attack on England, and to keep far away from us his Cardinals and his Jesuits.

And not only do the Popes take to themselves this power in church matters over all the world, but they have never scrupled, when they could do it, and when it suited their purpose, to overthrow even kings and queens.

The picture at the head of this paper represents Pope Celestine III. kicking the crown off the head of Henry VI. while kneeling before him. And this the Pope did on purpose to shew his power to make and unmake kings. This was in the year 1191.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

George E—— was in our Sunday School for six years, and was called to his rest a few weeks since, aged 13 years. Of all the boys, he was the best. His whole life, for some time past, has been devoted to the service of God. He was most diligent in fulfilling all the duties of life; and after the labour of the day was over, which was oftentimes very long, and he much fatigued by it, (as he was by no means a strong child,) he would reach down his Bible and read a portion; for "his delight" seemed to be "in the law of the Lord." He was also full of love to the souls of others, and shewed a deep and heartfelt interest in their welfare; for many persons that stood around his dying bed,

said to me, "He has often come and invited us to go with him to the house of God, and ever tried to persuade us to send our children to the Sunday-school. His love to and diligent attendance on the means of grace, was most remarkable; he appeared to possess an inward delight in prayer and praise, and hearing the word preached or read.

At the school he paid the most diligent attention to the instructions of his teacher, and was never known to be absent except through illness. There was no forwardness manifested in his conduct, but very great humility and simplicity. He was kind and affectionate to all, and beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. I am not going to say that he was perfect, but I do say, that the fruits of righteousness abounded in him, and manifestly shewed that he was born from above.

We now come to the last few days of his life, which may be pre-judged of, from what has already been said. He lived the the life of the righteous, and, as the sure consequence, he died the death of the righteous—his end was peace; and I am not going to put any gloss upon the event, but relate the manner in which this young servant of Jesus finished his course, as I myself witnessed it.

He was seized with inflammation in the bowels, which ended fatally, after much suffering and pain, six days after he was taken

ill. I saw him several times during his illness, and a true pleasure it was to me; and the lesson I there learned, I hope one never to be forgotten. Patience and resignation pervaded his soul, and true and heavenly peace reigned within—a peace built upon Jesus as its only foundation; and a humble and simple reliance upon Jesus as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. He could not only say, "Jesus has died," but he also realized that he died for *him*. He had heard the love of Jesus proclaimed by his teacher, and had been led by divine grace to give himself up to Jesus, and to serve him. "It was there," said he, alluding to the Sunday school, "I got my good."

To his minister he also said, "Thank God for the Sabbath-schools. I am indebted to the instructions I there received, under God, for all the comfort I am now enjoying." There he learned the way of salvation, by faith in the crucified Redeemer, which was all his confidence and joy in his dying hour. "Praised be the Lamb," said he, "I am not afraid to die, it is but to go to Jesus, where we shall meet to part no more."

On entering his room, two days before he died, he said—"The doctor says I shall never be any better." I looked anxiously upon him to see what effect might be produced by it, but all was peace. He looked forward to his end with solemn feelings, knowing such a time, and was full of hope

and joy with the prospect beyond, saying, "I would rather die than live, if such be the will of God."

His poor and aged mother stood by his bedside weeping. "Mother," he said, "do not weep for me: I hope we shall meet again hereafter."

I sat looking upon him as he lay dying; and his mother, with an overflowing heart, was telling me of his good and pious conduct, and of his kind and dutiful behaviour towards her, and how they were looking forward to him as the joy and comfort of their old age. He opened his eyes, and looking up to her, said, "Mother, the Lord looketh at the heart."

On another occasion when his mother was weeping, he said, "Mother, instead of shedding tears of sorrow you ought to be shedding tears of joy; I *am* happy, and I am *going* to be happy." When his teacher asked what message he should leave for the boys in his class, he said, "Tell them to seek for grace, that they may have a good hope of a glorious resurrection, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." To those of his school-fellows who visited him he spoke with tenderness and love, beseeching them, from his own sudden and youthful end, to attend to the salvation of their souls while time and opportunity was given them; entreating them not to neglect the means of grace and their teacher's instructions, as they had been so

blessed to his own soul, but to seek to know and do their heavenly Father's will. To his parents he spoke with affectionate love, exhorting them to cleave unto the Lord, and comforting them with the hope of a happy re-union in heaven; and to some very aged friends who came to see him he spoke in a manner which surprised all who heard him, entreating them to consider their latter end, and to give themselves up to Jesus, that so they might have peace at the last. A few hours before he departed he desired those standing around his bed to sing the hymn, beginning,

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home."

I saw him no more alive, but those who were with him told me that his sufferings were great. He was engaged in prayer most of the night, and it was in the spirit of prayer that he resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, at half-past three o'clock in the morning of the fourth of April.

As I gazed upon his poor corruptible body, my thoughts were carried to that time when "those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

What a blessed testimony does this event bear to the truth of that religion which we profess! for it proved to him a solace and comfort under the trials of life, and an unfailing consolation and support in his dying

hour. What an encouragement to Sunday-school teachers: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good!"

Should this little narrative fall into the hands of any Sunday-school children, my young friends, it has a voice to you. You see what divine grace did for George E—— through means of the Sabbath-school. Has it done the same for you? Has it led you to Jesus for pardon and peace? Have you learnt there to love that Saviour of whom you so often hear? He, being dead, yet speaks to you by these words: Improve your present privileges; for soon, like him, perhaps you may be called upon, and that suddenly, to give an account of them.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

SARAH EDWARDS.

SARAH EDWARDS was born in Wigan, on the 18th of June, 1835. I believe that soon after she was five years old, she experienced that change of heart which our Saviour has said we must all have before we can enter the kingdom of heaven. She greatly delighted in going to the house of God, and reading his word: the hour of going to the Sunday-school she looked forward to with delight, often wishing the

clock would go faster. The first time she took any notice of a sermon, the text was Matt. xi. 29; a good deal was said of the "Rest for the people of God." She fixed her eyes upon the minister for a long time, and then, turning round to me, asked in great earnest, "Mamma, where is this rest?" On my telling her, she said, "Oh, I thought there was no rest on earth."

In the cause of missions she was very zealous: no heart could resist her pleas to remember the poor blacks, and help us to send them more Bibles. A gentleman once gave her two shillings and sixpence, which

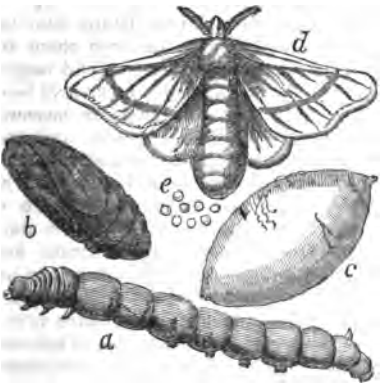
was the largest sum she had ever had from one person at once. She asked, "Are you in earnest?" and being assured he was, tears started to her eyes, and she danced for joy, counting how many it would buy.

One time, having been rather naughty at table, and being told what a sin it was to be naughty over the good things which God had given us, she came down from the chair in a moment, went on her knees, and cried, "O Lord, change my heart." Often during the day would she say, "Come, mamma, talk to me about God and heaven." She was very much afraid of breaking the Sabbath, asking, "will God be angry if I do this or that?" nor did sin in any shape go unreproved in her presence; nor did she care who or what the persons were, she would boldly tell them of it, and also, if they persisted in it, they would go to the pit. Often, under the lash of her simple words, have I felt my own littleness, and been led to exclaim, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." She greatly lamented the state of those of her friends whom she knew to be living far from God; often praying that the Lord would change their hearts, and not let them die until their sins were forgiven. She frequently retired to pray in private, and returning, would say, "O mamma, I am so happy I don't know what to do; come, let us talk about Jesus!" and I can with confidence say, although she suffered so much and so long, I never heard her complain; and if any one spoke to her of the affliction she laboured under, her invariable answer was, "God knows best;" or, "there will be no pain in heaven."

Her last illness was short, but very severe; she bore it with great patience; she was never heard to murmur; but always endeavoured to hide her sufferings, for fear her friends should grieve on that account. If asked where her pain was, she appeared unwilling to acknowledge it, generally saying, "Come, sing, or read, and I shall be better soon; and, if I am not, what God does is right; you do not know what God intends by this, but I am sure he means some good." On my asking her if she should go to heaven if she died, her answer was, "O yes, I am sure." "And why do you think so? Do you think you have been very good?" She answered, "O no, but Jesus Christ has died for me, and I know he will take me to heaven, if I give him my whole heart." One night she was so ill that the doctors thought she could not live till morning, and on being told what they said, she appeared quite resigned; saying, "Don't grieve, mamma, you know doctors are but men—they cannot be sure—they don't know what God can do; if we pray earnestly to him, perhaps he may spare me a little longer."

On asking her if she was pleased with the prospect of recovery she answered, "Yes, I should like to stay a little longer;" but immediately added, "No, mamma, which pleases God, is best; you can come, and papa, and dada, and all of you." On Sunday there was a great change for the worse; she was seized in the night

with convulsions. Towards morning she called aloud for those of the family who had retired to another room; and told them she was dying and going to heaven, and begged them to follow her, saying, "O, do love God! don't go to the pit; do come to heaven." She then desired her aunt to pray, and with her little hands clasped, seemed to follow her in earnest prayer; she then desired me to take her up and let us sing; which we did, and her sweet voice was heard above us all. On finishing that beautiful little hymn, beginning "Here we suffer grief and pain," she looked on us all with such love and joy beaming in her countenance as cannot be described, but will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; her heart seemed too full of happiness for words. She then pointed upwards, and smiling, said, "Oh! mamma, don't ask me to have anything more, for I have got all I want; all, all. I am so happy, so very happy; O! how soon will the Lord come? don't you think he will come soon?" After this she spoke but little: sometimes, pointing up, she would ask, "Do you hear that music?" or, "How soon will the Lord come?" On being asked, "Are you still happy?" she answered, "Yes, quite, quite happy!" In this way she continued till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when her happy spirit took its flight, to be for ever with the Lord, on the first of April, 1844.



SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

VII.—SILK WORMS.

It seems wonderful that such insignificant little things as silk worms should occupy so important a place in the history of manufactures and civilization. From the earliest times known, silk was used as a clothing by the Chinese, by the poor as well as the rich. Silk worms were preserved and tended with great

[a] Silk worm or caterpillar.
[b] Chrysalis.
[c] Cocoon of silk enclosing the chrysalis.
[d] Silk worm moth.
[e] Eggs.

care, and a great quantity of mulberry trees were planted, as it was discovered that those who fed on mulberry leaves produced a finer kind of silk than the wild worms of the forest. All silk goods were imported into Europe from China until the reign of the Emperor Justinian. It was with considerable hazard and difficulty that the caravans of merchants could bring them across the vast deserts, where they were in danger of being plundered by the Tartars; and when two monks, natives of Persia, who went to India as missionaries, made the discovery how silk was produced, and repaired to Constantinople to reveal their secret to the Emperor, he promised them a large reward if they would succeed in procuring him some of the eggs. They managed to do this at last, but not without great difficulty; for had they been discovered taking the eggs out of the country, it is very probable they would have been put to death. They concealed them in the hollow of a cane; the eggs produced worms, which, being fed with mulberry leaves, spun their silks, and laid more eggs, so that the number of worms rapidly increased. Large quantities of silk are now imported into this country from Turkey, as well as from Italy, Persia, India, and China.

The silk worm undergoes similar changes to the caterpillars. The egg is about the size of a mustard seed, rather yellow in colour. Escaping thence, it assumes the form of a worm, which feeds voraciously on mulberry leaves; changing its skin many times, until at the end of a month of this its caterpillar state its weight

has been multiplied many thousand-fold. It then looks out for a convenient place to spin its silken thread, and in the course of three or four days it is completely enveloped with a cocoon or silken wrapper, each cocoon producing on an average about three or four hundred yards, and being in size and shape somewhat like a pigeon's egg. When the worm has finished covering itself with its silken habitation, it passes into the larva state, in which it remains torpid from two to three weeks, at the end of which time it forces its way through the cocoon, and is then a moth or perfect insect.

But when the silk is wanted for commerce, the chrysalis is destroyed without being allowed to force its way through its silken abode; the cocoons are thrown into warm water, and the silk is reeled off. What a useful little creature the silk worm is! How industriously it spins its thread, and contributes by its labour to the comfort and convenience of man! God blesses us most bountifully. It is for *us* that the silk worm erects the walls of its little silken palace; for *us* that the cotton plants hang out their delicate tufts from the glossy dark-green leaves; for *us* that the hills are covered with verdure, and the valleys with corn—the love of our Father is traced on every page of nature—and in the mercies which daily encompass us on every side, we have repeated proofs of his unfailing providential care. J. H.

INNISKEA ISLANDS.

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

My dear Children,—I have been reading an account of the melancholy condition of the inhabitants of Inniskea Islands, which are situated about six miles west of the coast of Erris, in Ireland. Here, where the mighty waves of the Atlantic rise and swell, the grossest spiritual darkness prevails. "The people are a rude, uncivilized race, totally uneducated, and without the means of acquiring instruction in ought save the semi-barbarous usages and customs of their forefathers." Very seldom, and very short, have been the visits of the ministers of Jesus Christ amongst them. They have only, as it were, seen a few faint sparkles of the glorious light of the Gospel, which the intensity of the surrounding gloom well nigh quenched. And not only are they generally without the knowledge of the true God, but like the poor idolaters of distant countries, they worship a god, the *work of their own hands*. By profession they are members of the Roman Catholic Church, but they are very little acquainted with its doctrines. "In the south island, in the house of a man named Morigan, a stone idol, called in the Irish language 'Neeroga,' has been from time immemorial carefully and religiously preserved and worshipped." When the poor deluded people are in sickness or need, they implore the assistance of this god; and they believe it has power to awake the tempest, and calm the angry raging

of the sea." Those attributes, which belong alone to Jehovah, are by them ascribed to this senseless block of stone; and while nature, in its wild magnificence, is eloquent with the praises of that God *who is a spirit*, they change his truth into a lie, and worship and serve the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever.

Dear Children, I want you to feel interested in the deplorable condition of these poor Islanders. It is so very sad to think of their wretched case. We are accustomed to hear of the practice of idolatry in our colonies, and of the noble efforts of the missionary societies, who plant the standard of Emmanuel in distant lands; but here we have it nearer home, on the very shores of Ireland. O, therefore let us pray for Inniskea! Let us pray that God would open the hearts of his people to further the good work of sending Bibles there, and those who can explain to the people the truth as it is in Jesus, in their own tongue. It is the word of God which alone has power to cast down the strongholds of idolatry; and while we all have it in our homes, and are taught to read its sacred pages, let us not forget that there are many, not only of our fellow-creatures, but our *fellow-countrymen*, who are destitute of this precious treasure.

Perhaps some of you would like to become little collectors in this good work. I dare say many, if not *all* of your friends would gladly give you a penny, or a postage stamp each, and then, when you have collected as many as you can, if you send them to "Mrs. Inglis, Carling-

work House, Castle Douglas, N. B." she will gladly receive them for poor Inniskea. And if you *do*, dear Children, feel disposed to aid this cause, as far as you can—and God does not despise the *smallest* offering—then I pray that you may each one be blessed with that true and heavenly spirit of charity, which does *all* to the *glory of God*.

You are not too young to do something for the blessed Saviour; and those children alone are truly happy who turn to him with penitence and faith, and begin to walk in the narrow way to heaven, even in their earliest years. May he abundantly bless and direct you in all your ways.

Your affectionate Friend, J.H.

INTELLIGENCE.

South Africa.—Having commenced our journey, we arrived within a few days in sight of Rama. The first object that presented itself was a chapel, seventy feet by twenty-two, plastered and whitewashed inside and out, built by the people. We found that there were about fifty families, Griquas and Bushmen, at the place and in the neighbourhood. The native teacher is a man from Kat River, whom, with his wife, I had baptized about ten years ago. This man seemed to be doing his work most efficiently. . . .

Mr. Hughes and family overtook us on Thursday morning, and about one o'clock P.M. we arrived at Griqua Town. Here we were received with great kindness, and I met with some old acquaintances. We found things in a pleasing state, under our young brother Solomon. A church of 500 members, about 400 of them Bechuanas; a flourishing school; a superior Bible class of

young people, taught not only the doctrine of the Gospel, but Bible history, natural history, geography, astronomy, &c. In looking upon this people and place, I could not but admire the change to be seen, that had taken place since 1813, when the late Mr. Campbell and I visited them. They were then in the most miserable huts, and the missionaries, Anderson and Jones, occupying not much better—both men and women scarcely clothed, but in sheep-skins. . .

The Sabbath was a heavenly day to me. I saw, perhaps, nearly 400 members at the Lord's table, about 300 Bechuanas; and, considering the state in which Mr. Campbell and I found that people in 1813, as described in Mr. C.'s Travels, I could not but exclaim—"*What has God wrought!*" The Monday, also, was a very interesting day—the anniversary of the Auxiliary Missionary Society. It was found that the people had subscribed almost £100 for the Society, and engaged to increase the amount next year.

Among the Bechuanas present were several native teachers, including *Makamme* and *Sigonel*, who in their boyhood had been in my school at Kuruman. With the first mentioned the great awakening had commenced, as related in the communications of the late Mr. Wright, some years ago. It is an encouragement for us to sow by all waters—in the morning to sow our seed, and in the evening not to withold our hand; for we know not whether shall prosper this or that. God has promised his word shall not return void, however simple the means, or insignificant the instrument. The above awakening commenced on the Vaal River from these young men visiting Griqua Town, and spread through the country, even to the Kuruman, and has now extended over the whole country; so that the little seed has become a tree, many birds sheltering in its branches.

HYMN.

Oh God! the friend and guide
Of all that trust in thee,
There is no saving strength beside—
Do thou our guardian be.

Thy mercy multiply,
For we are weak and poor;
And must without thy presence die,
Without thy sovereign power.

Beneath a Saviour's rule
May we his word receive;
For he alone can lead us safe,
In him alone we live.

So may we pass in peace
Through every earthly scene;
Until its joys and sorrows cease,
And we the Lamb have seen.

Our Father, hear our prayer,
For Christ the Saviour's sake;
For us in heavenly pity care,
And may we all partake

The purchased bliss which waits
The ransomed of thy love,
When heaven unfolds its pearly gates,
To welcome them above. J. H.

J. FOSTER, PRINTER, KIRKBY LONSDALE.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 327. MARCH, 1851. Vol. 28.

POPERY.

NO. III.

FORBIDDING THE SCRIPTURES.

I dare say you are ready to ask, Is it possible that the Church of Rome, or any church calling itself Christian, can want to keep us from reading the Scriptures? Dear chil-

dren, I trust you have got to know something of their value and blessing, which may well lead you to ask such a question with surprise. And I think you know enough of what they say to feel quite sure that God never meant his blessed book to be kept away from any. I wonder what passages of Scripture you would bring forward to prove this. I know what passages are coming into my own mind on the subject. I can think of many in the Old Testament; how good Joshua read to all the people all that Moses had written; and how David had his meditation in the law of his God all the day; and Isaiah directs to the law and to the testimony as the only standard of appeal (Isa. viii. 20). But I chiefly want to notice what the New Testament says. And what must we think when we hear it stated that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," 2 Tim. iii. 16. And again: "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning; that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope," Rom. xv. 4. And what must we think of Christ's command: "Search the Scriptures?" and of his rebuke: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures?" Matt. xxii. 29; John v. 39. And what of Timothy? "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation," 2 Tim. iii. 15.

Surely if any are unable to understand the Scriptures, or are likely to make a wrong use of them, it must be children. And yet Timothy's acquaintance with the Scriptures from childhood is mentioned with approbation. I must only give you one more passage, but it is a very striking one. You know how the Papists regard St. Peter as above all the other Apostles, and as the head of Christ's church. Now when Peter was growing old, he wrote two epistles, or letters, which bear his name. They are addressed to Christians of all kinds, and in various places. Peter refers in them to the Holy Scriptures. He even names the bad use which some made of them. He admits that in his beloved brother Paul's writings there "are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction," 2 Pet. iii. 16. But he does not say that on this account the Scriptures are only to be given to some, and not to others. Not a word to this effect. On the contrary, he says expressly, in another part of the very same epistle, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts. Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation," 2 Pet. i. 19. Is it not clear from this, that we do well to

give heed to God's word, even though many may wrest and abuse it to their destruction? In fact, the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. The common blessings of nature are often abused, yet they are not on that account to be withheld. But after all, what is God's will in this respect, is the only point to consider,—and this is as clear as noon-day. As he would have all men to be saved, so he would have all men to come to the knowledge of the truth revealed in the Scriptures. He would have the Bible to be as free to all as the air we breathe.

But you will meet with some Papists who will tell you it is all false about the Bible not being allowed. The fact is, Popery is so cunning, that it suits itself to times, and places, and circumstances. In happy England, so full of light, and knowledge, and Bibles, they might as well try to put out the sun as keep the Bible from us; and therefore they do not attempt it. I admit that the Bible is often allowed to Papists in England. But you may depend upon it that the Bible is forbidden wherever it can be done. Why look in Ireland, where Popery prevails. Does not every one know how the priests labour to keep the Scriptures from the people? And is it not a fact that again and again the Holy Bible has been publicly burnt in Ireland? And will the Papists deny, that if they venture to receive a Bible, or to read it, they must con-

fess it to the priest the next time they go to him, who will enjoin some penance for so doing, and compel them to give up the Bible? Then see what is happening every day in Popish countries. At Florence, good Captain Pakenham sets to work to print the Scriptures, and his work is put an end to, and he is ordered to give up his house, and leave the country. Another friend of mine had given away several copies of the Bible in Italy; and some time after he called upon a priest whom he knew, and he showed him, on a table in his library, every copy that he had parted with. The fact was, the poor creatures who had received them had been compelled to own it to the priest in the confessional, and he had demanded all to be given up to him.

And only the other day a Mr. Hely's house was entered by the officers in Rome, and his property examined, and his Bible taken from him. One of the officers did not scruple to own that the Pope and his Cardinals were resolved to seize all Bibles wherever and with whomsoever found. Then the only Bible which the Papists will admit in any way, is their own version, so loaded with notes and comments, that it is swollen out to several large volumes, which sell for several pounds, and it is placed quite out of the reach of all but the wealthy.

But after all, the best way is to go from the practice of the Papists to their principles and rules. And if we find in the articles of

their religion that the Scriptures are forbidden to the people, articles still unchanged, and of binding authority on all the subjects of the Roman Church, then the matter is decided at once. Now as late as the year 1841 the Index of Prohibited Books, published by command of the Pope, states that "inasmuch as it is manifest, from experience, that if the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue, be indiscriminately allowed to every one, the temerity of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it, it is on this point referred to the judgment of the bishops or inquisitors, who may permit, &c. But if any one shall have the presumption to read or possess it without such permission, he shall not receive absolution until he have first delivered up such Bible to the ordinary."

Here then is the standing rule binding on the whole Romish Church. And well may they take the key of knowledge from the people, and hide the blessed light of Bible truth; for it is impossible that Popery can stand in the light of the Bible; and moreover, they must keep the Bible in the background, that the people may not discover what shameful liberties they take with the Bible. One of the most shameful is their practice of leaving out the second Commandment. This goes so directly against their worship of images, that they may well do what they can to get rid of it. They may say it is not so, but I say it is, wherever they dare

to do it. I have now before me Irish Catechisms, published by authority, and other documents, in all of which the second Commandment is either omitted altogether, or put in a short, disguised form, at the end of the first. I was told the other day that the Papists in and around Derby had the impudence to assert publicly that this was a false charge brought against them by the Protestants.

But I happen to have on my table a short Penny Catechism, published by Richardson, Derby, and revised by the Rev. Mr. Sing, by command of the noted Dr. Wiseman; and in looking into it, I see the second Commandment omitted altogether! Was there ever such dishonesty, such fearful sacrilege? Oh! keep close to your Bibles; value them more and more. Try all by this standard. And, above all, pray constantly that God's Holy Spirit may direct your hearts and open your eyes, that you may behold wondrous things out of God's law. W.

THE SNOW-STORM.

"Oh, it snows! it snows!" said William, as he rose from his bed and went to the window, and looked out upon the fields, which were white with the first snow that had fallen for the season. He dressed himself hastily, and came down to the breakfast-room, saying as he entered, "It snows, and I am glad. I hope it will snow all day, and keep on till it is over my head."

He wished to go out immediately and play in the snow, and was rather inclined to be displeased when his mother told him he must not go out till after breakfast and prayers.

His appetite for his breakfast was not very good, nor were his thoughts always where they should have been during the offering of the morning prayer. With one part of it he was not well pleased. It was a petition for an abatement of the storm in reference to the condition of those who had not the means of guarding themselves against its inclemency.

After prayers, he put on his great-coat, and tied down his pantaloons, and fastened the lappets of his cap over his ears, and put on his mittens, and went out into the storm.

The snow was falling fast, and the wind blew fiercely, throwing it into heaps. Into these William plunged, sometimes sinking up to his arms. When he had been out about half an hour plunging and rolling in the snow, his mother thought it was best for him to come in, and accordingly called him. He started immediately, but took occasion on the way to roll over several times, in order that as much snow might adhere to his clothes as possible. He thought he looked well when he came in, white with the snow, and stood before the fire.

His mother did not happen to come into the room till it was nearly all melted, and in consequence his clothes were almost as

wet as if he had been out into the river. She reproved him for his folly, made him change his clothes, and told him he must not go out again that forenoon.

After he had changed his clothes, he took his station by the window, and watched the falling and driving snow, earnestly desiring to sound the banks which were forming in an eddy caused by the position of the house and the wood-shed.

The time passed slowly; he began to think that his mother was unjust in keeping him in for wetting his clothes, and foolish in thinking his wet clothes would do him any harm. As he stood indulging these thoughts, which were just as bad in the sight of God as if he had spoken them, the sun suddenly shone out, and the storm appeared to be about to cease.

"Oh dear," said he, "I am afraid it is going to stop snowing."

"I hope it is," said his mother. "There is snow enough for good sleighing."*

William was almost angry with his mother for expressing a desire that the storm should cease. He contented himself by saying to himself, "I hope it will not stop." He was not aware that by so doing he was guilty of the sin of disrespect towards his mother.

"Our wishes will not make any difference with respect to the continuance of the storm," said his mother.

* Sleighs are used in America, that slide along on the snow and frozen ground.

"I know it," said William; and if we could have looked into his heart we should have seen that he was a little vexed with the good Lord because his wishes were not consulted in the matter.

His father came in at this moment, and saw from the expression of his son's countenance that he was somewhat out of humour.

"What is the matter, my son?" said he.

"It is going to stop snowing," said William, in a tone which one would naturally use in describing an injury received.

"You regard it as a great calamity, do you?"

"I do not want it to stop."

"Why not?"

"I want the snow deeper to play in."

"You would have the Lord change his plans to suit your fancy, I suppose?"

William felt the rebuke and was silent, though he was not convinced of his sin and folly.

In about an hour William's father had his horse and sleigh brought to the door, and told his son that he might ride with him. He drove to the outskirts of the village, and stopped before a lonely hut.

"What are you going to stop here for, father?"

"I have business here."

William wondered what business he could have in such a house. They entered. On a bed in one corner of the only room in the house there was a sick woman, who had her knitting in her hands.

There were openings and cracks in the walls, through which the snow had blown in great quantities. There was quite a little heap at the foot of the bed. The poor woman was suffering from a paralysis of her lower limbs, and hence could not remove the snow.

There were a few sticks of green wood in the huge fire-place; they smoked, but not burn. The room was very cold. The water-pail that stood on a table in the middle of the room was frozen over hard.

"Where is John?" said William's father.

"I sent him to the shop to get a little meal for breakfast."

"Have not they had any breakfast yet?" whispered William to his father

"He was ill yesterday," said the woman; "so ill that he could not hold up his head, but he is better to-day. I did not dare to

let him go out till the storm was over. I hope he will be back soon. I managed to get a pair of stockings done, and I told him to take them to Mr. Brown, and tell him to let us have as much meal as he thought they were worth."

While she was yet speaking, John came in. He was not much older than William. He was pale and thin, and his face was almost blue with the cold. He had a small tin pail filled with meal; he was about to mix some of it with water before he attempted to warm himself. The truth was, he was suffering more from hunger than from cold.

William's father went out to the sleigh and brought in a basket which William had not noticed. It contained some bread and cold meat, and some tea and sugar. He gave John a piece of bread and meat, and he ate it eagerly. He then went to his sleigh again, and brought in a board that covered the sleigh-box or seat, and split it up, and by that means caused the green wood to burn. After giving John some directions, and offering some words of encouragement and consolation to the sick woman, he took his leave.

The ride home was a silent one. William asked no questions, and his father thought it best to leave him to his own thoughts.

Just as they reached the house, he said to his son, "It would have been better to have had the storm continue all day, would it?"

"No, father," said William, promptly, but with a feeling of shame.

"Why not? You would have had deeper snow to play in."

"Yes, father, but when I said I wished it to keep on snowing, I did not think how it might affect other folks."

"I hope you will remember the lesson you have learned this morning."

EASTERN COSTUME.

As the dress of the ancient Jews, and indeed that worn at the present day by many of the inhabitants of Eastern countries, differs so entirely from that of Europeans of all ages, a description of the former may not be uninteresting to my young readers, particularly as you will then better understand several passages of Scripture, the full meaning and force of which is not so clear when we are ignorant of prevailing Eastern manners and customs.

The principal articles of dress worn both by the rich and poor, were a close-bodied frock, or inner garment, called a tunic, and the *hyke*, which was an oblong piece of cloth, square at the corners, having a hem or border all round. It was something like the plaid of a Scotch highlander, about five yards long, by five feet wide; and served for their dress by day, and to sleep in at night, as the Israelites did in their journey through the

wilderness, when we find this command given to them: "If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down. For that is his covering only; it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep?"

Those living in the East, generally speaking, of whatever rank, do not undress at night; they merely throw off their outer and looser robes, and unwind their turbans, &c. The common people very often do not sleep in what we should call a bed, but they are quite contented with making their cloaks or waistcloths serve for a bed, lying on one of the two, and covering themselves with the other; or else making the cloak or girdle alone serve their purpose.

This cloak or coat was no doubt that garment worn by our Saviour, which is spoken of as being "without seam, woven from the top throughout." In general, these cloaks were made with a seam down the back, but this, except in the finest sorts, was conspicuous and unsightly; and therefore when they were of one piece, they were considered of greater value. Some of these garments were very light and fine, with embroidery in silk, silver, or gold, on the breast and between the shoulders; but the common sort were coarse and heavy, commonly with alternate stripes, a foot wide, of blue and white, or brown and white, but frequently all black or brown. That of John the Baptist "was of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins."

On ordinary occasions, the hyke was worn loosely over them, but when preparing for any work in which they were required to exert their strength by the use of their arm, they removed the heavy folds of this dress, and remained in the tunic. This custom will explain such passages as the following: "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm;" that is, He hath showed and put forth his great power, which for a long time seemed to be hid and unemployed; and another verse says, "To whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" that is, Who observes that he is about to exert his power? These prophecies relate to that Gospel so soon to be taught and spread abroad among the people; and doubtless contained allusions to customs familiar to every Jew, that the precepts they were designed to teach might be in a manner forced upon them; for Jesus said of them, "This people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them." Though they saw plainly the miracles performed by our blessed Saviour, yet would they not believe that he was "the Son of God;" how much less, then, would they regard what was not yet come to pass, but was spoken of by the prophets as things that should be hereafter.

But to return to our former subject; when

the outer garment was thrown off, the persons were said to be "naked," though they wore the tunic. "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day, and all that night," 1 Sam. ix. 14. (*See*, also, Isa. xx. 2; Mic. i. 8.) It was the outer garment that our blessed Lord laid aside, when, the evening before his crucifixion, he gave that remarkable instance of his love for his Apostles, by washing their feet; thus giving to them, and to us, an example of great humility, and of love unfeigned. John xiii. 1, 2.

The girdle was another important article of dress, worn by Jews of all ranks; the size, richness, and fineness of which marks the dignity of the wearer. These were generally made of muslin, white or coloured, and were often richly embroidered, and ornamented with gold, silver, or coloured silk. They were of an enormous length, but not very wide, and were folded several times round the body. The fashion of wearing the girdle varies in different parts; in some countries we find it folded wide upon the waist, while in others it is worn in a thick narrow mass. One end was generally sewn up so as to make a purse, or small pocket. It is customary in the East for persons, when travelling, to sew up the money they do not immediately require in their girdle, which enables them to conceal their money better than they otherwise could from any dis-

honest persons with whom they may become acquainted; and they are likewise more secure from robbery and theft, to which an Eastern traveller is constantly exposed.

The principal use, however, of the girdle, was to fasten up the loose outer dress, which was done when setting out on a journey, or when they were actually employed. This explains our Saviour's expression: "Let your loins be girded about;" which signifies, —Be always ready to perform any duty to which you may be called. Thus Elijah girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab; 1 Kings xviii. 46: and thus Elisha, urging Gehazi to make haste, bid him "gird up his loins and go," 2 Kings iv. 29.

I said before that girdles were often richly embroidered, and they were on this account an important article of traffic. Solomon, speaking of a virtuous woman, saith, "She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant."

In Exodus xxiv. 5, we have an account of Aaron's girdle, "the girdle of needlework," which was a piece of fine twined linen, embroidered with blue, purple, and scarlet, and which being wound twice round the body, was fastened in front, and the ends allowed to hang down to the feet, on common occasions; but when officiating at the altar, the priest turned them over his left shoulder. The prophet Elijah, and John the Baptist, who were particularly required not to conform to the ways of the world, are described

as wearing leathern girdles, that is, girdles of the commonest kind, altogether unornamented.

One other verse I must mention:—St. Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth." This is a figurative allusion to the military girdle, and is meant to express, that godly sincerity affords both ornament and strength to the Christian, as the girdle does to the soldier.

Besides the tunic, the hyke, and the girdle, loose trowsers were worn both by men and women. But you will ask, what covering had they for their heads? did they wear hats and bonnets as every one does in this country? No, my young readers, the ancient Jews, and Turks, and Arabians, and indeed almost all the inhabitants of hot countries, even to the present day, wear what is called a turban, and which is, in fact, a long and large bandage, which goes round the head in many folds, till it is often a very large size. These turbans, which were made of muslin, or of rich stuffs, were worn much ornamented by the women, and are probably the bonnets mentioned by Isaiah, iii. 20. In addition to the turban, the women wore long veils when they appeared in public. These were not loose, like veils now worn, but were fastened by bands to the head, but did not cover the eyes, and descended nearly to the feet. The Apostle Paul, in writing to the Christians at Corinth,

blames the women who appeared in the House of God with their heads uncovered; 1 Cor. ii. 5.

In former days people did not wear shoes and stockings as we do now, but only a sandal, which is like the sole of a shoe, tied on the foot with some tape, or other fastening. This was pulled off on entering a holy place, or on coming into the presence of a king or great person. (See Exod. iii. 5; Josh. v. 15.)

It was always the custom when a guest arrived, that the servants should take off his sandals, and wash his feet; this being the only covering on the feet, it will easily be supposed that they would feel very uncomfortable after walking any distance. Thus Abraham said unto the three men, who came unto him to warn him of the destruction that should come upon Sodom and Gomorrah, "Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree." This service was in general performed by the lowest servants, and was a mark of great humility on the part of the master of a family, if he did it himself, as well as a great honour to the person whose feet he washed.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

INSECT MELODY.

How pleasant is the hum of insects as they spread their wings upon the air, and rejoice in the light

of day! In some instances it is so soft and low that it can scarcely be heard, and yet it produces an harmonious effect upon the air, making it so musical that our hearts are filled with happiness and joy. Those who live in the country, and keep bees, are never at a loss for this insect melody. The busy hum of their little choir, when the summer skies are blue, is for ever singing sweet songs of music to the flowers. The humming of bees is partly produced by the action of the air on their wings when in motion; and the clear sharp hum in a hive, just before it sends forth a swarm, and which is seemingly the vibration of the wings of a single bee, is probably produced by the young queen, who is about to form a colony with one division of the hive. You know what crickets are. You have heard them chirping by the cheerful winter fire; and although taken by itself, the sound they make may not be considered a pleasant and harmonious one, yet, so bright to you are the associations connected with it, that you love the merry noise, reminding you, as it does, of the dear and kind friends who love you, and whose desire for your happiness made those long, dark, winter evenings pass so joyously.

The chirp of the home cricket, as well as the field cricket, or grasshopper, is produced by the friction of the bases of the wing cases against each other; but these insects are also provided with little drums, covered with membranes, by the aid of which they do their parts in swelling the mighty chorus of praise which ascends from multitudes of tiny creatures unto the ear of the Everlasting Father.

The chirp of the grasshopper, although harsh and shrill, is one which it is pleasant to hear

when we are walking in the fields on a summer's evening. Those joyous little things, springing about in the long grass, are full of mirth and gladness. God makes them happy; and by their merry sounds they show their gratitude and love.

Love is the "soul of song;" the soul of the chime of waves, and the rush of winds; and the soul of that song which the insects sing to the dew-drops as they fringe their wings with spangles, flashing like diamonds in the beautiful light of heaven. The fluttering butterfly is a thing of love, whispering soft sounds, and making music in stillness: and there is love in the hum of gnats, as they sing their pensive strains on the sultry air of summer.

But insects have the power of making audible their anger and fear as well as their love. The fly utters its terror by a peculiar screaming buzz when it is in the grasp of its deadly enemy, the spider; and well it may, poor little thing, if it has an instinctive knowledge of the dreadful fate awaiting it! The same passion in different degrees is expressed by the unwonted creaking of various beetles when caught or molested; and the humble-bee, when imprisoned in the hand, titters a sharp impatient scold. The sounds of some insects may probably be the lowest sounds perceptible to human ears; but they are all beautiful in the melody of love, in which Nature ascribes her praise unto Him who is himself love! Angels may listen to harmonies which we cannot hear, as they look down with glorious eyes upon the gay little creatures which open their wings of gauze upon the light. Choral strains of worship may swell upon their ear from the insect multitudes, which not only sing their songs in the day-time, but chaunt to the moon-

beams when the stars look down upon them with sparkling lustre from on high.

God has endowed the insects with capacities of happiness, and his boundless love is continually satisfying those capacities. He made the harps of nature, and he has taught the innumerable tribes of those little creatures to play upon their strings. They sing together with the voices of the sea, and the dash of the cataract, and the music of the leaf; and God is well pleased when creation ascribes to Him its praise.

J. H.

INTELLIGENCE.

MADRAS.

"*Madras*, 10*th June*, 1850.—You will rejoice to hear that the Lord, after a season of long drought, has again visited our mission. The young man Moodookrishnan was received into the mission-house on the 29th May. He had been repeatedly sent back to his house by Mr. Braidwood and me, that he might suffer for Christ, and show what spirit he was of. He refused to put on the heathen mark, or *námum*, which the followers of Vishnu and Siva wear on their foreheads. They reasoned, and threatened, and promised, and used all means to change his mind, without success.

"On hearing that he had gone to the house of one of our teachers, they put him into chains, tore his Bible before his face, and sent for Catheravayloo, a Hindu, who has for years been mocking missionaries and their converts, to the great amusement of ignorant idolaters. He resisted all this man's buffoonery, and the con-

temptuous language which was plentifully poured upon him. He gave himself to prayer, the refuge of the afflicted; and he cried not in vain, for the Lord strengthened his soul by the very means taken to destroy it. As the church, without ceasing, made prayer for Peter when chained and in prison, so we all waited on God for this young Hindu.

"After ten days the chains were taken off: some of his relatives were coming to the house about a marriage, and the father and others felt the disgrace of having Moodookrishnan in chains at such a time. One of the females also pitied him, and told a lie to induce them to set him free. He himself, after being put into chains, had told some of his relatives that he would not return to Christianity, and remained quiet when they rubbed the mark on his face. After he had made his escape, he felt the sin of his compliance, and the first night, after lying down to sleep at my bedside, he started up, and said with excitement, 'There is one thing which I did not tell you;' and then he related what is stated above. The first night he came he was greatly excited, like a timid bird panting after having escaped from the pursuit of a deadly hawk. A Christian friend, who was present when he was examined in the presence of Mr. Braidwood, Mr. Hislop, and our native preachers, and heard him give thanks for his deliverance, said, he resembled a ship tossing to and fro in a storm. Yes, we thought; but it is a ship with an anchor. His mind again and again laid hold of God, 'the eternal God;' and he cleaved to a Saviour 'truly God,' and feelingly implored the presence of 'the Spirit,' to make his mind 'firm' to stand all trials. My colleagues and myself

felt that the path was made plain, and we had no hesitation in receiving him. It was now about ten o'clock, P. M. Moodookrishnan sat down to supper with myself and ten native brethren who live with me. He joyfully broke caste, and we all ate our food with gladness and singleness of heart.

"The pupils assembled as usual on Thursday, and all was quiet till a little before twelve, when the father and some of his relatives came to the mission-house. They offered no violence. The father and another relative only were admitted. He wished instantly to lay hold of his son; but we would not permit him to use force, as the son had fled to us for protection. He was told to reason with his son. And when he found that his son stood as firm as a rock, expecting and firmly believing that to go with his father was to go to hell, the father beat violently on his head and belly, and uttered most piercing shrieks, and made some of the tenderest appeals a Hindu father can make. After this burst of feeling, he went away, cursing his son, and spitting at him with contempt.

"Moodookrishnan has gone on most simply. His face beams with joy, as if he had heard the Saviour's voice sounding in his heart, 'My son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.' His purpose seems fixed to cleave to Christ and his people. He is a Telugu, and possesses an active and ardent mind. Already he prays that he may have strength and wisdom from God to preach the gospel in the streets, and that his soul might be taken from his body rather than that he should go back to heathenism."

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 328. APRIL, 1851. Vol. 28

POPERY.

NO. IV.

IMAGE WORSHIP.

You know I told you in my last paper, that

the Papists make sad work with the second commandment. Often, they only put parts of it at the end of the first commandment, so as quite to hide, if not change, its own meaning, and very often they leave it out altogether. And well they may; for the worship they pay to images could never stand in the face of God's plain and binding law. They will tell you, indeed, that we wrong them when we say they worship an image; and they will speak of different kinds and degrees of worship, and say, they do not worship an image as they do God; but only look at it with reverence, as a means and help to lead them to God. But all this is not the case. It is very true that there may be some Roman Catholics who act in this way, but the great mass of them do not; and what is more, their standing articles, as well as prayers and forms of worship, do all that can be done to uphold image worship. In their churches we see constantly images of the Virgin Mary, as large as life, and hundreds of persons kneeling before them. I have often seen them go up to the image and kiss it; and many of their prayers are addressed to the Virgin, and what is this but worship? Who can hear our prayers but God? Is there not something awful, when you come to think of it, in putting any created being, however good, in the place of God, who alone has power to hear and answer prayer? Yet Papists, both in public and private, pray as much and as

earnestly to the Virgin as they do to the God of heaven, or to Christ the Saviour!

And many of their prayers to the Virgin are very dreadful; for they look to her, not only as a great favourite with her Son, and as such likely to obtain his favour, but they tell her to *command* her Son, as if she was his superior; and, what is as awfully bad, as if he were unwilling of himself to show grace and mercy to every poor sinner that turns to him.

Now don't you think that the whole question of praying to the Virgin, or to other departed saints, as they do in the Romish Church, all the world over, comes to this:—either the Virgin and the saints can hear all the prayers that are offered up to them in different parts of the world at the same time, or they cannot. If they can, then they are just like God; they have the same omnipresence and the same omnipotence, for nothing less can hear and answer all the different prayers that are offered up to them at the same moment: some in Europe—some in America—and some in Asia and Africa. Who but God can do this!

But if they cannot do this, then where is the use of praying to them? Would it not do just as much good to pray, as the heathen do, to stocks and stones? Is not their cry as unmeaning as that of the idolators of old, "O Baal, hear us?" and does not this bring the Papists at once into the condition of idolators, and make them altogether offenders against the second commandment?

Nothing can be plainer than this; and we can only account for so many sensible persons worshipping the Virgin Mary and other saints, on the ground that they are "under a strong delusion to believe a lie." How plain it is to us, who have free access to the Scriptures, that there is "only one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;" who "ever liveth to make intercession for us, and is therefore able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him:" able, indeed, without the help or interference of any other being! And as willing as he is able. What an offence it must be to the kind Saviour to doubt either his power or his will, which they most clearly do who think it needful to get any other creature to work upon him and persuade him.

As it respects the Virgin Mary, have you never been struck with the very remarkable manner in which Christ seemed to make it impossible, one would have thought, to have treated her with such homage as belongs only to God? Why very early, he gave a gentle but significant rebuke to his mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Then again, when he was told that his mother stood without, desiring to speak to him, did he put them all aside, and make everything give way to his mother? Far from it. He took the opportunity to declare that whosoever should do the will of God was, in the only endearing sense to him, spiritually, a brother, and sister, and mother.

Then at another time, we do not wonder that some should exclaim, when they saw his mighty works, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that gave thee suck." But what does Christ reply? "Yea rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

There is something, indeed, very striking in these passages of Scripture. And, certainly, they must leave the Papists without excuse. But, alas! in their awful blindness they not only worship the Virgin and the saints, but even the cross and relics.

Let us, my dear young readers, be thankful that we have an all-sufficient Saviour, who is both able and willing to do all we need: able to make all grace abound to us, and willing to supply all our wants; whose voice ever calls to us in his written word, "Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely."

W.

EXTRACT OF SERMON,

OF

REV. G. T. WARNER, OF HARROW,

ON THE

Death of the Hon. A. F. P. Ashley.

"For this sense of the need of forgiveness God waits. This is absolutely necessary to every one who would repent, that is, turn to his God that he may live. How touchingly have I seen this exemplified in him, who

three Sundays ago was sitting here amongst you, but now 'sitteth in heavenly places with Christ.' At the early age of sixteen, after a singularly blameless childhood, bearing a good report from home to his first school; from that to this; living without reproach amongst us, as we all know, and as I dare not trust myself particularly to describe; he is suddenly called to a bed of sickness, which he believed would be his bed of death. He does not say, 'I have done no harm to any one I have done good to many; I have pleased and obeyed my instructors; I have pitied the poor; I have not blasphemed; I have reverenced—I have even loved my God.' He says nothing of this kind. He sends for a book, which he had used in health, in which the passages of Scriptural doctrine, commandment, and promise, are arranged in chapters; and anxious to have these, not scattered, but condensed rays of pardoning light shining on his soul, he says to his attendant, 'Read to me about the forgiveness of sins.' The forgiveness of sins! how powerful a rebuke to the self-righteousness of many!

"It was because the Scriptures spoke of the forgiveness of sins through the Son of God, that our departed friend had peace in his death. For when the twenty-second chapter of Revelation had been read to him, he said to his mother, 'Oh: the joys of heaven seem too intense and glorious for such an one as I am; and when, in reference

to this anxiety, a minister of Christ reminded him of the words in the seventh chapter of the Revelation of St. John, which describe the inheritors of that holy kingdom, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God;' he heard of the blood—the rebukes of conscience were silenced; the rising trouble of his heart passed away, and his soul returned to its rest.

"On one occasion, in his illness, when the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians was being read to him, he asked that the 17th and 18th verses might be read twice: 'If while we seek to be justified by Christ we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid; for if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor.' You see how his soul longed after holiness, dreaded to abuse the justifying grace of Christ. He cast himself on the Almighty One for the sanctifying grace of life. Hence, in choosing a hymn to be especially read to him, he chose 'A Litany to the Holy Spirit,' in which each of five consecutive stanzas terminates with the prayer, 'Blest Spirit, comfort me.' And may I not add, that a general conformity in his whole conduct to the will of God, during his life, speaks to us of those good works, which the baptism of the Spirit had wrought in him, but of which

he when dying made no mention. Naturally reserved in the communication of his own feelings, he was more so with reference to the emotions of his soul. But his life spoke enough to his family and to all who knew him. Towards his instructors he was orderly and diligent in the discharge of his duty; and not only so, but grateful for their teaching, and affectionate in his esteem of them. Towards his equals and companions he was patient under injuries, doing good for evil, not morosely separating himself from their company; cheerful, but not frivolous. Towards those younger and lower than himself he was invariably kind and considerate. For the poor, whom he deeply pitied, he was wont, when occasion offered, to labour, visiting them in their homes and schools, and always showing a lively and patient interest in the works of his distinguished father for their temporal or spiritual relief. Toward his parents he so conducted himself that they can now describe him as their 'blameless and blessed child.' Towards his God, as I have had opportunity of observing, both at his confirmation and since, he showed the power of a sober-minded and holy fear, which guarded his lips, and preserved him amidst temptations. 'Whoso loveth me keepeth my words,' said Christ. The word of God he kept. He had read it largely and thoughtfully, and he gave touching evidence of his anxiety for the glory of God, and the happiness of his fellow-men. Only a few

days since, when mention was made of the probably near approach of the close of this dispensation, and of the opening of a brighter, he cried out, 'Oh! how glorious to think of the speedy termination of this wicked and miserable world.' In all these things we see 'the fruits of the Spirit,' the sufficient evidence that he had been 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'

"And now let me add a few more words for your own sakes. You have sympathized with him in his sickness; you offered your prayers in his behalf. And your prayers have been heard—have been answered. He had from God 'patience under his sufferings.' Once during their course he was heard to utter, not in the loud language of impatience, but in the soft whispers of gentlest resignation, which felt, but resisted not, his portion of the curse! once was he heard solemnly to breathe the ejaculation, 'O! Adam, Adam, why didst thou fall?' And he had from God, besides this, 'patience under his sufferings,' 'a happy issue out of all his afflictions.'

"'The axe lieth at the root of the trees.' The hand of the invisible Feller hath not yet lifted it, but his messenger crieth, 'Repent ye,' and that now; for 'every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire.' Repent then, *now*. Defer not the all-essential change till your death-bed. What though you should lie there thirteen days as he did, listen to

his experience and be wise? On being asked by his father 'Can you think, my dear child, as you lie there?' he replied, 'Yes, I can; but—I have been thinking how futile a thing must be a death-bed repentance; if I had not made my peace with God before I came to this, I should never have been reconciled to Him.' Lay to heart, that you may repent, the tender and urgent arguments, expostulations, that reach you from your homes, from the hearts of your fathers, and of your mothers, from your friends, from this pulpit every Sabbath, from the death-bed of our departed friend. As he lay a-dying, he cast his arms fondly around his father's neck, and said, 'I want to bless you and thank you, dearest papa, for having brought me up as you have done; for having brought me up religiously; I now feel all the benefits of it; it is to you that I owe my salvation.' Oh! I can well believe, my dear young friends, that if you were lying on your sick bed, you, like him, might say, 'Read to me about the forgiveness of sins,'—you might say, 'The joys of heaven are too glorious for such an one as I am;' you might select that Holy Litany, 'Blest Spirit, comfort me;' you might say, too, with as much sincerity, though, perhaps, with more alarm, 'How futile is the idea of a death-bed repentance.' But, oh! see to it, I do beseech you earnestly; see to it, that you may also be able to say to those who have taught you the love of Christ, 'to you I owe the salvation of my soul!'"

ROBBERS REFORMED BY AN ATTACK OF A LION.

About twelve years ago, there were two Hottentots, called Ameral, at one of the missionary stations in South Africa. These men, though they had heard many things there which ought to have made them wise and good, were yet very wicked; and, as they loved sin better than Jesus Christ, they left their teachers, and, with many others like themselves, went to the Damara country. Now, those who lived in that country were very quiet people, and they had a great many oxen. This was known to Ameral and his companions; and as *they* had guns, while the Damaras had none, they knew also that it would be easy to conquer them, and to take away their cattle. And so it proved: for soon after the party had reached the country, they began to rob the natives, and for some time they continued in this sinful course. Gladly would the poor Damaras have got out of their way, but they could not; nor had they any power to protect their property.

But what *they* could not do, God *could*. He, in a very wonderful way, stopped these men in the midst of their wickedness, and delivered the Damaras out of their hands. You shall hear how this was brought about.

In the place where they lived there were a great many wild beasts, and amongst them large herds of the rhinoceros. One day,

Ameral, his brother, and some of their companions, were out in the woods shooting these animals—a sport of which they were very fond. While they were thus employed, suddenly out sprang a large lion from the bushes, and stood right before them. Was not this frightful? You would have thought so if you had heard him roar as they did, and seen this great beast as they saw him.

glaring upon them with his fiery eyes, bristling up his shaggy mane, and swinging his tail from side to side, as they do when they are angry, or about to spring upon their prey. But the party had no time to observe the ferocious creature; they had quite enough to do to take care of themselves. And, therefore, as it was impossible to run away, one after another pointed his gun at the lion, and tried to fire; but as it was raining,

and the powder was wet, the guns did not go off. This, of course, increased their danger, and the younger Ameral, seeing this, ran to the wagon; but in a moment the lion sprang upon him, and seized him by the back. All were terrified; and the elder Ameral, hoping to snatch his brother from death, rushed forward, leaped upon the lion, seized him with both hands by the mane, and tried, with all his might, to drag away his huge jaws from their firm hold upon his unhappy victim, who was struggling and screaming under the teeth and claws of this ferocious creature. What a dreadful moment must that have been! How thankful should you be that such savage monsters do not lurk in our woods, and spring out upon us as we take our pleasant country walks! But this deadly struggle did not last long. The lion became very angry with the elder Ameral, who was tugging away at his mane. He, therefore, turned round his head, and seized him by the arm, and, in a moment, the bones of his elbow-joint were broken and crunched by his teeth; and in a very short time longer he would have done much more mischief, if one of the party had not just then fired and killed the lion.

Both the Amerals were carried to their huts, where, soon after, the younger brother died, and the elder lay for several weeks suffering from his wounds. But He who

"Moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

made this trial the means of bringing these sinful people, first, to consider why they had been punished in this way, and then to conclude that it was because they had not believed and obeyed the Gospel, which aforetime they had heard from the missionaries. They therefore resolved, that, as soon as Ameral recovered, they would go to Cape Town, to get a missionary to guide them into a better way than that in which they had been walking. And how far do you suppose that Cape Town was off from the place where they lived? It was a thousand miles! But they were willing to go all that long way for the sake of getting a teacher. This shows how much they had already learned from their affliction, and how wonderfully God had overruled the attack of the lion for their good. Well, they set out on their journey; and, though many of their oxen died by the way, they at length came to Cape Town; and there they found what they sought, and shortly afterwards returned to their own place. Since then God has prospered them. Ameral is now the chief of a large body of people, many of whom have become Christians; and thus those who were a curse to the tribes near them, have become a blessing.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

GEOGRAPHY.

THE boundaries of the earth, as we have them at present, are very different from those which

were known in former times. Geography, as a science, was imperfectly understood for the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era. The world was not known to be a globe, but was set down as consisting of a plane surface, reaching to an unknown extent on either side. But this opinion involved men's minds in much obscurity; and they were not able to explain in a satisfactory manner why the sun arose in the east, set in the west, and in the morning appeared in the east again. The explanation of this great truth depended on the admission of the spherical form of the earth. The broad Atlantic, beyond which no western continent had as yet been discovered, filled their minds with mystery, and with a sense of the danger and difficulty to which those would be exposed who dared to trust themselves to the guidance of the mighty waters which rolled their waves upon the shores of Europe. God had given man the compass to guide his path across the deep, and the pole-star from on high illumined him with its friendly ray; but it required a high degree of courage, and the spirit of enterprize, with a deep submission to the leading hand of God, as he made men his instruments to discover to them the remotest corners of the earth, to induce them to brave the dangers of that unexplored and mighty waste of waters, from whose farther shore no tidings had ever reached their ear.

There are islands to the west of Africa,

which, ere they were fully known, were looked upon with deep feelings of poetical interest. The imagination pictured them as beautiful in the extreme, with fertile valleys, luxuriant trees, delicious fruits, and glowing flowers—even as the garden of Eden for loveliness. There was a story told of an unapproachable island, of surpassing beauty, which was said to have been seen of many, but which many essayed to reach in vain. But with the discoveries of science these visions of the fancy passed away. We have now geographical truth and certainty; and it is probable there is not any land or sea in the whole world which has not been made known to some of the nations of the earth.

Europe was to the discovery of America by Columbus, what Italy was to the greater part of Europe in the first centuries of the Christian era. When the victorious eagles of Rome waved their pinions over the nations of the north, they introduced into them the arts, manners, and science of the Romans; and Europe, when it sent its colonies to America, gave the first impulse of civilization to that mighty continent, which has since occupied so important a part in the history of the world.

The promotion of commerce, and the interchange of kindly feeling among the nations, are some of the results of geographical discovery. But by enabling us to become acquainted with the different races of men upon the face of the

earth, and by giving us the opportunity of sending to them the glad messages of salvation, it has conferred the highest benefit upon mankind. In the mighty solitudes of the American lakes, where the Indian builds his wigwam beneath the rocking pines, and where the wild war-whoop has oftentimes been heard, the echoes are now startled into music by the voice of prayer, and the melodies of praise. Farther to the north, in the cold winters of Rupert's Land, the Indians, wrapped in their warm clothing, brave the inclemency of the weather, and covered by the snow-flakes which fall thickly around them, may be seen going to the house of God on the sabbath-day, there to offer their sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving, with heartfelt gratitude for all the blessings they enjoy.

Columbus, when he set out on his voyage of discovery, had no idea of finding a new continent. By crossing the sea, he endeavoured to discover a westerly passage to Asia; and when he first saw land, he imagined it to be some part of the eastern extremity of that continent. But between America and Asia a still larger ocean than the Atlantic rolls its deep and mighty waters,—an ocean studded with numerous and beautiful islands, forming in themselves a fresh division of the world. To these lovely islands the messengers of peace have departed from our own shores, and the light of life is shining upon the hearts of many of their sons. Those who in years gone by used to bow down to stocks and

stones now sing the praises of the Lamb, and honour and adore his name. There is scarcely a more interesting sight on earth than a missionary ship going out to the heathen with the glad tidings of salvation; and it is a high privilege—that with which even a little child is blessed, if he will use it aright,—to be instrumental in the glorious work of making known the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth,

"Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

J. H.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Another year of distress and of increased and systematised persecution obliges me again to seek your aid, to enable me to continue feeding with one meal a day the children of my Cong school. Many of the children subsisting upon that one meal must, in the event of my not being able to continue it, go to the poor-house, where, I need scarcely remark, their morals will not be improved, and where even among the Protestants, a Bible is not to be found. Others of our dear children, deprived of this one meal, must either return to the wallowing in the filth of Popery again, or die of starvation; their friends and parents are forbidden by a *Christian pastor!!* to feed them, house them, or acknowledge them. Bribery is

now, I grieve to say, effecting what persecution had failed to do. Parents whose children have been from the very outset at our school, and who have been now above a year attending the scriptural services of our Church with *consent* of those very parents, are now tempted, by an offer of money, to enable them to emigrate with their children, provided those children shall first appear at the altar and recant. Thank God, at the hazard of their lives, and under fearful suffering, our children are continuing steadfast, and witnessing a good confession even in the mass-house, where some of them have been dragged by brute force, and from which, on the last sabbath, one dear child, having given her testimony *nobly and undauntedly*, when she recovered from a faint, into which she fell from the great excitement, rushed into our church for protection. Some of these children we are rearing as masters and mistresses, and others as servants. Can we allow them to perish, or see them tempted by actual want. Some may yield; others, I feel confident, will die rather than "deny that faith once delivered to the saints," that faith which has made them free. Must we throw them upon "the tender mercies of the cruel," when one meal a day, at a cost to a Christian public of five-eighths of a halfpenny each, will support them.

The salary of the master of one of my schools, the Gurtacurra school, was generously paid last year by George Macleod Baynes, Esq., of

Regent's-park. This year, commencing Nov. 1st, I have no provision for his salary. I trust some Christian friend will send me 12*l.* or 15*l.* for it, and 12*l.* for a salary for an assistant mistress for the Cong Rectory School. Eccles. xi. 1. Yours, dear Christian friends, in the Lord. E. L. Moore.

THE IRISH SCHOOL-BOY.

The following is an account of one of the pupils of the London Hibernian Society: "He commenced reading the Testament the winter before his death. For three months, so great was his dread of the priest, that he dared not bring his Testament home. He had been a wicked boy; but, as he advanced in acquaintance with the Testament, he seemed to be much changed for the better. Though he had often been threatened to be punished by the priest if he should meddle with the Testament, he applied himself closely to commit it to memory, resolving to abide by it, let what would be the consequence. Some time afterwards he was seized with a violent fit of sickness; his master went to see him, and asked him if he was afraid to die. He said he was not. The master asked him, what banished the fear of death from his mind. He replied, 'Jesus—I hope to see Jesus;' and being in an agony of pain, he added, 'The sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us.' Being asked where he

had met that text of Scripture, he said it was part of his task in the 8th of Romans. He continued, as he had strength, to repeat many other texts of Scripture which he had committed to memory.

"The conversation was, however, soon stopped by the priest, who entered the house, and demanded seven shillings for anointing him. The parents replied, that they had not the money. He exclaimed, that if not paid, he would go off and leave the departing soul in purgatory, perhaps until the day of judgment. The poor parents, alarmed at this expression, offered to bind themselves by oath that they would pay him the seven shillings on the next Sunday; and entreated that he would anoint their son. The master, in the hearing of the people, asked him, 'Is your ointment, sir, an article of traffic? You say it is a gift of God: how then is it to be purchased with money?' The priest was much enraged, and after much altercation went off, declaring that he would neither answer the question, nor remain in the house.

"Next day the master again visited the boy, and perceived that his end was fast approaching. His Testament lay near him, and his parents said, that, until prevented by increase of pain, he was constantly reading in it. He said he wished not to be separated from it till death. He then asked the master to read the first Epistle of St. John, in Irish, which his parents best understood. When it was finished, looking up, he cried with great earnestness, 'The blood of

Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' His mother said, 'Do you wish to part with your mother?' He replied, 'Jesus has a better right to me than my mother has; he suffered more to redeem me than she did; he suffered much for me, and for all who believe in his name;' and then, with great emphasis, added, 'He that believeth, entereth into life; he that believeth not, shall be damned.' His father begged of him to pray to the Virgin Mary, the holy apostles, and the saints. 'O, father,' said he, 'there is no name given under heaven by which we can be saved, but the name of Jesus; therefore, dear father, be not deceived.' In a few hours after, he closed his eyes, and departed without a struggle."

INTELLIGENCE.

HUNGARY.

"PESTH, *May* 16, 1850.—The effect of the recent 'examination' of the school on the Jewish population, was immediate. Children and parents flocked to the teachers, entreating, as the greatest favour, that their little ones might be enrolled. During the few days we have been here, we have received 120 additional scholars, which more than doubles the former number. We have attempted to open in the former premises, fitted up as they were for 130; but it is impossible to continue in these; we require at least twice the old space. The number of Jewish boys and girls on the roll is about 230. With the exception of three or four, all are *Israelites*,

and, except about eighteen, all are unbaptized. The *whole* of these children are taught the New and Old Testament Scriptures, our own 'Shorter Catechism,' and every Lord's-day assemble together in the school-room for prayer, reading the Bible, and Christian exhortations from their pious teacher.

"The efforts of the colporteurs throughout the whole of this vast country, are at present crowned with, to us, wonderful success. We are sold out of almost every size and language of Bibles. When we left, we had an immense quantity of Hebrew Bibles—in a very few weeks we shall not have a copy not disposed of. Orders are now sent us for 1000 copies of Hungarian Bibles, without our being able to supply any. Till arrangements are made for carrying on the former printing establishment, we are likely to have none. This is a dearth of the Word of the Lord we little anticipated; formerly the supply was always greatly beyond the demand."

Poetry.

ON A BIBLE.

SAY, wouldst thou live, this hallow'd page shall tell
Where life's best joys and holiest pleasures dwell;
Say, must thou die, ah! prize this sacred lore,
That points to worlds where death can wound no more.
Living or dying, this shall soothe each pain,
Whispering,—"*To live is Christ, to die is gain.*"

THE BLIND GIRL'S HOPE.

I HEAR from thee of the setting sun,
How he sinks in the west when the day is done,
And that clouds of gold and azure float
In gorgeous lustre around that spot;
I hear of those glorious things from thee,
But their radiant beauty I cannot see!

And I hear thee talk of the stately trees,
And of meadows that wave in the summer breeze;
And of birds that fly through the garden bowers,
And of sparkling streams, and glowing flowers;
And I love to hear of those things from thee,
Though earth and her treasures are hid from me!

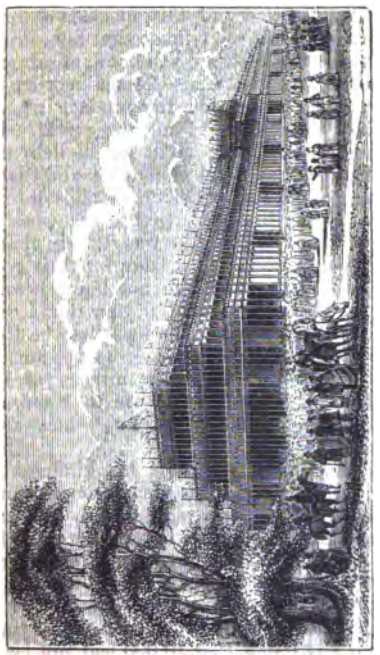
And I hear thee tell of the mighty sea,
An emblem, 'tis said, of eternity!
And how proudly its awful billows roll,
And yield to none other than God's control;
And, I think, what a blessed thing 'twould be,
If those varied wonders my eyes could see!

But shrouded to me is that world of light,
No ray can illumine unvarying night;
And vainly to me the sun may rise,
He sheds no beam on these darken'd eyes!
Yet forbid it, my God, that *ever* from me,
One murmuring thought should ascend to Thee!

For to me a glorious hope is given,
When my soul shall escape from her earthly prison,
And soar to her mansion "prepared" in the skies,
That the veil shall remove from my sightless eyes,
And those words shall break forth on my raptured ear,
"Look up, and behold thy Saviour here!"

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 329. MAY, 1851. Vol. 28.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE;

OR,

GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THERE may be some of my readers who do not know what all this means: I must therefore tell them. Some time ago, Prince Albert,—the husband, you know, of our gracious Queen Victoria,—formed a plan for exhibiting in London the produce of the industry and skill of all the world. He thought, no doubt, that it would help and encourage trade and commerce, and that it would be for the advantage of all countries thus to see brought together the work of each. And no doubt he was right in thinking, that all might thus learn for their good something that they did not know before. In proof of this I may tell you, that I read in the papers, only yesterday, that the Emperor of Russia has set aside a large sum of money, to purchase such articles at the Exhibition as may be of use to Russia in introducing works of art, &c., which they did not know before.

Then Prince Albert, in his kindness of heart, thought that this grand scheme would be a means of promoting brotherly love and good-will amongst the various nations who should thus be brought so closely together.

And what a gathering there will be in London! I dare scarcely say how many it is supposed will be drawn there. Some time ago it was stated that 10,000 had got leave from the Emperor to come from Russia

alone. And how many there may be expected from France, and Germany, and Italy: I dare say one or two millions of foreigners will be in London, to say nothing of the crowds who will go up from Scotland and Ireland, as well as England.

But now there was a great difficulty: where could be exhibited all the loads of articles which would come from every part of the world? There was clearly no building large enough for the purpose. At last it was suggested that an immense building should be raised in one of the parks, with iron frame-work, and covered with glass. And there it now stands,—and we may well call it one of the wonders of the world!

It is 1,848 feet long, by 456 feet wide: the height of the roof is 64 feet, and of the transept roof 108 feet; the space occupied on the ground-floor is 752,832 superficial feet, and the space provided for galleries is 102,528 feet. The total quantity of exhibiting surface is twenty-one acres. There are about 900,000 superficial feet of glass; there are above eight miles of tables on which the articles are placed: thus you may think how long it would take you to see every thing. If this glass building is to be taken to pieces when it is done with, the cost will be about £80,000; if it is to remain, then the sum will be £150,000.

There is one thought about it which pleases me more than all the rest. On one table in the Crystal Palace there will be a

copy of all the dialects and versions into which the British and Foreign Bible Society has translated the Scriptures. How glad I am that foreigners from all parts will see that blessed sight. Almost 200 different versions of the Bible!—Oh, what are all the wonders of the Exhibition compared with the wonders of that blessed book? May we not hope that many a foreigner will not only open, and look, and wonder, but also ask where he can possess,—and hasten to Earl-street, to the Bible Society-house there, and buy for himself, and take home this invaluable treasure?

And now, perhaps, many a young reader may be ready to say, "Oh, that I could go and see this Great Exhibition!" Many of you cannot; but, never mind. The Queen of Sheba went to see the magnificence of Solomon; yet when the lowly humble Jesus was standing amongst the people, a greater than Solomon was there. And that Bible which you have, and which you can read, is a richer and a more wonderful treasure than all the wonderful things which the Crystal Palace contains. Oh! what it displays of God, of ourselves, of the glorious plan of salvation, of the heavenly world, of all the glory, the kingdom, the crown that awaits us. Here is hidden treasure. Dig into it. Here is all that shall continue and survive, when all the arts, and science, and skill of man have for ever passed away, as things of nought. W.

THE GARRET HOME.

A GENTLEMAN was one day visiting some destitute families in one of the poorest parts of London. After climbing a number of stairs, which conducted to the top of one of the houses, he observed a ladder leading to a door close upon the slates. He thought it most unlikely that any living being would be found dwelling there; but resolved to ascend the ladder. On reaching the door, he found it so low, that he was obliged to stoop before he could enter. "Is there any one there?" he inquired.

"Come in," answered a feeble voice.

He entered; and found a little boy, the solitary tenant of this wretched home. There was no bed—no furniture of any kind. Some straw and shavings, in one corner, formed the poor little fellow's seat by day, and his bed by night.

"Why are you here?" inquired the kind visitor. "Have you a father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, sir; mother is in the grave."

"Where is your father?—You must surely weary very much for his coming home in this dark solitary place?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, sorrowfully. "My father gets drunk. He used to send me out to steal, and whatever I stole he spent it in drinking."

"Does he not make you do so still?"

"I went," replied the boy, "to the

Ragged-school, and I was there taught the words, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I was told about heaven and hell—that Jesus Christ came to save sinners—that God punishes the bad, and loves the good; and I resolved, from that time, I would steal no more. Now," continued the little sufferer, "my father himself steals, and then gets tipsy; and then he gets angry at me, and is cruel to me, and whips me, because I will no longer steal."

"Poor little boy!" said the gentleman, deeply interested in the sad history. "I am sorry indeed for you. You must feel very lonely here."

"No," said the other, with a smile on his face, "I am not alone,—God is with me; Christ is with me; I am not alone!"

The gentleman took out his purse, and gave him a small trifle, promising that he would come and see him on the morrow.

"Stop!" said the little fellow, as his kind visitor was preparing to go down the ladder, "I can sing;" and so saying he commenced, in simple strains, the beautiful hymn with which he loved to cheer his solitude:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee!

"Fain would I to thee be brought,
Gracious God! forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place!"

The gentleman was touched with the tale

of distress, and the character of the desolate child; and next day he told the case to a lady he knew would feel interested in him. The lady requested that he would kindly accompany her to the boy's dwelling; to which he readily consented. Taking along with her a bundle of clothes, which might be useful to him, they made their way together up the dark stairs of the house, till they reached the ladder. On ascending the steps, and coming to the door, they knocked, but there was no reply. They knocked again, still no reply; again, but still no voice, as before, calling, "Come in." The gentleman opened the door. The bed, the straw, the shavings, were just as he had left them. The boy was there too, but he was DEAD! The body lay on the bed of straw, but the spirit had fled away to the God who gave it!

Dear children, learn from this affecting story these three things:

I. *The poorest may serve God.*

II. *The loneliest need not feel solitary.*

III. *The youngest may die.*

I. *The poorest may serve God.*

I know many think, that if they were not so poor as they are, they might serve God better, or if they had friends who loved God more, they would serve him better. This little boy tells us how wrong it is to think so. Whatever our situation in life may be, we may (if we will) love and serve

the Lord Jesus. This boy was poor—the poorest of the poor. He had every temptation to be bad. His father was a wicked man. His example might have made his child wicked too. In order to get his daily bread he was strongly tempted to tell lies, and steal, and do sinful things. He had no mother to teach him to love God, and say his prayers, and read his Bible. He had even no clothes to go to church; and yet he feared God, and would rather be beaten than do what was sinful. He praised the name of Jesus,—and died happy. Angels carried him up to heaven.

Children, remember wherever you are now, or wherever you go in after life, you never can say "I cannot serve God; I have no time or opportunity to be religious. Think of this poor outcast, with his tattered clothes, and straw bed, and wicked father, and many temptations, and yet *he was a Christian.*

II. *The loneliest need not feel solitary.*

This little boy was left alone by himself in that miserable garret. No kindly voice was there to speak to him. The angry tones of his drunken father's voice was all he ever heard, and they made him tremble. But he was not alone. The great God, the best Friend, was with him. He could say in his solitary hours, "My father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord has taken me up!" He had heard the gentle

voice of his Saviour, saying, "*I* will not leave you an orphan—*I* will come to you." Oh how was that dark and desolate chamber made bright with the face of Jesus! When the little boy came to die, there was no earthly hand to smooth his pillow. He died *alone;* and yet he was not alone. In walking through "the valley of the shadow of death" he could say, "I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me!"

Reader! how blessed to think that if you are a child of God you never can be alone! In the dark night—in the lonely way—in the far-off land—in the raging ocean—on the bed of sickness—on the couch of death, Jesus is with you. He will make the darkest place bright, and the saddest place happy. What a glorious assurance! How it should drive away all our fears to think, "Jesus is *my friend!*"

III. *The youngest may die.*

The little beggar boy was cheerful and happy in his garret one day—the next he was *in eternity!* One forenoon an earthly friend came with a bundle of clothes to cover his body, but they were not needed. He was already clothed in better garments; he was wearing the white robe of the redeemed saints before the throne.

Happy exchange!—From singing *about* Jesus in a miserable dwelling on earth, to be carried up to be *with* Jesus for ever in heaven!

Reader! would you be ready for such a call? To-day you are in health, perhaps you may never see to-morrow's sun: "*This* night thy soul may be required of thee!"—"*Prepare to meet thy God!*"

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. I.

I AM going to give my young readers some "Travellers' Tales." I have travelled about in various parts of the world, and have a great deal that I could tell them. I shall try to amuse them, and try to interest them; but hope to do something more. I shall try to instruct them, and tell them things which perhaps they never heard of before, and which will be useful if they remember them when they grow up, and have to go about in the great world all by themselves,—but I hope to do something still more. I shall try and tell them what will do their *hearts* good, and help, with God's blessing, to make them better children,—good and holy children,—a comfort and a blessing to their parents, and to all about them; and good in the sight of God, who often sees us when no one else is looking upon us. I wish that the little readers of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, would never read *any* book that they are not quite sure would do them good; and always pray, night and morning,—that whatever they read, and whatever they do, may be all made a blessing to them.

But I have made such a long preface this time, I shall have little room left for a story. I must just say this one thing before I begin, and that is, that I would recommend all of you who have *maps* to look at them, while the traveller is telling his stories; as, if you go regularly along with him, you will, among other things, be getting some idea of *geography*,—which is a very necessary thing in these days.

Well, it is now some few years ago that I thought I would go and see a little of the world. I wanted to see what people did in other countries; I wanted to see what other countries were like; I wanted to see the lofty snow Alps that I heard people talk about, and the fiery volcanoes; and the beautiful vineyards in Italy, where the peasants lie basking all day long underneath the shade of grapes and vines. And I wanted to run on into ancient Egypt, and see the river Nile, and the fine old temples on its banks,—built three and four thousand years ago! and then to follow the children of Israel along the road they wandered through the Desert; and then into the Holy Land, to see Jerusalem, and all those interesting old places which you read of in your Bibles. All this I wanted to do very much. My friends wished me to stay at home and be comfortable; and told me I should get killed by robbers, and die of the plague, and drowned in the sea; and many other disagreeable things. But I was very curious, and

determined to go,—and I am very glad I went, for God took care of me all the way; kept me safe on the sea, protected me from robbers, gave me good health, and brought me safely back again: and here I now am, to tell you all about it.

Well, once more: I packed up my portmanteaus, and was off, along with one other person, a great friend of mine. We travelled up to London, and then went down to the coast; to Shoreham, near Brighton. Oh! how safe we are in England!—We cannot get out of it, and other people cannot come over to it, without crossing the sea. This is one thing which makes England so happy. We have never had French armies come over to attack us; and they could never come, so long as God makes the sea and the waves to fight for us. Do you remember what country it was which once sent a great fleet over to try to conquer us, and to make us all Roman Catholics too, and God destroyed it all by a great storm? When you go down to the sea-side, and see the waves and the rocks there, think how good God has been in making your home so safe. Well, now, when we got to Shoreham, the wind was blowing very hard.—Do you know at what two times of the year the winds always blow the longest and hardest? It was at one of these times: and the sea was so rough, we almost thought we would wait till it became calm. But we remembered we had a very long difficult journey before us, and it would

never do to be frightened on the very first day of it; so we determined to go. But when we came down to the pier, there were *two* steamers starting. Which one should we go by? One was a very large clumsy-looking *wooden* vessel; the other, a tidy, neat, quick-sailing iron boat. Now, which did we choose? Perhaps you will wonder when I tell you that we chose the large, slow-sailing, clumsy-looking vessel. But, why did we? Do not you know the old proverb, that says, "Slow and sure?" The wind was so boisterous, and the sea so tremendous, that we preferred being in the heavy old-looking vessel, to being in the nice-looking one. We were pretty sure the one was *safe;* but the other, though it looked nicer, and perhaps went quicker, might easily have been knocked over by a heavy sea; and then what would have become of us? And so, when we were safely off, in the midst of the sea, tossing up and down, with the waves roaring all around us, and the wind whistling through the rigging, and the ship's timbers cracking, as if they were all going to break to pieces; it was a great comfort to know we were in a safe ship. And now I will finish by telling you what I thought about, while tossing about in that sea. I first thought, what a mistake it is which some persons make, who are taken with the outside appearance of a thing; and like one thing because it *looks* well, and dislike another thing because it is shabby-looking.

Aye, and sometimes we think this of *people* as well as *things*: and because such an one is not so well dressed, or so good-looking, look down upon him. But remember again the old proverb, "Handsome is, that handsome does." If a man is a good man, and one that is liked and approved of by God, never mind *how* he appears to *us*—even if he be a beggar—we should respect him. And one other thing I thought of. How necessary it is always to be ready to die: sometimes we may be in great danger,—and there are very few moments of our life in which we are not in danger,—but how happy we may be, if we are quite sure we are ready for heaven. I really wonder how a man or *a child* who is not *quite sure* he is ready for heaven, can go about day after day, often exposed to dangers, and be *happy*. Were he to die suddenly, without warning, in one instant, would he be happy *then?* Oh! what a fearful thought! But if we are sure that our sins are all forgiven, and that Jesus Christ is our Saviour and our Friend, we need never fear, but may always be happy; for "whether we live, or whether we die, we are with Him."

I thought a little about these things, and then slept a little; and after about sixteen hours' rough sailing, we arrived at Havre,—which you will find on your maps to be on the coast of France, nearly opposite to Shoreham.

C. C.

(*To be continued.*)

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

We find in Scripture many allusions to thunder and lightning; for they, among the other appearances and phenomena of nature, are to be ascribed to the power and majesty of God.

The Lord thus addresses Job, "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go; hast thou divided a way for the lightning of thunder?" chap. xxxviii. 35, 25. And again, in the 37th chapter, Elihu speaks thus of the glory of the great Creator: "Hear attentively the noise of his voice, and the sound that goeth out of his mouth. He directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. After it a voice roareth: he thundereth with the voice of his excellency." This "voice of the Lord," is further alluded to in the 29th Psalm, which was composed by David. "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth: the voice of the Lord is full of majesty; the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars." Alluding to the effects of lightning, which are sometimes terrible enough to rend mighty trees: "Yea the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." The cedars of Lebanon are mighty trees, which have stood for generations and generations; spreading abroad their gigantic arms, and lifting their hoary brows to the blue sky. Even these, God, who is glorious

in majesty, can in a moment lay low, when he "divides the flames of fire," and shoots out the brilliant lightnings from his terrible bow, Psa. xviii. 14.

Thunder is a noise heard in the air, most frequently in summer; and is caused by the explosion of electrical clouds, or clouds containing lightning. Some of these clouds, possessing more electricity than others, they try to restore an equilibrium,—that is that each cloud should possess an equal amount of electricity; and the lightning passing from cloud to cloud occasions those bright flashing gleams which play so brilliantly across the sky; together with the loud and solemn thunder, which cannot fail to impress our minds with awe. We do not hear the thunder as soon as we see the lightning, because light travels faster than sound. Light moves almost instantaneously; sound only moves 1142 feet in a second. When, after the lightning the thunder rolls, the sound is prolonged by an echo, which greatly increases its majesty, and the grandeur of the storm.

Although lightning is oftentimes very destructive to life and property, we have nothing really to fear if we are children of that Eternal Father whose powerful voice is heard in the thunder. We cannot help feeling solemnized when God, in nature, speaks thus to the very depths of our souls; but if we have respected and believed in Jesus, we shall be able to lift our eyes amid the commotion of the elements, and the raging of

the trumpet, and say with cheerful confidence,

"This awful God is ours."

Dear Children, if you feel timid and affrighted when the lightning shoots its *gleams* around you, and the *voice* of the thunder causes the earth to shake, then *go to Jesus*. He can calm and quiet your hearts,—He who sits in the heavens, and who darts his lightnings abroad, is that very same Saviour who has so gently said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

"O may we ever hear Him,
When the loud thunder rolls,
Speaking *his own sweet promise*
Of pardon to our souls!"

We find lightnings and thunderings again mentioned in Scripture, in Rev. xi. That chapter contains a *prophecy* of things that will *come to pass*, just before the second coming of the Son of Man. O! that will be indeed a *glorious* day! And when there are earthquakes below, and pealing thunders above; when the archangel sounds his trumpet, and the graves are opened, and when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ,—then to whom shall we look to save us? Shall we look to the *Virgin Mary*, and to the Saints, as some poor children are taught to do? Oh, no! they can do nothing to help us. You have been taught to look only to your Saviour; and when he shall come again with power and great glory, he will not forget you, if you commit the keeping of your soul into his

hands, you will not be terrified at his appearing but, washed and made white in his precious blood, you will be received into his presence, where there is fulness of joy, and glory and pleasure for evermore!

J. H.

THE HORSES OF THE SUN.

"He took away the horses . . . given to the sun, . . . and burned the chariot of the sun."—2 KINGS, xxiii. 11.

HORSES were anciently sacrificed to the sun in different nations, their swiftness being supposed to render them an appropriate offering to that luminary. Some think that the horses here mentioned were intended for this purpose. We doubt this; for, if so, they would probably have been sacrificed before this time. The Jews generally suppose the horses were intended for the use of worshippers, when they rode forth in the morning to meet the sun, and render him their homage. But the mention of chariots immediately after seems to point out another and more obvious explanation; this is, that they were employed to draw the sacred chariots dedicated to the sun. In the chariots themselves, the Rabbins inform us, the king and nobles rode when they went forth to meet the morning sun. This is possible; but, more probably, the horses and chariots were used in the sacred processions, and employed, perhaps, on such occasions, to carry the images of the sun.

The ancient Persians, who were sun-worshippers, dedicated to that luminary white horses and chariots, which were paraded in their sacred processions; and it is thought that other nations borrowed the practice from them. Whether so or not, we find the same idea of associating a chariot and horses with the sun, to denote the rapidity of his apparent progress, common in the poetry and sculpture of classical antiquity. The sun was supposed to be drawn daily, in a chariot, by four wondrous coursers, through the firmament: and we all recollect the fate of the ambitious Phaeton, who aspired to guide the swift chariot, and control the strong coursers of the sun. The names of these coursers are preserved—Eous, Pyrois, Æthon, and Phlegon—which are supposed to refer to the four divisions of the day. In his chariot the personified sun was represented generally as a young man with a radiant head, and driving, whip in hand. He is sometimes seen thus issuing from a cave, to denote the commencement of his daily career. In a medal of the Emperor Heliogabalus (who had been a priest of the sun in Syria, and who established the Syrian form of his worship at Rome), the human figure is wanting, and we only see in the chariot a stone, round below, and rising pyramidally to a point above. The Syrian origin of this representation renders it of very considerable interest. That the sun is intended is indisputable, from the inscription, which, as usual, is *Soli invicto*—"To the Invincible Sun."

It is remarkable that, on ancient medals and gems, the horses are not always represented as abreast, but sometimes as turned towards the four quarters of the globe. The ideas which led to the representation of the sun as a charioteer, and assigned to him a chariot and horses, are too obvious to require explanation.

INTELLIGENCE.

UNHAPPY CONDITION OF HINDOO FEMALES.

"CALCUTTA, 1*st July*, 1850.—First I must tell you a little about the way in which the natives of Bengal generally treat the female members of their families. You know that we are told in the Bible, that God at first made woman that she might be a helpmeet for man. But in almost all heathen countries (at all events in this country), woman is made the slave rather than the helper of man. And, in order that she may be kept in this state, she is not allowed to get any education. The only lesson that is taught to a female is, that she must obey; first, her parents; then, her husband; and lastly, if she should become a widow, her sons.

"All people, except the very poor, shut up their daughters in the innermost part of the house, from the time they are six or seven years old. They are married to men, whom probably they never saw, by the time they are eight or ten (never later than twelve), and after one, two, or three years, they go to the houses of their husbands; where they are again shut up in the innermost apartments,—from which they never depart, until they are carried out dead. Into these rooms no visitor is ever admitted, and the

poor women live all their days without ever tasting the fresh air, or seeing the face of a friend. If you were to go through the streets of Calcutta, you would see that in most of the larger native houses there is a part of the roof walled round (you know that in India the roofs are all flat) to the height of about six feet, with a wall, from which a brick has been left out here and there. You would perhaps think that this was a pigeon-house, or something of that kind; but it is in reality the place where the females of the house go to get an occasional taste of the air, and an occasional sight of the light of heaven. I could tell you a great deal about the unhappy state of many of these prisoners; but all that I want at present is to make you understand how very difficult it is to get education given to them. Many trials have been made, but hitherto with very little success.

We have had for nearly ten years an Institution in Calcutta for teaching females; but it is not attended by any of the girls of the class of which I have been speaking. It consists of two parts,—orphans, who are kept night and day in the institution, and day-scholars. I shall tell you a little about both of these classes. There are at present forty-five orphans (several of them foundlings) who get not only education, but food and clothing, and all that they require, in the institution. They are constantly watched over by the superintendent (Miss Laing) and her assistants. I do not know any thing in Calcutta that would give you greater pleasure than this institution, if you could visit it. The girls are so clean, their clothes are so neat, though, of course, very plain; they are so well taught, and know especially their Bibles so well, and they

sing so beautifully, that it is impossible to hear and see them without being delighted. The blessing of God has rested largely on this institution: several of the girls have died the death of the righteous; many others are now living in the exercise of all the Christian graces; and all are well conducted, likeable girls. I suppose you have all of you read the beautiful account of Charlotte Green, written by Dr. Duff. Let me beg of you to read it again, and pray to God that his grace may work as effectually in you as it did in the heart of this poor foundling.

"The other division of this institution consists, as I have told you, of day-scholars. Of these I saw, two days ago, when I visited the institution, about thirty in attendance; and this is about the usual number. From what I have told you, you will easily understand that it is but a very small amount of education that can be given to these girls. I do not think from their looks that any of them are above seven or eight years of age, and they remain only a very short time at school.

"Those thirty girls of whom I spoke as attending Miss Laing's school from day to day, are chiefly under the care of Anna, the widow of Koilas, the cathechist at Ghoshpara, about whom I wrote in my last letter. Both Mahendra and he left widows, and each a child. The widow and son of Koilas lived in Mr. Macdonald's house until he died, and Mrs. Macdonald and her family returned to Scotland, when they went to Miss Laing's. The widow and daughter of Mahendra went from the first to Miss Laing's, and she was very useful there; but some months ago it pleased God to take her also away, and so now the heathen school is chiefly in charge of Anna.

Poetry.

MAY.

AGAIN the lovely Spring is come,
With birds, and flowers, and bees;
The streams look bright beneath the sun,
The leaves are on the trees.

How glorious He, whose hand divine
Arranged these varied dyes;
Upholds the night by stars which shine,
The moon which walks the skies!

He spreads a canopy of clouds
To cool the heat of noon;
And pours the soft refreshing showers,
Which make the spring flowers bloom.

But chiefly was His love display'd
When Jesus left the skies;
And He for us atonement made
In His own sacrifice!

He by his ministers proclaims
His messages of grace;
How lovingly His mercy deigns,
The lowliest to embrace.

May we their exhortations heed,
Whilst they with faith and love,
Essay our infant steps to lead
To brighter worlds above!

J. H.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them." Question—Who was it that used to believe that there were no such beings as angels?
2nd Week	Text—"The planting of the Lord." Question—What used people to eat before the flood?
3rd Week	Text—"Examine yourselves." Question—What holy man was it who was once taken for a murderer?
4th Week	Text—"Learn of me." Question—Of how many good men is it recorded, that they "walked with God?"

[It has often been found that "Texts and Questions," similar to these, have been very useful in engaging the attention of children in Scriptural subjects, and thus to give them a taste for reading and searching the Scriptures. One of each is provided, for each Sunday in the month; and it is suggested, that parents and teachers should give these out to their children, and encourage them to emulate each other in their search. No Concordance, or Reference Bibles, should be allowed.—EDITOR.]

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 330. JUNE, 1851. Vol. 28.

POPERY.

NO. V.

PURGATORY.

Have you ever heard of Purgatory? I dare say that some little reader may never

have heard the word before, and therefore does not know what it means. Well, then, I must tell you. The Roman Catholics believe that when they die, they do not go at once into heaven or hell, but into a great fire, which they call Purgatory; because they think that in this fire they are to be purged or cleansed from all their sins, and so made fit to pass into a holy heaven.

It is not the wicked and ungodly that they think go there. They admit that *they* go to hell at once; but it is the pious and righteous alone who go there, to be freed from all the remaining sin in which they die.

I think you are ready to say, this is a very dreadful prospect. Yes, indeed, if I was forced to believe that, all my dear friends who die in the Lord are tormented in the flames of purgatory, perhaps for hundreds of years, I think I should be sad and sorrowful all my days. Oh! what a thought is this when a dear mother or a dear sister dies! And what peace could I have, if I was forced to believe that when I die, it matters not how I have prayed, and repented, and striven against sin, and to be holy, and looked to my Saviour to forgive and cleanse, since all this cannot save me from that great fire into which I must be thrown, before I can enter heaven. Oh! what a dark, gloomy, melancholy religion is Popery! But after all, the great question is simply this: is all this true, or is it false? And how shall we

know this? Not from man, but from God. And where does God teach us what is truth and what is error? In the Bible. To the Bible then we must come.

The Church of Rome says, that, "There is a purgatory; and that the souls of the faithful detained there are assisted by the prayers of the faithful.—(Council of Trent, and Creed of Pope Pius.) But the Church of Rome has no right to say any thing that she cannot prove out of the Bible: and where is there a single text that proves a purgatory? I do not know one, but I know a great many that go against it; and indeed I am sure that the whole spirit of the Bible, and of the glorious Gospel it unfolds, is entirely against the possibility of a purgatory. If the faithful go there, what must we make of that precious text, so soothing and supporting, in our Burial-service, when we follow a dear Christian friend to the grave: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." But can there be any rest in a dreadful fire? Then call to mind the story of the thief on the cross: surely if ever any one needed purgatory, it must have been that poor man. For only think what a very sad life he had led. Yet Christ not only does not say that there was nothing for him but hell, but he declares, that that very day he should be with him in Paradise! With Christ!—oh, what blessedness! And with Christ,—not in purgatory, but in Paradise! I think the

history of the dying thief speaks volumes against purgatory.

A purgatory, or cleansing, we do indeed all require, for we are sinful guilty creatures: but only such as the Gospel provides; which declares that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Of this cleansing David speaks, when he said, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." And Isaiah: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

I dare say you are ready to ask, why purgatory is believed in and kept up, when it is so frightful a doctrine, and so plainly opposed to the Bible? I can only assign as a reason, that it is one of the very sinews and needed succours of Popery. Without it the large staff of priests could not be maintained. Half their work is, to offer up prayers and masses to deliver poor souls out of purgatory; and for this they are paid. And only see how completely they have their people in their hands. For they have to determine the degree of sin in which a man has died, and how long he is likely to stop in the flames of purgatory, if he is not helped out by prayer here on earth. And then they have to decide the number of prayers and masses, and consequently the money that must be given for the purpose;

and hence half the maintenance of the priests. And who would not readily give money, if they really believed that it would help those dear to them out of suffering? I am sure if I thought that a dear parent or child was gone into purgatory, I would readily give my last sixpence to help them out. You have no idea what large sums are given for this purpose. Not only do Papists give money to the priests to benefit their deceased friends, but they leave money by will, to offer up masses and prayers for themselves when they are dead. And here a thought occurs which at once proves the error of Popery. If this system is right, then the rich have an advantage over the poor; because the more money a man can pay, the more masses and prayers can be said, and the shorter will be the pains of purgatory. A poor man may die with as much sin as a rich man, but he cannot pay a farthing for masses and prayers, and perhaps has no friends to do it for him; and hence a poor man cannot get out of purgatory so soon as a rich man. But I am sure this does not agree with the Bible; for, if any thing, what the Bible says, and what the Gospel provides, is rather in favour of the poor: "To the poor is the Gospel preached." And, "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom." But if there is a purgatory, the poor are in far worse case than the rich, because they cannot so easily get out. Oh! it is a

wretched system; an unscriptural system! Be thankful that you know a more excellent way; and take care that you fail not to use the means which the Bible holds out, and which are quite sufficient to make you, "Meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." W.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

It was a late hour at night. The city of N——, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadows of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and

lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water-side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which the people of N—— and the students of —— college mutually shared. The work was *too heavy* for him, and he had invited his young friend, a thoughtless lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian labourers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry; "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best-proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There

must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner; "perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the Ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love.

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid day after day, in building an ark in N——, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly

fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by-and-bye beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the Ark without delay."

They reached the house, and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding-school in ——. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the Ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide-spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

Sabbath-school children who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

Teachers in Bible-classes and Sabbath-

schools, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-boards that tell the road, but are not travellers on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the Gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters, and must expect their doom.

Printers, sewers, folders, and binders, engaged in making Bibles and religious books; booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the Gospel and to save souls, but so many of whom are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing, that while their toils have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack-mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters who built a ship they never sailed.

Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men, who help to build churches, and sustain the institutions of the Gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are hewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rud-

der;" but they may find too late that when they would ride, they must swim—that when they would float, they must sink with all their good deeds unmixed with faith, as a mill-stone about their necks.

Moralists who attend church and support the ministry, but who do not receive into their hearts the Gospel they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Professed ministers of the Gospel, who preach the truth without practising it, who commend the love of Christ without experiencing it, who guide the wandering to the fold of Christ without entering it themselves—are they not like Noah's carpenters? If Paul might indulge the apprehension lest, when he had "preached to others," he should himself be a "castaway;" may not those of us who follow at a sad distance from Paul in the Christian race, well see to it, that we are not left to buffet the waves of an overwhelmed world, when some of those whom we have led into the ark are borne triumphantly above the billows in which we are engulfed?

Perhaps the Christian reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark-builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged: "These things ought they to have done." The danger is that the great thing will be left undone. "Run, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that 'getting on the rud-

der' of the ark, and all other human devices for salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the Ark is open, that it is safe, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive-branch are in this Ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut, they only that are in the Ark will 'remain alive.'" Who can abide that storm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive that deluge?

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. II.

As soon as we arrived at Havre, our vessel was immediately surrounded by a number of French policemen, who at once took possession of all our luggage, and carried it off to the Custom-house. Whenever you go from one country into another, they always do this, in order to see whether you are bringing in anything that you ought not to bring, or anything for which you ought to pay some money, in order to have permission to bring it in. They opened all our portmanteaus and bags, and turned everything over and over; but finding nothing that they wanted, and nothing but clothes and books, they shut all up again, and allowed us to go off. The place where they do this is called the *Custom-house*; and the

money they take from you, if they find anything that should pay, *customs* or *duties*. We did not stay long at Havre, as there is so little to see there, but went on soon to Rouen. This is a very curious old town, with high narrow streets, and some beautiful churches. In one of them is a fine marble statue of our famous old king, Richard Cœur de Lion, and close by it they say, that his heart is buried. As we went from Rouen to Paris, we passed by Nantes, where you will remember that William the Conqueror fell from his horse, which took fright at the town which he had set on fire himself. He went to Rouen, and died there a short time afterwards. All this country, you know, once belonged to us, or, rather, we belonged to it. It was called Normandy, and though in France, was quite separate from it, and had a king over it, called the Duke of Normandy. One of these Dukes of Normandy, William, thought he would like to have England as well as his own country; so he came over, and fought against our king, Harold, in a great battle near Hastings. Here Harold was killed, and the English beaten, and William became king of our country, as William I. The Normans were very cruel to our poor countrymen at first, but afterwards they got accustomed to each other; and now we quite forget that the Normans ever fought with us at all. Then, at that time, Normandy belonged to England, but it is now long since France

took it bit by bit all from us. The last town that we lost was *Calais*, which our cruel Queen Mary lost for us. She was so busy persecuting poor Protestants, that she quite forgot to stand up for the honour of old England. But they say that she was very sorry when she lost Calais, and that she declared that when she died, they would find "Calais" written upon her heart. I am afraid she was not so sorry for burning all the poor Protestants which she did. There is a fine large river which runs all the way from Paris to Havre, called the *Seine*. It is like our Thames, but not so large. It is a beautiful river, winding through a beautiful country, covered with rich green fields and vineyards, and speckled with old castles. We might have gone up the river in a steamboat, but the river winds so much backwards and forwards, that the distance that way is just twice as far as by the road; so we went by railway, and except that we passed through it very quickly, I think we saw the beautiful country just as well. Oh! what an odd thing it is to find yourself in the midst of strange people, all talking a new language, and looking so different to what you are accustomed to see. But the French people are not only different in language and in look, but also in *religion*. We are Protestants; they are almost all Roman Catholics, — at least they call themselves such, but I don't think they are really; I don't think they care much what they are,

and are more infidels than anything else. They never observe Sundays, but are more gay on that day than any other. They seldom go to church, but go to the theatres a great deal oftener. They look much happier and more lively than we English people do, and live as if they had no care and nothing to trouble them. This would be all very well if it were *really* the case; but if there is nothing in *this* world to trouble people, there is a great deal in heaven and hell to trouble them. What is the use of being cheerful, and pleasant, and happy now, for a few short years, if we are going to be miserable for ever afterwards? Be quite sure that you will be happy in heaven, and then you may be as happy as you like here. Be quite sure that Jesus has forgiven all your sins, and then how happy you may be! Really, nothing should make you unhappy then. If you were but a poor beggar, you should be the happiest person in the world. I will tell you something more about the French people another day. C. C.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR GOD?

A LITTLE boy asked me this question one day in the Sunday-school, when I was telling him about the talents that God had given to all of us, to use for him; and that at the last day we should all be asked, What we had done for God? Every little boy who reads his Bible and goes to school, can tell me what God has done for him; but per-

haps they cannot tell what they can do for God. Now I will tell you what a little girl did to help the missionaries, although she had no money at all to help them. She saw her mother one day with a basket of eggs, going to set a hen upon them; and because she had been a good girl at school, her mother gave her one, and she put it along with the rest for the hen to hatch. Some months after this, when I passed the house, this little girl came running out, and said to me, "Do, sir, come in, and look at my missionary hen." "What do you call a missionary hen?" I asked; so she told me what she had done; and that she sold all the eggs which this hen laid, and kept the money for the missionaries, and at the same time she put five shillings into my hand. I then asked her what made her think of this plan, and she said, that she had thought what she could do for God for a long time, ever since the last missionary meeting; and when I asked again, why she wished to do something for God, she replied, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, sir, he is so good to me; he has sent his Son Jesus to die for me, and how can I ever do too much for him." Now, my dear young friends, cannot you do something also for God? If you pitied the poor ragged children as much as this girl did the heathen, and felt as thankful to God as she did, you would soon find out some plan for doing them good. "Where there is the will, there is a way."

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

THE EYE.

THE eye is the means of awakening ideas in the mind. Of what use to us would be the elegant variety of natural objects—the grandeur of the forest, the foam of the waves, the verdure of the hills—without the gift of sight? By the power of vision we travel millions and millions of miles in a moment of time; some of the remotest parts of the universe are brought under our notice; we see the sun, the moon, the planets; and we glance upward to those far, far distant stars, which describe their courses, and wheel their gigantic rounds, amid the resplendent glories of the higher heavens. It is very wonderful that an impression of a widely-extended prospect, or a mighty mountain range, should be accurately received by so small a member as the eye! And thus the mind acquires knowledge, and becomes acquainted with the size, the form, and the situation of outward objects.

The eye is so tender that it requires a great amount of care to preserve it from those accidents, which would prove very injurious to its delicate frame. The eyebrows and eyelids are admirably adapted to answer this end. The extremities of the eyelids are fringed with hairs which serve as a curtain to keep out the small particles of dust, and the tiny insects which float upon the air, and which, without this contrivance, would prove both troublesome and

painful to the eyeball itself: the hairs also soften the brilliant glare of the sunbeams, and make them agreeable and pleasant to the sight. This loving care that God has shown for the comfort and protection of our eyes is more than once alluded to in Holy Scripture. In the 32nd chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, Moses speaks thus in the ears of all the congregation of Israel: "For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He led him about; he instructed him; *he kept him as the apple of His eye.*" God was the shield and defence of Israel, even as he has planted the eyebrow and eyelid to protect our sight. If in the construction of our bodily frame he has shown such almighty wisdom, and such abounding loving-kindness, much more, we may be assured, he will abundantly bless us with the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus, if we submit ourselves to his holy will and pleasure, and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life. The sense of seeing would be without its use were it not for the light. The rays that come down from the sun paint all the varieties of nature upon the optic nerves. Without light there would be no colouring in the flowers, no azure blue in the firmament, no beauty in the vegetation of the globe. Light is the life of the inanimate creation, as Jesus, who is the "Light of the world," is the life of the souls of men.

Were not our eyes adapted to receive the impression of natural light, we should not be able to experience any enjoyment in the contemplation of any outward form of loveliness; and so the eyes of our mind are by nature dark and sightless; we can see nothing in God that we should desire his favour, and implore his grace. Indeed, so far gone are we from the rays of truth, that our stubborn hearts "*love* darkness rather than light, because our deeds are evil." He who formed the eye that we might see *naturally*, must remove the blindness of our souls before we can spiritually discern the meaning of his word, and behold his glory as it is manifested in Christ Jesus. Oh, let us pray that he may open our eyes to behold wondrous things out of his law! And while we remember his goodness in affording us such exquisite pleasure by the use of sight, let us earnestly seek those higher and nobler blessings which give us a title to that heavenly inheritance, where with our *eyes* we shall see God, even the King in his beauty; and where we shall be for ever happy, because we shall be holy. J. H.

AN IRISH CABIN SCENE.

I LIVE in one of the morally and spiritually dark spots of a Popish province; surrounded on every side by superstition and ignorance of the grossest description. In many instances, the way for the Bible has been prepared by

a simple but interesting narrative tract; and in the long winter evenings you might find many a ragged little boy or girl (for the little ones are too often the only "scholars" in a district) either creeping down or stretched at full-length, in order to catch the best of the uncertain light from the turf fire on the floor. There is another kind of light by which the tract is sometimes read. One halfpenny worth of rosin will serve for an entire week: this they melt, dip a rag into it, this rag they insert in a slit made in one end of a stick, the other end of which they force into the clay floor. By this murky light, the tract is perhaps read three times over in the course of one night to a group of listeners which would, I am sure, interest an English spectator.

Intelligence.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

THE Rev. E. L. Moore, of Cong, thankfully acknowledges a half-crown's worth of stamps towards the expense of his school, from M. B. W., who saw a notice of the Cong School in Mr. Wilson's little publication for children for last month. Mr. Moore begs to assure M. B. W. that the fact is, as stated, that very many children live on the one meal a day they get at the school. For this one meal, supplied by Christian benevolence, they feel most deeply thankful. Mr. Moore has

now above 250 children under scriptural instruction. One hundred only receive this one meal a day. Above ninety have renounced communion with Rome within the last two years. Some even in the chapel, when they were dragged by force, have witnessed a good confession. Mr. Moore has now above 700 converts from Rome in his parish, all well taught in the Scriptures; some taught of God. The opposition is great; the cause is noble; the success glorious. The aid of Christian friends towards building a new school-house, and towards feeding the children, is most earnestly desired.

BREAD FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

A GENTLEMAN in the north of England, who has been a sabbath-school teacher for thirty years, was lately gladdened by receiving a letter, of which the following is a part, from an old scholar, who went to America ten years ago. We trust grace may be given to the writer to follow on to know the Lord; "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end." And let those of our readers who are trifling with the great salvation, mark well what is said, especially toward the close of the letter:

"*July* 22, 1850.

* * * * *

"I have some good news to tell you. Some of the good seed which was cast on the waters at H—— Sabbath-school has, by the blessing of

the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Saviour. She offered herself to be a member of his church; and she is now a regular attendant, and was admitted to the communion last Easter. This is but one fact, amongst many, to show that through the instrumentality of the Sunday-schools, the Scriptures are being made known to the poor around us, and should cause us to take courage and give God the glory."

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week
- Text—"The law was our schoolmaster."
- Question—Who was the Man in whom people could find *no* fault, but in his religion?

2nd Week
- Text—"The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him."
- Question—How many men are called "perfect" in the Bible?

3rd Week
- Text—"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"
- Question—What was inside the Ark of the Covenant?

4th Week
- Text—"Those that walk in pride, he is able to abase."
- Question—Which is the first, and which is the last *parable* in Scripture, and what do they teach us?

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 331. JULY, 1851. Vol. 28.

POPERY.

NO. VI.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

This, you know, is one of the two sacraments ordained by Christ himself: and you can tell me what a sacrament means? The

Catechism defines it well, to mean "an outward and a visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." But the sign cannot be the same as the thing signified. Yet the Papists say, that in the Lord's Supper, the bread and wine are really changed into the very body and blood of Christ; and this they call Transubstantiation. But if they will maintain this, they must at all events cease to regard the Lord's Supper as a sacrament. They entirely change its character; they destroy the outward and visible sign, and present the thing signified.

But they make strange work with sacraments. We Protestants only know of two; viz., those which Christ himself left us. But the Papists have seven. I need not tell you what the other five are; they are only man's devising,—and the curious thing is, they were never dreamt of till the year 1160! Yet the articles of their church pronounces all to be cursed who do not believe in the seven sacraments!—what, then, is to become of all the poor souls who lived before the twelfth century? If all are accursed who do not hold the seven sacraments, and if the church of Rome never held these till the twelfth century, why then it follows, that all are lost who lived before that wonderful discovery!

But now, just look at the wretched work they make of the Lord's Supper:

1. They do not give the cup to the laity, only the bread. You will ask, why?—I am sure not on Scripture authority; quite the

contrary. For Christ gave the cup as well as the bread, and said; "Drink ye all of it." *All*—laity, as well as ministers. But do they give no reason? You will smile when I tell you, that all they have to say is, 1. There is no wine in some countries. 2. Some do not like even to taste wine. 3. The wine might be spilt, and it is the *blood* of Christ!

2. In the next place, the Papists hold that the bread and wine are, indeed, changed, after consecration, into the body and blood of Christ. I remember a story, which well illustrates the folly of such a thought. A lady contrived to get hold of the wafer when preparing for the sacrament, and she put some arsenic into it: she went to the priest, and she said to him, "Now, you really believe that that wafer is changed into the body of Christ?"—"I do." "You really believe that it ceases to partake of its original quality, and is in very truth his blessed body?"—"I do." "And that it cannot do otherwise than bless and do good to those who worthily partake of it?"—"I do." "Then I have mixed poison with the wafer before you consecrated it; and as you know that it is entirely changed in its nature, and become the body of Christ, the poison is changed also, and you will at once proceed to eat the wafer." The priest was astounded, and I need scarcely say that his faith failed him, and he durst not venture on the vast experiment.

And yet, if the priest had been true to the principles of his church, and if he really believed that the wafer was turned into Christ's body, he should never have doubted for a moment.

When Christ says, "This is my body," he speaks figuratively, in language which was usual with and well understood by the Jews. It could not be true in a literal sense, because his body was not then broken, nor was his blood yet shed. Thus he says, "I am the Vine;" and again, "I am the Door;" yet no one for a moment supposed that Christ was literally a tree, or literally a door. Well has it been observed, "that the substance of bread should not be in the sacrament,—where they own all the properties of bread are; and that the substance of flesh should be there, and not one of the properties appear, is very monstrous: and yet the very same body of Christ which is now in heaven, at the right hand of God, should at the same time be on earth, in the right hand of the priest; and that there should be several thousands of these bodies upon earth, at many hundreds of miles distance from each other, and yet all these be that very same body also. This is so outrageous, that for sober persons, in their sober senses, to hear and keep their countenance, is very strange."

Then when the priest has turned the wafer into the Saviour, they all fall down and worship it. And on certain occasions, as I have seen, the wafer-God is carried in procession

through the streets of the town, and as it approaches, all the people kneel down and adore it. What is this but blasphemous idolatry?—Worshipping the creature as the Creator!

And, forgetting that Christ has suffered "once for all," and that "by *one* offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," the priests suppose that every time they celebrate the mass, Christ is sacrificed afresh. Alas, alas! there is no end to the anti-scriptural delusions of Popery! W.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. III.

PARIS is a beautiful city, something like London. It is not nearly so large as London; but in some respects much finer. The streets are narrow, and the houses very high; but the shops below are splendid. It has also some magnificent public buildings. But I had rather live in London than in Paris, for the people here are so unsettled: they are never contented with anything, but always want something new. So every now and then they all rise up, and fight with each other in the streets; and neither life nor property is safe. Only three years ago, they sent away their good king, Louis Philippe, and put instead of him, on his throne, a President, much more despotic,—who is called Louis Napoleon, a nephew of

the great Buonaparte; and now people think there will soon be another great disturbance about *him*. It is well to be contented always with what we have. If we are discontented, we shall always be wanting more; and shall never be satisfied to the end of our lives. A great number of Frenchmen think that no one ought to be richer than another; and so they are always envying other people, and sometimes trying to take their property away by force. But God's word says, "the poor shall never cease out of the land;" and also, "Thou shalt not *covet*;" and, "Thou shalt not *steal*." I left Paris one morning in a "diligence," which is a kind of coach, but a very large one. Six or eight horses usually drag them, often three or four abreast; the postilion rides one of them, and with a long whip manages all the others. A little white dog generally rides on the top, to take care of the luggage. A railroad went a good part of the way which we were going, so they took our diligence to the station, and lifted us and our carriage altogether off its wheels, and put us thus on the train. We had for our companions inside, two French merchants, and two Roman Catholic women, called Sisters of Charity. The merchants were very agreeable, the women were reading their little books all the time; some of which were full of superstitious stories about saints, and the wonderful miracles which Papists pretend that they did. But

we know there have been no miracles since the time of our Saviour, and his Apostles. We travelled on, through Orleans, where Joan of Arc lived,—who was the means of sending the English once out of France, and re-taking all the country we had conquered from the French king.

Then we crossed the great river Loire, which sometimes overflows its banks so much that hundreds of villages are all under its waters. And at last night came on. We were now on our own wheels again, having left the railroad. Just as we were near entering a little town, and turning round a sharp corner, I felt the huge vehicle give a heave to one side, and I made sure we were going over. But another second, and we righted; God mercifully prevented the danger, or we should have been very much hurt indeed. How dependent we are upon Him for protection every day! We should be very thankful for his kind care over us. All next day we travelled, till evening brought us into Lyons; which is a large town on the river Rhone, famous for its silk and velvet manufactories.

THE CLEAN SHIRT;

OR, WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.

How easy it is for some little boys to wear clean shirts. They do not need to pay for washing them, they do not need to wash

them themselves, and they have always a clean one to put on, when the one they are wearing gets dirty. But there are many of the poor ragged boys who have no shirts at all, not even *one* to wear. And there are others who have only got one; perhaps an old one, given by some kind friend; and if ever they get it washed, they must go without one until it is dried. We once heard a little ragged boy say to his teacher, "Teacher, may I go out?" His teacher asked where he wanted to go? He said, "Please, teacher, mother's washing my shirt, an' I ain't got another, and I want to go and get it on." His teacher allowed him to go; and when he returned, he said, "Have you got your shirt now?" "No, teacher," said he, "mother hain't got it dried yet." Now, it was quite right for the boy's mother to wash his shirt, but she ought not to have done it on the Sabbath-day,—for God says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

A friend of ours lately told us of another Ragged-school boy, who has only got one shirt. But he has got no mother to wash it for him, for his father and mother died when he was very young. He was brought up in the workhouse, and afterwards apprenticed to the sea. Once he was away on a long voyage, and it came on a storm. The wind blew so high, that the great swelling waves had almost swallowed up the ship and all the crew. They dashed right over the

deck, so that the sailors had to put on their waterproof coats; but this poor boy had not one to put on, and he got so often drenched to the skin with salt water, that he caught a very bad cold. The cold soon settled on his lungs, and his cough became so bad that he was no longer able to pull the ropes, or to climb to the rigging, and when the ship came to shore the captain discharged him. But, poor boy! what was he to do? No one would give him work for he was too weak, and he had no money, no home, no friends!—What could he do? We can tell you one thing he did. He went to the Ragged-school, where his teacher taught him good lessons. He also tried to hold horses and run errands, for which people gave him a few pence that bought him food. But he could not pay for lodgings; and very often he has wandered about the streets all night, or slept on a cold door-step, or under a damp arch. Now, we have said that he has only one shirt, and no one to care for him, and no home to go to—*and yet he has a clean shirt every week, washed in hot water!* Perhaps you wonder how he can get it, and well you may; but if you saw him you would believe it, for his face is always clean, and his shirt too: "Where there is a will there is a way." To save you the trouble of guessing, we shall let you hear the boy's explanation.

Empty belly, or no empty belly," he says, "I likes to be clean, and can't abear to be

dirty—a clean shirt for me, it makes yer feel so comfortable. I've only got one, but I always has a clean shirt once a week, even when I has to walk the streets at nights." "And how do you manage to wash your shirt, when you have no shelter?" "Why, I'll tell you, sir," said he. "I goes into some by-place, and takes off my shirt, then I goes to a blind alley up by Whitecross-street, where the waste hot-water runs from some works, and there I washes my shirt;

then I runs with it to the limekilns the other side of Blackfriars-bridge, and there I dries it, and puts it on. A clean shirt for me—I can't abear no filth."

Surely this poor boy deserves another shirt. How cold he must feel when coming out of the "blind alley," where he has been standing in hot water! Might not some of our young readers pity this poor deserving boy, and try to spare him another shirt; or, what would be better, save up the pence they often spend on toys, and buy him a new one? They might do all this, and more; they might buy him a pair of new shoes, to keep his feet dry in this cold weather. Some one might raise as much as would buy him a Bible, and another might collect ten shillings to help to keep him in an Industrial-school. To those who say they can do neither, we reply, "Where there is a will there is a way."

MEMOIR OF J. C.

J. C., the subject of this brief memoir, was born at East T——, Berks., Sept. 19, 1834. During the greater part of his short life, he was very sickly and ailing; but he was a striking example of one of those weak ones of the earth, whom God has chosen for himself. At school he was anxious to learn, and was kind and gentle to his companions; at home he was quiet and obedient, so that his parents say of him that his conduct seldom called for reproof. He was very fond of reading the Bible; and when he returned from school, often employed himself in writing out verses, and learning them by

heart; after church and school were over on Sunday, he never played in the streets, but came home at once, and used to tell his father and mother what he had learned at school, and talk with them, and ask them questions about the sermon,—which they were always glad to explain to him, as well as they could.

In 1849, symptoms of consumption showed themselves; and an illness began, which ended in his death. He bore all his sufferings with exemplary patience; for he could look to a life beyond this world, where there would be no more grief or pain. When his mother asked him one night if he was comfortable; he said, while he put his arms round her neck, "I *shall* be easy when I get to heaven; and oh, dear mother, what joy it will be to meet again there, never to be parted any more!"

The thought of leaving his father and mother sometimes made him sad; and his mother seeing him very quiet one day, said, "My dear boy, it seems to me that you *think* a great deal, almost too much?" "No, not too much," he answered; "I was thinking of death and eternity, and leaving you all, and long to be with Jesus, where there will be no more sin or death." Another time he told his mother that he had had such a nice dream of an angel by his bed, and that it had made him feel so happy. Seeing his mother crying one day as she looked at him, he begged her not to weep for him,

for, he was going to a far better place, and to be much happier than he could be if he stayed on earth.

On the day of his death, though his body grew weaker, his spirit seemed to grow stronger,—and he was perfectly sensible to the last. When his father came home from his work in the middle of the day, he saw that the hand of death was on his child, but he was obliged to leave him again about half-past two o'clock. J. put out his hand and wished him good-bye. "I don't think I shall see you any more, father; but do not stay out late to-night, and be very good to mother when I am gone." He then said he should like to see his brother; who was accordingly sent for. "A.," he said, "I am going, where I hope you will come too; think what it would be, if, at last, one of us should be at one place, and one at another." Some friends afterwards came in, and he wished them farewell very sweetly; then he raised his hands towards heaven, and told the nurse to lay his head down, when he said, "Lord! take me,"—and he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. He died Aug. 8, 1849.

PROOFS OF A SUPREME BEING.

The following language was in substance delivered to a missionary, by a Greenlander, after his conversion to Christianity: "It is true we were ignorant heathens, and knew nothing of God and a Saviour; and indeed

error, upon his own principles. Expecting a visit from him, he procured a very handsome globe, or representation of the starry heavens, which was placed in a corner of the room where it could not escape his friend's observation; who, when he arrived, asked from whence it came, and to whom it belonged? "Not to me," said Kircher; "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible: you surely jest?" Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend on his own atheistical principles. "You will not believe," he said, "that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you could contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is but a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" Pursuing this train of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, next convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

Painters and sculptors take copies or representations of natural objects. Now, as you could not suppose that a picture or statue could be made without the care and labour of some one, so no more can you suppose that the objects themselves have not been made by a great and intelligent Creator. We read of an ancient painter, whose proficiency was so great, that when

he had drawn a basket containing grapes, the birds of the air came to peck them, supposing them to be real fruit. We read also of another who drew a partridge so much like life, that a tame partridge, observing the picture, called to it, imagining it to be alive. You cannot doubt that the grapes and the partridge had a painter, and that the painters were exceedingly skilful in their art; and therefore you cannot doubt that the grapes and the partridges themselves were made by some Being, and that He is all-wise, and all-powerful.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

THE EAR.

WHAT a wonderful piece of mechanism is the human ear! The more its structure is examined the more beautiful proofs does it exhibit of the Divine majesty and wisdom. God "planted the ear," as we read in the 94th Psalm, and the 9th verse. He arranged all its exquisite internal contrivances; and as it is His hand which sweeps across those harmonious chords, the melody of which we love to hear, when that soft breeze is sighing at eventide where the waves are singing their song, and when the leaves wreathed with moonbeams are chanting their music of love to the stars; so does his Almighty skill form the ear to receive the impression of sound, and to convey it to the brain, that we may be sensible of the impression;—for

without the ear, the charms of music, and the voices of those we love would be lost upon us. How great, then, should be our gratitude to God for the blessing of a *hearing* ear. Some are deaf, and quite unconscious of those melodious sounds which are sources of such exquisite delight to us; and while we sympathize with them, and do all we can to cheer them in the absence of such a blessing, let our hearts continually praise and adore our God who is the giver of all good gifts, and the everlasting Father of our spirits.

It is a singular fact, that the organs of hearing are of very nearly the same size in the babe and in the man. "They acquire from advancing years, scarce anything more than an increase of solidity." The external part of the ear is not composed of flesh, which might absorb the sound, and prevent the transmission of its impressions to the brain; nor of bones, which from their hardness would prove very inconvenient, and take away all comfort if we attempted to rest our head on the right side or on the left, but it is composed of a cartilaginous, or tough substance, covered with skin, and formed into bends and hollows, for the purpose of collecting the wandering sounds. The tympanum, or drum of the ear, is so called because it resembles a drum both in figure and use. It consists of a fine skin spread upon a circle of bones, and is affected by the motion of the air in a similar manner as the war drum is by the

impressions of the stick. The auditory tube is designed to soften the entering sounds, lest, rushing in with too much force, they should destroy our comfort, and injure the internal mechanism of the ear. At the same time the cavities on the inside, by the means of elevations and hollows, act like an echo to increase and strengthen the sounds; these beautiful contrivances acting together to form this admirable organ. It is pleasant to hear an echo when we are out among the hills and valleys; and it is amusing to listen to its exact response to every word we utter. But how surprising it is to think that there are cavities in our ears, which are murmuring the echoes of all the glad sounds which float upon the air; which heighten the beauty of the lark's sweet song, and deepen the tenderness of those words of love which fall like music upon the heart! Let us be careful never to lend our ears to the service of sin; never to listen to anything which is not according to God's will. Our blessed Saviour, speaking in Isaiah l. 5, 6, of his obedience to his Father's command, says of himself, "The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious." He listened to the wisdom of God. His ear was ever open to receive the communications of his Father's will; and he has left us an example that we should in all things follow his steps. Instead, then, of loving vain and foolish talking, let it be our delight to learn of Christ; to hear those truths which make even a child wise unto

salvation through faith in Jesus; and to yield our faculty of hearing, with the cheerful submission of all our other powers, to His holy and blessed service. J. H.

Intelligence.

HOW TO READ TRACTS.

A MISSIONARY at Cuddalore, in India, was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, came and asked for one. At first Mr. Guest refused, for tracts there were precious things; but the child begged so hard, that Mr. Guest gave him one called, "The Way to Heavenly Bliss." About a fortnight after, the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you read the other?" "Yes," said the child; and, standing before the missionary and several heathens who were gathered round, he repeated the whole tract from beginning to end. This was like the little Basuto boy, "putting his books into his head." Where are yours, dear children?—Only on your shelves? Ah! if so, we shall almost be tempted to wish they were far away, where they would be to the little heathen children as food to the hungry. Remember this truth, "Where much is given, much shall be required."

THE DUBLIN RAGGED-SCHOOL.

Twenty years ago, a Christian lady, when collecting funds for the Bible Society, walked through one of the miserable back streets of Dublin. She was ill-treated, and even assaulted by the uncivilized inhabitants; but she immediately determined, with God's help, to attempt the improvement of these people by establishing a Ragged-school in that very street. At first it was a Day-school, and the numbers increased until 100 adults, 70 boys, and as many girls attended. Here might be seen the same hungry pallid faces which frequent our own schools in London; and, as in many instances with ourselves, it was found absolutely necessary to supply bread as well as instruction.

At length, in 1839, *two Roman Catholic girls* begged that a Sunday-school might be opened, and it was commenced accordingly; but until 1846 no regular voluntary teachers attended it. The famine in that year was the occasion of forming a proper Committee for the management of the school, and the good work was carried on in a room which might be called a cellar, where more than a hundred people at a time were congregated to hear the gospel of Christ. By the generosity of a gentleman, well known in Ireland for his liberality, a spacious building was secured for the small sum of £250, and £12 a year rent; and in this building I found a very large assemblage. One of the rooms is

better suited for its purpose than any belonging to our similar institutions in London; the second is rather dark and confined, but the third has in its appearance all the well-known features of a Ragged-school. On one occasion, I found present on the Sunday 155 boys, 121 girls, and 249 adults,—total 525; besides a large number of children in arms. There were only 25 classes, giving an average of 25 each; though in one of them I counted 45 adults, under the instruction of a single teacher.

Poetry

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night,
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old—this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under-tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And spring's sweet pow'r in vain unfold
Its rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old—I shall not care
To deck with flow'rs my faded hair;

'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me nought—when I am old.

When I am old—my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bow'd, like me;
Or else their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God!
The old church bell will long have toll'd
Above their rest—when I am old.

When I am old—I'd *rather* bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth—
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old!—Oh! how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams
To picture, in prophetic rhyme,
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time—
So distant, that it seems o'er bold
Even to *say*—"When I am old!"

When I am old!—Perhaps, ere then,
I shall be miss'd from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enroll'd
Among the dead—*ere* I am old!

Ere I am old!—That time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free;
Life has a thousand charms for me—
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—oh! let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthen'd days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old!

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week { Text—"O how I love thy Law!" Question—How many holy men have been permitted to see into Heaven?

2nd Week { Text—"God knoweth your hearts." Question—How many instances have we in Scripture of fasting for forty days?

3rd Week { Text—"The Lord is good to all." Question—What are the *six* things which the Lord especially hates?

4th Week { Text—"Evermore give us this bread." Question—Do angels take any interest in God's people?

5th Week { Text—"I know thy abode." Question—What good men were once taken, by some superstitious people for gods?

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 332. AUGUST, 1851. Vol. 28.

THE ECLIPSE.

WHAT *was* the matter with the sun the other day? I don't know how it was where you were; where I live, about half-past two in the afternoon, it gradually became very dusky. I was reading in my study, and had to get nearer and nearer to the window, until I could hardly see at all. I heard the birds all at once stop singing; away

they jumped up to their nests, and went to roost, wondering what a very short day it had been. What *was* the matter? Did the sun forget to shine, or did something put his light out for an hour or two? How was it?

I went out, to see what was going on; and there, on looking up to the sky, was a large black spot in the middle of the sun, leaving just a very little light shining out all around it. So many people ran out to look at it too; and some had pieces of smoked glass to look through, that the sun might not dazzle their eyes. They said it was an *Eclipse*. But I dare say my little readers know well all about it, and what an eclipse is; and how that we and our earth go spinning round the sun, just like a cotton-ball fastened to a thread round a candle; and how the moon, while it spins round *us*, every now and then comes in the way between us and the sun, and so hides some of it from us. O yes! Every child in England now-a-days knows what an eclipse is, whether of the sun or of the moon. But many years ago, hardly anybody, not even wise people, understood it; nor do they now in some foreign countries. I was once staying a few days at Tiberias, by the Lake of Gennesaret. It had been a lovely evening; the sun had set in the crimson west without a cloud; and I had been watching the moon rising on the other side, over the dark hills of the Gadarenes, till it began to play on the rippling water of the beautiful

lake. I had retired into my tent, which was pitched on a little hill above the town, and was just going to throw myself on my rough bed, when my Arab servant came rushing in, exclaiming, "O, Sir; what is the matter with the moon? Come, see! All red, all blood!" I went out, suspecting what *was* the matter, and there saw a beautiful eclipse of the moon. But all our poor Arab servants were terribly frightened; they thought something fearful was going to happen; and I could not explain to them how it all was. Presently I heard a great noise in the town below. All the whole population came running out—men, women, and children, by hundreds, each one making the greatest uproar he could. Some had guns, some pistols, some drums. Many were provided with swords, which they were clashing together; and pots and pans, which they were beating to their utmost. All were shouting and screaming to the top of their voices at the moon! They thought an evil spirit had somehow or other got into the moon, and prevented it shining; so they thought the best way was to frighten it out. And by dint of firing, and clanging, and screaming, in the course of a few hours they had the satisfaction of seeing the moon once more herself again. This was what the poor people of Tiberias thought an eclipse of the moon was, and how it was best to put a stop to it.

You see they were frightened of it:

well, I do not wonder. There *is* something that makes even *us* feel a little solemn when there is something the matter with the sun or the moon. And I think it is because our minds immediately begin to fix on that great and fearful day, when "the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall be turned into blood." Oh what an awful day that will be, *when the sun shines no more, and all is darkness for ever!* It is well if an eclipse makes us to think of *this day* now and then. We are too apt to forget it. Are we prepared for it? Are you, dear reader, ready, with all your sins already pardoned by Jesus? Then you may not fear, but may always be quite happy. C.

LITTLE JESSIE.

LISTEN to me, dear children, for a few minutes, while I tell you about a little girl who knew and loved Jesus, and now is with Him. Her name was Jessie; she was about eight years old, and used to attend the Sunday school, and was a regular and attentive scholar. One Sunday evening, the teacher had been telling the children about Jesus, and His great love to sinners. "There may be some present now," she said, "who may never be here again, so listen attentively to me. By Adam you have not only lost heaven, and all earthly good, but are brought under the curse of a just and holy God. But the blessed Jesus has fulfilled the law,

and given the obedience required, in order to buy heaven and all good back again for his people; *He* has suffered their punishment, and has bled and died on Calvary, that little children like you may be saved from endless misery, and taken to everlasting glory. This salvation is offered to each of you; you have only to believe these simple truths, to trust in this kind Redeemer, and you will be saved. You may know whether you really believe and trust in the Saviour, by trying to do all that Jesus bids you, because you love him. It is true you will not do this of yourselves, but if you will only ask it of God, He will give His Holy Spirit to help you. Jesus is so anxious that you should come to Him and be saved! Oh! give yourselves to Jesus *this very day*. Oh! come *now*, for this may be the *last* time Jesus may ever invite you. Some of you may *never* be here again; and Jesus himself is now waiting to see whether you are willing to be his children or not: it is a happy thing to give yourself to Jesus." Jessie heard, and resolved to give herself to Jesus, and to love Him; and the Lord very soon after took the gift home to Himself. Before the next Sabbath, Jessie was taken ill and died, but hers was a happy death. She talked much of what she had heard on the previous Sabbath, and spoke of having "given herself to Jesus." As long as she was able, she delighted in singing or repeating those sweet hymns she

had been accustomed to sing at the Sabbath school; and often, when suffering under pain and sickness, did she make the lowly room in which she lay, resound with the voice of joy and praise. She said she did not fear to die. On her mother asking her why she was not afraid to die, she answered, "Because I have given myself to Jesus, and I am going to Him." "Are you not sorry to leave us?" said her mother, "I am going to heaven," was her simple reply. But on seeing her mother look sad, she added, "I hope to see you all there soon, mother." Then turning to a younger sister, she said, "Oh! Tina, be a good girl, and do what mother bids you." She also requested an elder sister to be *regular* and *attentive* at the Sunday school; and earnestly entreated her "to give *herself* to Jesus;" and added, "it is a happy thing to do so." During the silence of the night she was heard frequently to be engaged in secret prayer; and often repeated such hymns as, "The happy land," and "Oh! that will be joyful," &c. "What hymn do you like best?" said her mother to her one day, after she had asked those around her to sing. "I like 'The happy land,'" said she, and "Oh, mother! I like that verse the best which says:

'Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.'"

She felt she was dying, but rejoiced that

love would never die: and though her eye was now sunk and dim, yet in that "happy land" to which she was hastening every eye was bright. She suffered much before her death, but the Lord at length, in mercy, relieved her from her earthly sufferings, and took her home to glory.

My dear children, have you "*given yourselves to Jesus?*" if not, oh! give yourselves to Him to-day, and He will bless you, as he did Jessie, and then, whether you live or die, you will be happy. E. A.

NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.

THREE thousand years ago, Hannah, the mother of Samuel, who is such a bright example to the young, sang of the Lord at the time of her son's birth—

> "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
> And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill,
> To set them among princes."—1 SAM. ii. 8.

And long after, the Psalmist, who saw the Lord doing such things still in his days, sang thus—

> "He from the dust doth raise the poor,
> that very low doth lie;
> And from the dunghill lifts the man
> oppress'd with poverty;
> That he may highly him exalt,
> and with the princes set."
> —PSALM cxiii. 7, 8.

Now, dear young friends, it is the Lord's way, down to our day, to do such things.

He finds sinners in their sins, baser, meaner, more degraded, more wretched, more worthless than the lowest beggar; and yet it pleases the Lord to send Jesus to such, and Jesus calls them, and lifts them up, and sets them beside himself. Did not Jesus do this when he said to the dying thief, "To-day *thou* shalt be *with me* in Paradise?"

I read lately something that reminded me of this. The people who inhabit *Nepaul*, a country to the north-east of the British possessions in India, sent over some of their number on an embassy to this country. Perhaps some of my readers saw them in the streets of London.

The chief of these was riding through London in his carriage, dressed with rich raiment, and adorned with jewels; the value

of his dress is said to have been £150,000. When he was come near the great church of St. Paul's, his eye fell on a poor man, who was sweeping the crossing of the street, and who had done so for many years, in order to get the means of living. This man was dark in colour, and the Nepaulese ambassador quickly discerned that he was a fellow-countryman. He stopped his carriage, beckoned to the poor Hindoo, spoke a few words to him at the carriage-steps—and lo! the poor man's eye glistened with delight, and next moment the broom with which he was sweeping the street was flung over the churchyard railing, while he himself sprang up into the carriage, and sat beside his wealthy countryman.

The next time he was seen, this man, once a poor beggar, was dressed in splendid attire, sitting beside the ambassador, acting as his interpreter. He had been invited to leave his former employment and become interpreter, and too glad was he so easily to become honourable and rich. But now that he was so lifted up, it was observed that he was not proud—for he liked to take nottie of his old companions as he rode that way.

Is not this like God's way of dealing with us? This Nepaulese ambassador showed a true brother's love to a brother in adversity. And such—but far beyond it, too—was the love of Jesus, who saw us in our low estate, and who came on very purpose to raise us up. It is His way to pass by where we are,

and to beckon to us by His Word and Spirit, and to propose to us that we leave all and come to Him. All he expects of us afterwards, in way of requital, is, that we interpret His mind to the strange people of this evil world, while he puts on us a dress of His own, undertakes for us all our days, and is not ashamed to call us His brethren. Even now, he says, we "sit with him in heavenly places" (Ephes. ii. 6), and soon we shall "sit with him on his throne" (Rev. iii. 21).

One question then, dear young friends. Have you seen him wave his hand to *you?* Have *you* heard Him propose that you should leave all and follow Him? And have you agreed? And are there any of you who, having got a seat by His side, and a place in His heart, are too proud, too self-pleased, to care for those left behind? Is there, can there be, any one sitting by His side, and learning His mind, whose eye does not look with tender pity upon Jews and Gentiles, at home and abroad, still in the dust and on the dunghill? You might speak in His ear in their behalf, and it might be that He would send even *you* to bring some of them into the number of His princes.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. IV.

At Lyons, the waters of the Saone join those of the Rhone, which comes flowing down from the mountains of beautiful Switzerland; and then, both of them together in one broad stream roll on into the Mediterranean Sea. The Rhone is a beautiful river. Like the Rhine, its banks are usually steep and lofty; sometimes crowned by fine old ruined castles, and sometimes clothed with rich and graceful vineyards. Its breadth is too great to allow of their building stone bridges over it, so they have thrown a number of suspension bridges across it, which look very beautiful, hanging over the river suspended in the air. As we shot down with the stream very rapidly, we sometimes almost knocked over the chimney of our steamer, by coming in contact with these bridges. And sometimes when the river flowed swiftly over a shallow, we scraped against the gravelly bottom, so that it is not a very easy river to navigate. We passed many boats quite run aground, which would not be able to get off till the next flood took place. We started for Lyons about four o'clock in the morning, and about noon passed a romantic-looking town, perched upon the top of a lofty rock overhanging the river. This was Vienne. And what was there remarkable about Vienne? It was the place where, they say, Pontius

Pilate ended his days. A very few years after he so unjustly gave up our Saviour to the Jews to be crucified, he was banished by his emperor to this place. And he had not been long here, when he became so unhappy and miserable, that he climbed up that high rock which overhangs the river, and threw himself from it headlong into the waters and perished! Poor Pilate! I wonder what made him so miserable. Was it his uneasy conscience which never ceased tormenting him for having murdered the innocent Jesus? I dare say it was this. But he tried a very poor way to ease his mind of the stings of conscience; for conscience would go on troubling him after he was dead: "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." If he had repented, and gone to that Saviour, who always forgave his greatest enemies, he would have found pardon, and would have had peace.

In the evening, we arrived at *Avignon*, which is a very old town, upon the banks of the Rhone. Here are the ruins of an ancient castle and palace. A long time ago, there lived a great Pope here. Perhaps you will ask why he did not live at Rome. And I will tell you why. It was because there was another Pope there, who was his enemy; and these two Popes and many of their successors continued to be enemies, and used to anathematise each other, and fight with each other. And yet the Roman Catholics would tell you, that they were all of

them *infallible* Popes; that is, they could say and do nothing that was wrong. I went over the ruins, and at last I came to an underground chamber, where there were a great many old rusty iron instruments lying about. What were they? the remains of racks and torture! Here used the Pope and the Romish priests to immure poor Protestants, and good people who would not believe all their errors and superstitions. Here they used to try them by a mock trial, and pretend to promise them liberty, if they would but confess to certain imaginary crimes. But whether they confessed, or whether they did not, it did not matter; they were slowly tortured, in all manner of most horrible ways, till at last death put an end to their sufferings. One way in which they used to murder their innocent victims was this: they would send a poor creature into a long narrow chamber, at the end of which stood what they call an altar, with an idol image of the Virgin, suspended over it. At this he was to kneel, and perform his devotions: but while in the very act, the ground suddenly gave way beneath him, a trap-door was opened, and he was precipitated down a deep dark well below; here he lay at the bottom, perhaps, with all his bones broken, till pain and hunger killed him; or, sometimes he fell upon a fearful instrument all over spikes and sharp knives, on which he was impaled, and cut to pieces! Such were the tender mercies of the Romish priests!

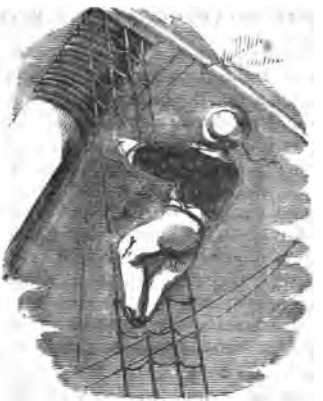
Happy England! where they have no such fearful power over us. May they never regain this power; may we do all in our power to prevent it; and be better Protestants than ever we were.

THE PRAYING SAILOR-BOY.

THE *Cornelia* was a good ship (said one of the West India chaplains of the "Seaman's Friend Society"), but at one time we feared that she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from the harbour, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us.

I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor-boy at the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling-book than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast-head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy to do it! He lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful seas, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecastle. Perhaps he was gone

two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned, and remonstrated with the mate for sending the boy aloft. He could not come down alive. "Why did you



send him?" "I did it," replied the mate, "to save a life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds, like a squirrel. He is more careful; he'll come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak to him, and asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft. "I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray." "Do you pray?" "Yes, sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God." "Where did you learn to pray?" "At home; my mother wanted me to go to the sabbath-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me; and I do." "What was that you had in your jacket?" "My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. II.

SMELLING—TASTING—FEELING.

God has in all his works had respect to the welfare and happiness of his creatures. While our eye is charmed by the elegant floral treasures which adorn our gardens in rich succession, we have another sense, that of smelling, which is equally provided for by his Almighty love. How pure and fragrant are the spring violets, which

open their beautiful eyes, when the air is musical with the song of early birds! And yet, until those violets are withered, and even when they are shrivelled and dead, they continue to refresh us with their delicious perfume, even whilst their size is in no wise sensibly diminished. The little particles of fragrance arising from sweet-scented flowers and herbs are inconceivably smaller than the tiny motes that cast their shadows on the sunbeam. The microscope cannot discover them, however wonderful its discoveries may be. The nostrils are wide at the bottom, that a great quantity of these particles may enter, and narrow at the top, that they may condense, or come close together, so as to act with greater power. The nerves belonging to this sense are very delicate; and God has wisely ordered their use, both for the comfort and healthiness of our frame. Let us be grateful to Him for this sense. If it had so pleased him, he could have made the flowers without perfume, and with only such attractions as arrest and please the eye. But God is good, and rich in mercy to all. May he then incline our hearts to praise him, and to a loving acknowledgment of his bounty.

Not less useful to us than the sense of smelling is that of *tasting*. The nerves of the tongue are very sensitive, and by their means we are able to judge of the quality of the food which we receive into our mouths. How delicious is the refreshing juice of the grape, when we are toss-

ing feverishly on a bed of pain! And by the means of commerce our taste is gratified by the productions of other climes. We have spices from the East to season our more delicate dishes; our sugar ripens beneath the glowing skies of Western India; our tea is prepared and dried by the industrious activity of the Chinese; Mocha gives us its coffee, and the south of Europe its delicious fruits. Let us then not *abuse* this sense; but, cheerfully enjoying our blessings, exercise that Christian grace of temperance which the law of Christ demands at our hands.

The fifth and last sense, that of *feeling*, is not limited, as the other four, to particular parts of the body. Millions and millions of nerves are spread under the texture of the outer skin in connection with this sense. The upper side of the tips of the fingers is peculiarly sensitive, and is therefore guarded by a strong horny shield; and as the bones, which have no feeling in themselves, are very important as the pillars and supports of the body, they are covered with a membrane, or fibrous web, which extends between them and the flesh, and by its delicate sense of feeling is very useful in protecting them from injury.

The more knowledge we obtain, if at the same time the spiritual darkness of our minds is removed by the influence of the Spirit of God, the more are the proofs of his wisdom and beneficence multiplied around us. That same loving hand which has carefully guarded the eye from

the intrusion of those little insects and particles of dust which so painfully annoy its beautiful texture, has garlanded the hedgerows with aromatic leaves and sweetly-scented flowers, that our walks may be cheered and enlivened by their agreeable perfume. The same Saviour, who was content to be betrayed and crucified by wicked men, ripens the delicious apricot, and spreads its down upon the purple plum, that, our taste being gratified, our hearts *might awake to praise*. And since he has so mercifully provided for the exercise and enjoyment of all our senses, let us show that we are grateful for his goodness by never forgetting the best and most inestimable of his gifts—the *gift of Himself*. Yes; he gave *Himself* for us, that we might be delivered from this present evil world: and happy shall we be if now, when we hear God's gracious voice saying unto us, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart," we are led by his own good spirit to reply, "Behold, we come unto thee, for thou art the Lord our God." Happy, and how blessed, when through the shadows of death we pass into his presence, and join with the saints of every age and clime in singing that song which shall so sweetly rise and swell amid the hallelujahs of eternity: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." J. H.

Intelligence.

ADRIGOLE.

ADRIGOLE is a place in the south-west corner of Ireland. Some good people are trying to teach the poor Papists here the Bible, and about Jesus as the way to Heaven. But it is hard work, for the priests do all they can to prevent them. A nice school has been begun, but the poor children are sadly persecuted. One boy has been marked with peculiar animosity—little Mick Shea, whose mother, urged on by the priest, had forbidden him to go to church. However, Mick persisted in going. He used to appear as a phantom, both at school and church, and had thoughts of going to beg through the country as a poor scholar, rather than be subject to the priest's yoke. In one of his lonely perambulations, who should Mick see coming up the road but his *riverince*, stick in hand. Mick happened to have his prayer-book in his pocket, which, peeping forth, afforded the priest a subject of conversation with the proscribed lamb. "What have you got there?" demanded the priest; on being civilly informed, he roared out, "It's the devil's book!" "It's no such thing," said Mick, bravely; when immediately he caught a vision of *that immense stick* waving over his head, which has ere now struck terror into many a heart; whilst his reverence made a very decided movement to secure the book, but, being firmly resisted, forbore for an instant to stamp out his wrath, and taking off his hat, violently flung it from one side of the road to the other. During this temporary excitement,

little Mick nimbly made his escape to the parsonage. Faint and weakened from want of food, he told his tale with such a piteous, wan, and plaintive face, and evident depression of mind and body, that when the sad recital was finished he burst into tears. Seeing much that was hopeful and uncommon in that dear child, we had him placed under our more immediate care, much to his mother's satisfaction, at the boatman's house, who is a steady convert. But neither are the children safe *without*, nor yet *within* the precincts of their school-room. Once, as they were assembling in the school-room, before the master had arrived, the priest, knowing they were in the room and defenceless, suddenly rushed in. In terror of their lives, screaming with all their might, they ran off in every direction; a few he secured in the porch, and on these he commenced a severe attack: but, strange to say, so violent is this poor misguided man in his blind zeal, that rage at the increasing defection of his flock seems to render him at times powerless. Through mercy they made a partial escape, followed by his reverence; and now was a mighty chase seen across the wildest and most rocky moor imaginable; onwards they fled and he still pursued—but the friendly river was not far off, and to its broad bosom, swollen with late and heavy rains, several of these little fellows committed themselves, at the imminent peril of their lives. As far as their pursuer could (without danger), he followed them; but some men witnessing the scene, interfering by their shouts of "Don't drown the child! don't drown the child!" he at last desisted and walked away.

Notwithstanding all this persecution (varied

in other ways), the children remain steady attendants at school, increasing in a knowledge of the Scriptures, a portion of which are daily committed to memory by each child. But *one* timid little girl was frightened back to the priest's flock, amidst all the fiery persecution, which occasioned great indignation at her want of spirit on the part of her schoolfellows; and since, *that* little one has passed away, and is now numbered with the dead.

An intelligent little fellow was asked whether he thought he was one of Christ's sheep; he said he was, and still insisting on it, was further asked, "But, how do you know? what proof have you of this?" He was sitting on the end of a form, with an open Testament in his hand, and looking up, replied, "Because I am always going *asthray*." And thus had this child come to the Psalmist's *inference*, and drawn the same *conclusion*: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy *servant*, for I do not forget thy *commandment*," Ps. cxix. *Who* was it that had taught him that?

Many kind Christian friends in England send help over to these good people, who are doing so much good amongst the poor Irish.

Poetry.

THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

Should you like to be told the best use of a penny?
I'll tell you a way that is better than any:
Not on apples or cakes, or on playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.

Come listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please,
Of some poor little children far over the seas.

Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus,
But he made them with bodies and feelings like us.
A soul too, that never will die, has been given,
And there's room for such children with Jesus in heaven;
But few there's to tell of such good things as these,
To the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Poor children in this land are well off indeed,
They have schools every day, where they sing, sew, and read;
Their Church too, on Sunday, and pastor to teach,
And the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach,
Yet, sad to remember, there's so few of these
For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Poor blacks have few schools to learn reading and singing:
No Sunday for them with its cheerful bells ringing,

And most little blacks have no Bibles to read;
(Ah! dear little children, you're ill off indeed!)
But one penny a week would procure some with ease,
For the dark little heathen far over the seas.

O think then of this, when a penny is given,
I can help a poor black on his way home to heaven;
Then give it to Jesus, and He will approve,
Nor scorn the least mite, if but offered in love;
And oh, when in prayer you to Him bend your knees,
Remember your brethren far over the seas.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read." Question—What did the near relations of Jesus think (1) of his doctrine, (2) of his character?
2nd Week	Text—"They know not the Lord." Question—The four Evangelists relate their histories, and their accounts of our Lord's discourses, with wonderful minuteness; can you remember any promise that was made to them, that they should be able to do this?
3rd Week	Text—"Walking in the fear of the Lord.' Question—Does the Bible lead us to suppose, from any thing she herself said, that the Virgin Mary needed Jesus to save her, just as much as any of us?
4th Week	Text—"Give me understanding." Question—How many good men do we read of, who lost their lives, through their rulers giving in unjustly to the wishes of their enemies?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Julia," and "J. H." are much thanked for their communications.

"Miss Allen," too late for insertion *this* month. The "Papers on the Lord's Prayer" are put aside for the present, as articles similar to them have lately appeared.

The kind children of the school in Suffolk, who have made a shirt for the poor boy who had but one belonging to him, are informed, that if they will send it to the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, London, it will be given to the poor boy, who (the Editor is given to understand) will be very glad indeed of it.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor at Messrs. Seeleys, 54. Fleet-street, London; or Rev. C. Carus Wilson, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 333. SEPTEMBER, 1851. Vol. 28.

COURAGE AMIDST THE FLOODS.

It is a blessed thing when we see little children able, by God's grace, to lay hold of Divine truth themselves, and to make it known to others. The story which I am now about to tell you, is of a little boy, who was enabled, in a very trying hour, to give comfort to his own father.

In the Isle of Man (you will find the place on your map, in the Irish Sea) storms

occur very suddenly, and sometimes swell the smallest brook so that no one can pass over it. A clergyman was trying to cross a brook in his way to a religious meeting, but his carriage stopped in the midst. The waters were rising higher and higher every moment. He asked, "Coachman, cannot you drive on?" "No, sir; the horses cannot go through, and no one has heard my call." "Coachman, are you prepared to die?" "I hope so," was the answer, "for my only trust is in my Saviour Jesus Christ." The window was then closed: the husband took leave of his beloved wife; and then, turning to his little son, said, "My child, can you think of anything to comfort you, now that probably you are going to die?" "Yes, papa; for God says, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" The father blessed his boy, thanked God, and took courage, and doubtless prayed that the blessed promise might be realized to them. And it was so: two men appeared, who ran off to procure a boat and further assistance; the family was rescued; the horses were drawn out. And do you think either the father or the boy would forget the goodness of God in bringing to the little boy's mind His own gracious promise to cheer and comfort his parents, and in realizing that promise in their preservation?

Perhaps some of you may say, "But why

tell us *this* story? we are not going to cross any rivers; we are not going over any floods." Dear children, you do not know what may happen to you. How should you? You do not know what a day may bring forth. There was a good man, Mr. Philip Henry, who used to pray, "May God prepare us for the next providence!" And here is *one* flood, one dark river which you must certainly pass over, the river of death. You will say you are very young. Listen! It has been calculated that out of a hundred persons born, only sixty-four are living at six years of age; at sixteen, only forty. So you see many die very young, and it is never too soon to think of and prepare for death.

GOD'S FORGIVENESS.

I KNEW a young man who had one thousand pounds given to him on the day of his marriage. He was going to India, and he thought he would take this money with him in sovereigns, as he hoped to turn it to good account in that distant land.

So he had a box made on purpose, and it was taken by itself, where he could always have it under his own eye. But when they came to leave the vessel in which he was sailing, amidst the bustle of getting all their luggage safe together, this box of gold was placed on the ledge of the open window. The ship gave a sudden jerk, and down went the box of gold into the bottom of the sea!

It was quite in vain to try to recover it. The sea was very deep, and no ropes or diving bells could be directed to the very spot where the treasure lay.

You may suppose how vexed the young man was; but I shall not stay to tell you of his sorrow, nor even to remind you of the truth of that text which tells us, that "riches take to themselves wings and flee away." Much, indeed, might be said to show the folly of trusting in uncertain riches; but this is not my present object. I rather wish to suggest to my young readers, that we have here a striking illustration of the way in which God is pleased to declare that he forgives sins. He not only speaks of blotting them out as a thick cloud, but as casting them into the depths of the sea.

"He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities, and then will cast all their sins into the depths of the sea," Micah vii. 19. What a thought this is! That box of gold was lost for ever; no skill or power of man could possibly recover it. So, "the iniquity of Judah shall be sought for, and there shall be none: and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found," Jer. l. 20.

Such is the completeness of God's forgiveness, and such the ground of strong consolation to all who have found out their sins, and learned to look for the pardon of them in the right way. God "abundantly pardons" all who truly turn to him. Ah!

it is hard work for a poor penitent soul to believe all this, and bring home that blessed text; "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," 1 John i. It is hard work to believe that all our sins are like the box of gold at the bottom of the sea; yet this is the truth of God, and we offend him if we do not simply believe what he has promised. Perhaps some one may say, "What have children to do with all this?" I answer, a great deal. Not only have all children sin, and so need pardon, but there is many a child who feels and knows this, and whose little heart is ready to burst because it fears that God will not forgive. I knew a dear child who had every comfort, and all that this world could give to make her happy, and she was moreover a very good child in her daily conduct; and yet she told me one day, with a flood of tears, that she was so unhappy because she feared that Jesus would not forgive and save her. And another dear little child, much younger, I knew, who said she longed to die and go to heaven, because she had such a naughty evil heart, and she feared she should never be happy till she got to heaven.

Let all such, whether young or old, think what it is to have sins cast into the depths of the sea! W.

A CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

I WILL tell you a story, which will show how much a child can do by way of example and effort. A little boy, about seven years old, who went to a Sunday-school, had a father who was very much given to drinking. This sad habit made the whole family very unhappy, and the home truly wretched. One day, as the little boy was going to school, a kind lady met him in the street, and gave him a teetotal tract; and as he was in good time for school, he walked along slowly, and began to read it. He thought one part of it must have been written for him, for in that place the writer said, "If a child have a drunken parent, he should go without strong drink for his parent's sake." "Aye, and that is just what I will do," thought the little boy. When he returned home from school he took his mother aside, and asked her if he might have some water for his dinner, instead of the table-beer which was always used by the family. "Oh, yes, that you may, and I wish there was no stronger drink in the world," said his mother. "And so do I," thought the little boy. After this, several weeks and months rolled on, and the young abstainer kept firmly to his resolve, and could not be got to take a drop of that liquor which made his father so cruel, and his mother so sorrowful; but still no good appeared to be done by it, until the little fellow was told by his teacher at school,

one day, that he "could not expect the blessing of the Lord upon anything he did unless he had prayed for it from heaven!" So, in the middle of one night, when his father was out at the public-house, and the family were all gone to rest, he got out of his little bed, and fell on his knees, and prayed unto God for his poor guilty parent. Just as he was thus engaged, his father, who had got in with a latch-key at the door, was passing up-stairs, in a half tipsy state, on his way to bed. Hearing a noise as of some one speaking in his little boy's room, he listened at the door, and heard his son saying in earnest tones, mingled with many sobs and tears: "O Lord, please to bless me! please to bless my going without beer! and, O Lord, please to bless my dear father, and help him to go without all strong drink, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen." This short prayer worked so much upon the mind of the father, that it sobered him, and led him to make an inward vow that he would, by the help of the Lord, cease to use strong drink from that very night; and he kept his promise so well, that he became a good and sober man, and his home was ever after one of the happiest in the world.

THE TAHITIAN CHILD AND HIS MOTHER.

LITTLE TEILIO was a Tahitian. He had a mother who loved her Bible, and taught him

to pray, and to love God; though little more than thirty years ago there were no such mothers in Tahiti, but many who destroyed their children. His mother also taught him to love the house of God; and he did love it so much, that he would be very sorry if he could not attend.

Teilio, however, had but a weak body, and was often kept at home by sickness, even before he was seized with the illness which caused his death. During that illness his mother watched over him with the most affectionate care, and was rewarded by the eagerness with which he listened to her

instructions, and repeated the prayers she had taught him. Often, when in pain, he begged her to pray for him, and expressed his sorrow now that he could not be where he would like to be, in the house of God.

Every thing was done by his friends to

save his life; but it pleased God to take him away from this state of sin and sorrow, to that blessed, blessed world where there is no pain. Shortly before his death, he looked at his mother, and said, "Health to you, mother; I am going." "Going where?" said the mother. "Going to my Father," he replied. "Who is your Father?" "God is my Father." "Will God take you, sinful as you are, for his child?" "Yes; I have begged Him to do so, and He will." He then asked all to retire but his mother, whom he requested to raise him up while he prayed to his Saviour to take him. After doing so, the little boy laid himself down again, and went to his "Father" above.

Observing, some days after Teilio's death, that his mother, when in her usual seat at chapel, wept very much, and did not sing as was her habit, after the service I said to her, "Why do you weep?" "Because my dear child is absent from my side." "Would you, then, call him back if you could?" "Oh, no; he is happy where he is," she replied; "I would not call him back; but I must shed a few tears to his memory, for that I cannot help."

There was a Tahitian mother and a Tahitian child, not as they *were*, when the heart was frozen by the hardening influence of heathenism. *Then* the mother would have seen her own infant destroyed without pity, and without an effort to save it. Nay, she would with her own hands have crushed her

tender infant, and cast it from him! Mothers forgot their own sweet babes, and murdered them in the grave.

What has made the difference between their past and present state? It is the blessed gospel, which we wish you to love, and then to send to the heathen, that it may teach all the cruel mothers in dark lands to love their children, to teach them to love their Saviour, and, even when they have gone to heaven, to shed a tear over their graves.

THE STRAWBERRY STAIN.

In the United States of America there are ministers who are sent, by the Sabbath-school Union, into different parts of the country to preach to children. They are called children's ministers; and very dearly did I love the one who used to come into my father's neighbourhood, though he often had occasion to reprove me, or some of my companions. He once related an account of his being "born again;" and I am sure I shall not forget it. The minister said, he went one Saturday, with a number of his companions, into a field to gather strawberries. When he had eaten as many as he wished, he thought, if he had only something to put them in, he would gather some for his mother and sister; but, as he had nothing, one of the boys said, "Tear a leaf from one of your books, and twist it into a pottle." Taking his bag from his shoulder, he drew out his

spelling-book: the fly-leaf was gone. "If," thought he, "I tear a leaf from this, I may lose my spelling lesson, and get a bad mark for not knowing it." He could not make up his mind to tear a leaf from any of his books till he saw his Bible. He said, "This is the largest book of them all; I shall never read it through, I am sure; I shall not miss a leaf, if I take it out of the middle." He did so, and filled the leaf with his strawberries.

After the boys had stayed some time in the field they started for home. This little fellow had to go alone across the field, and, feeling lonesome, he began to eat his strawberries, and did so till he had eaten all but one. One stuck upon the paper. He put it to his lips to get it off, and he was going to throw it away, when the bright red stain of the strawberry caught his eye. He looked at it, and read Isa, lv. 6: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." On the other side, the red spot was on Isa. liii. 3: "He is despised and rejected of men." "Oh," thought he, "How wicked I have been!" He kept the leaf, and read it many times, until at length he ventured to tell his sister, and ask her what he must do to be saved. She prayed with and for him; and though every night and morning he had been accustomed to say prayers, yet until now he never had prayed with his whole heart. He obtained pardon and peace, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

ELEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A HOME.

A poor boy lately called upon us, wishing to get into the Westminster Refuge. He had just come out of Tothill-fields Prison two days before, to which he had been committed for begging. He looked very pale and wretched—so starved-like. All the clothes he had on consisted of a pair of old trousers, tied round his body, and a thin worn-out jacket fastened on with pins. He had neither shirt, shoes, nor stockings; and what was worse, he had not been in a bed, except when in prison, for many months. During the long, cold, dark nights, when other people were sleeping comfortably in their warm homes, this poor lad was crouching under some bridge or dark arch,

or shivering on a wet door-step, with his bare feet and limbs exposed to the wind, and without even a shirt to keep him warm!

He had been fourteen times in prison, and yet he did not seem a very wicked boy. Once he tried to steal a pair of shoes, for which he got three months in prison; another time he was taken up on suspicion; and once, when almost starving, he stole some soap, and for this he got another three months; and the other eleven times he was put in for begging. Poor boy! his mother was a drunkard, and drunken mothers are often worse than none at all. She killed herself by drinking twelve years ago; and a short time after that his worthless, cruel father turned him out of doors, leaving him to beg, or steal, or starve. For nearly eleven years he has wandered about in this destitute state, without a home or a friend; sometimes, at night, in the vagrant's ward of a workhouse; at other times in prison, or wandering in the streets. Many a time he has stood and looked at the nice cakes and biscuits in the bakers' shops, till his eyes filled with tears, when he had not tasted food for more than a day.

He is now in the Juvenile Refuge, where he gets plenty of food, clothes, and a comfortable bed; a master to teach him to read, and another to train him to work. He seems likely to turn out a good boy, and may yet become a useful and respectable man. What a mercy that such places are opened for poor destitute boys! and how very thankful should those children be whose parents are not drunkards, and who do not

require to get food and clothing is a Sure Refuge! To those who have kind hearts, how very happy and pleasant it is to provide a home for a homeless boy!—to make him smile through his tears, and feel how possible it is he may become a man after all!—and thus make this weary wicked world *somewhat* better than it is! Read over this beautiful hymn six times, and then try, as long as you live, to do what it bids you!

"Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share,
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.

Go bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

Then bright as morning shall come forth
In peace and joy thy days;
And glory from the Lord above,
Shall shine on all thy ways."

Isa. lviii. 6–8.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. V.

It was a beautiful night when we left Avignon for Marseilles. And we should have enjoyed it much, if we could have ridden outside the diligence, under the full shining moon and the bright stars; but there were

no places outside, and we were obliged to squeeze inside along with four other persons, who were foreigners. And as they were smoking and taking snuff all the hot night through, with the windows shut, for fear they should catch cold, I had a very miserable night of it. But I comforted myself as we went along with thinking, that it was a very good piece of discipline; and that patience was worth acquiring, though it were at rather a serious cost. It was a journey of about seventy miles. Marseilles is one of the grand ports of France; something like our Liverpool; though not nearly on so large a scale. It is full of ships, and looks beautifully and grandly placed, as you view it from the sea. I staid a very short time here, but soon went on board an Italian steamer called the *Mongibello*, which was to take us to Leghorn. I remember we paid very high fares on board this steamer, because they promised to feed us as well as carry us. But when we were once off, we found they stopped every now and then at different places upon some excuse or other, and expected us to get our meals for ourselves on land! This did not give me a very high idea of Italian honesty. We had a beautiful sail by moonlight all along the coast of the Mediterranean, to Genoa. Beautiful hills covered with green, round the shore, intersected with deep woody ravines, and spotted with little villages, and church spires peeping out from among the woods. The trees came down to the very

water's edge, often quite dipping their leaves and branches into it. Next afternoon we arrived at Genoa, and the next two days being saints' days, our vessel would not sail. The Italians always make their saints' days holidays; and as there are a great many saints' days in the year, a great part of the year they are perfectly idle, doing nothing at all. This is one thing which makes them so lazy and indolent. But why should they so honour these days on which they commemorate their saints? A great many of these would-be saints were no saints at all. And of the others who, perhaps, were good men, I am sure they would be very sorry to see their memories making so many people so idle. And I am sure they would be sorry to see these Roman Catholics so dishonouring God's own day, the Sunday. They will do any kind of business on Sunday!—Genoa is in Sardinia: it is a seaport-town, situated on the slope of a high hill, which rises out of the sea. It is walled all round, and is very strong. Genoa is celebrated for its beautiful palaces. There are also some very fine churches. The women wear a curious kind of a veil, instead of a bonnet; which is thrown over the head, and falls partly over the face, reaching down to the feet. I saw a curious Popish funeral procession at Genoa. First came some priests carrying a huge flag, on which were painted deaths' heads and cross-bones, and other fearful-looking things. Then came a number of men singing most dolefully; all covered over with white

sheets, in which were two little holes for their eyes to see through. Then followed some people carrying lighted candles, which were flaming about in the hot sun, and dropping their wax in all directions: as they went along, beggars ran by the side, holding their hats in their hands to catch the dropping wax. Then came the corpse in a coffin painted all over, just as the flag in front was, and all was followed up by a disorderly rabble. How much rather would I have seen one of our quiet village funerals, than this noisy, disorderly scene. However, if the soul has only gone to the right place, it does not much matter how, or where the poor body is laid. But for those that survive, death is always a serious thing.—I am always sad when I see a funeral.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

THINK what real prayer is. It is *asking God for what we want!* Now, if we *ask*, and do not *want*, we are not praying; we are only saying words which God will not like to hear. When people are hungry, they ask for food to eat; this is being hungry for the body. Do we want to have Jesus Christ as our Saviour? He is called "the Bread of Life." Do we ask Him to come and dwell in our hearts?—this is being hungry for the soul. The food for the body will only make it live a few years, but the food for the soul will make it live for ever! That is, if Jesus Christ comes into our hearts, if we are joined to Him, we shall live always in heaven.

SIMPLIFIED SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

You have heard and read much about the Crystal Palace, which has occupied the attention of many minds. It is a wonderful structure, and we read of nothing like it in the past history of the world. It is called a *Crystal* Palace, because of the resemblance that the glass of which it is composed bears to those masses of transparent rock which are found in different parts of the globe. But how inferior is glass to crystal! The one is the result of man's ingenuity, the other is the creation of *God;* and the efforts of human genius can never be compared with the grandeur and excellence of His works. I am now going to speak of something brighter and more beautiful than the Crystal Palace; something upon which our whole attention should be fixed, and to which our hopes should continually aspire. It is not a *Palace* only, but a *City of Palaces;* a glorious and imperishable city. In a very short time the Crystal Palace, with all the exhibition it contains of man's perseverance, skill, and taste, will mingle with the dust; and those who planned and executed the mighty building will slumber in the grave. But this City is for ever and ever! Its foundations will never crumble, its walls never decay. It is called the "New Jerusalem;" and St. John saw it descending out of heaven from God, having

the glory of God. The whole of the City, even to the streets, is built of pure transparent gold, like unto clear glass: and the walls are of jasper, with their foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones. These stones are of different colours. The green beryl, the blue sapphire, the purple amethyst, the yellow topaz, are there, and beautifully do they shine and sparkle in the light of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb! These walls have twelve gates, every several gate being of one pearl. We have seen pearls, but they are very small. The largest pearl of which earth can boast is insufficient to enable us to form a correct idea of the heavenly splendour of these gates. At each of them an angel stands; but the City itself—those golden palaces which are within the jasper walls—is for the dwelling-place of those who have served and feared the Lord below. Patriarchs and prophets of ancient days; the Apostles who went forth into all lands preaching the Gospel of the grace of God; the noble army of martyrs who confessed Christ amidst the torments of a fiery death; all Christians of every age and every clime; and all holy children who have listened to Jesus' voice, and kept His word, —these shall be gathered together, and have their habitations in that beautiful City of God, when the first heaven and the first earth shall have passed away, and when all things shall be made new. Oh, how mean and insignificant do the noblest works of men appear when the eye

of faith pierces the skies, and gazes upon the glories of eternity! It sees *Jesus*, the friend of sinners, who is even now preparing a place for His people; and in proportion as the things above are brought home to its apprehension, do the things below fall into their proper places, and cease to exercise an undue power over the mind and heart. Dear children, you all feel that you would like to go to the New Jerusalem when you die. Do not forget that, as it is a place *prepared* by the grace of God, so those who will be finally received there must be also *prepared for that place*. It is a very holy City. All the happiness that comes from God is a *holy* happiness. The angels and seraphs who adore in His presence, and whose ceaseless hallelujahs rise and swell to the glory of His name, have never in thought, word, or deed, done anything contrary to His will. *You* have *sinned;* and if you die in your sins, God's wrath will abide on you for ever. But He willeth not the death of a sinner, and His own beloved Son has Himself prepared a way to bring you back to God. *Go to that beloved Son;* He is the Saviour of *little children*—submit to His guidance, lean upon His bosom, and implore His Holy Spirit, that you may know His beauty and the sweetness of His salvation. So shall the New Jerusalem be your happy home at last; there will you walk with the Lamb in white, and sing with all the glorified saints the wonders of redeeming love.

J. H.

Intelligence.

DEAF AND DUMB IN IRELAND.

My dear young Friends,—Another year has gone by; again I take up my pen to write to you of Ireland's deaf mutes. Well, my children; not a day has passed since I visited Claremont. My heart beat with love for the children there, with deep interest for the Institution as I entered its walls. And what did I there see? I wish you all had been with me, and your young hearts would have resolved to make every exertion in your power to collect funds for Claremont. I saw groups of boys with happy intelligent faces, far more intelligent than many who are blessed with the hearing ear and the speaking tongue. The master wrote questions for them, and they readily responded to them. I went from room to room; all were neat and orderly as could be. I visited the girl's school-room; it was their working hour, and they were busy with their needles, they having to make and keep in repair their own clothes and those of the boys in the Institution. The girls are also taught there to be servants and washerwomen, everything being done by them, there being but two domestics in that large establishment, who are kept to superintend and instruct them. I saw these children at some of their labours; I looked at the work of their hands, and I rejoiced that there was such an asylum for these poor afflicted ones. On passing through one room, I saw one girl sitting with her mother, who had come many miles to see her child who is very ill. She is in a consumption, and death appears to be not far off from her. I asked the matron, "Did she know how ill she was?" She said, "Yes; that she

had endeavoured to suppress it on her mind, and that the sick girl says, "She is not afraid—she trusts in Jesus." My children, if this be so—and we have every reason to hope it is—is it not a happy, happy thought to think that when death comes to the educated mute, he is not afraid to die if he loves Jesus? The head-master told me that, before they are taught, they know not what death is: though they may see it, they cannot understand it. Many of them look up, with disturbed and angry countenances, to the sun, moon, and stars, as if they thought it was they who had done this to the friend they loved. Is not this sad? Well; you can help in having these afflicted ones taught to know what death is, and that there is deliverance from the power of death—yes, from even death eternal; that there is life in Jesus, life everlasting; that He is the Resurrection and the Life. But we must all exert ourselves much. There are at present seventy-six children in Claremont; nine were seeking for admission last Easter Monday, and but three could be admitted. The good men who manage all the business at Claremont have made arrangements this year to lessen the expenses by 300*l.*; still, unless those who love the poor mutes exert themselves to collect money for them, Claremont cannot receive all that her heart desires; and I grieve to say, that close to it there is a Roman Catholic institution, established within the last year, where there are now thirty children. This rival institution has no lack of money; and surely Protestant parents, Protestant children who love their Bible, ought to strive and send money for these poor children, so that Claremont should not have to say, "I cannot take in this child, because help sufficient has not been sent me." My young friends, need

I say more? Many of you who read this, I know, love Ireland's deaf and dumb children. May the God of love put it into your hearts to love them still more, and to cause you to redouble your efforts for them! Talk of them to your playfellows and friends; try and make all you know love them too, and give you something for them. I remain,

Your sincere friend,

ANNE ALLEN.

I shall receive any collection you may send by its being addressed to Temple-Harry Rectory, Cloghjordan, Ireland.

June 7, 1851.

Poetry.

MARK x. 13—16.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
How Jesus came down among men,
How He call'd little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hand had been laid on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet, still to His footstool in prayer I may go
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

But many dear children who wander and fall
Never heard of that beautiful home;
I should like them to learn there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that beautiful time,
The brightest, and sweetest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms to be blest.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"Teach me thy way, O Lord." Question—What was the prophecy uttered in the time of Joshua, which was exactly fulfilled in the time of Ahab?
2nd Week	Text—"Think on me, my God." Question—Do you remember a story in the Bible, which proves that the indulgence of one evil inclination is sufficient to endanger our eternal salvation?
3rd Week	Text—"Come unto me." Question—Mention two people, of whom God spoke by name, many years before their birth, and predicted some of their future actions.
4th Week	Text—"Freely give us all things." Question—Mention two instances, in which Divine worship was offered to angels and refused?
5th Week	Text—"Is he with Christ." Question—Of how many people who lived in Old Testament times, did our Lord speak whilst on earth?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. is thanked; but not quite suitable for insertion.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor at Messrs. Seeleys, 54, Fleet-street, London; or Rev. C. Carus Wilson, 22, Spencer-square, Ramsgate.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 334. OCTOBER, 1851. VOL. 28.

THE YOUNG NEGRO FUGITIVE.

WHILE meditating one Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, upon the blessings of this free, gospel land (America), and on the liberty wherewith God here sets his children free, a neighbour opened the door, and whispered cautiously in our ear, that a young sable fugitive from slavery had knocked at his door, and he had given him a place by the fire. "A slave in New England!" exclaimed we, as we took down

our hat; "is it possible that slaves can breathe here and not be free?"

There were many of us that gathered round that young man, and few of us all had ever seen a slave. There were mothers in the group that had sons of the same age as that of the boy, and tears came into their eyes when he spoke of his widowed slave-mother; and there were young sisters, with Sunday-school books in their hands, that surrounded him, and looked in his face with strange and tearful earnestness, as he spoke of the sister he had left in bondage. He had been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains," and his voice trembled as he spoke. His pursuers had tracked him from one place to another; they were even now hard at his heels; his feet were bruised and swollen from the chace; he was faint and weary, and he looked around upon us imploringly for protection. Starting at every sound from without, he told, with a tremulous voice, the story of his captivity and recapture; for thrice had he fled from slavery, and twice had he been delivered up to his pursuers. He was chequered over with the marks of the scourge; for his master had prescribed a hundred lashes to cure him, if he failed in his third attempt to be free; and he walked to the window, and softly asked the nearest way to Canada. "Canada and Heaven," he said, "were the only two places that the poor slave sighed for;" and he tied up his clouted shoes to go. We knew what was in his heart, and he what was in our

own, when the children came near, and asked their parents why the negro boy might not live in Massachusetts, and why he should go so far to find a home? And we looked in each other's faces, and said not a word, for our hearts were troubled at their questions.

Some one asked for the "bond," and it was read; and there, among great swelling words about liberty, we found it written, that there was not an acre or an inch of ground within the limits of the great American Republic which was not *mortgaged to slavery*. And when the reader came to that passage in the bond, his voice fell, lest the children should hear it, and ask more questions. He passed the instrument around, and we saw it written—"too fairly writ"—that there was not a foot of soil in New England—not a spot consecrated to learning, liberty, or religion—not a square inch on Bunker Hill, or any other hill; nor cleft, or crag, or cavern in her mountain sides; nor nook in her dells, or lair in her forests; nor a hearth, nor a cabin door, which did not bear the bloody endorsement in favour of slavery. "It was in the bond!"—the bond of our Union, "ordained to establish justice, promote the welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"—it was in that anomalous instrument, that the slave-hunter and his hounds might seize upon his trembling victim on the holiest spot of this land of the free.

ANCIENT GATEWAYS.

ANCIENT gateways were used for different purposes. In them judges opened their courts, armies were assembled, and markets held. They were large open places, with two portals, one at the entrance, the other at the exit; and it appears that a little chamber was sometimes built over one of them, as David went up into a room of this description to weep for Absalom his son. When the king's generals went forth to the battle, David stood by the gate-side, and saw the troops who were faithful to him pass out by hundreds and thousands; and after the fight was over, and Joab sent messengers to inform the king of his victory, they found him sitting in the large open space which was between the two portals of the gateway.

In the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Kings, we find the gateway of the city of Samaria used as a market-place for the sale of provisions. The sixth chapter tells us that the king of Syria brought his armies against the city, and, being unprepared for a siege, it was soon reduced to the last extremity of famine. But God, to show forth his loving-kindness and power, caused a terror to fall upon the hosts of Syria, so that they fled away, leaving their tents to be plundered by the Samaritans. A quantity of corn was brought into the gate of the city to be sold; and the poor famished

people rushed together in such great numbers, in their eagerness to buy food, that they threw down the lord whom the king had appointed to have charge of the gate, trampling him to death, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by the prophet Elisha.

In the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Job, *courts of justice* are alluded to as being held in the gate. It is there said that the children of the foolish are far from safety: they are crushed in the gate; neither is there any to deliver them: which means that, when they come before the tribunal of justice, they shall not establish their cause, neither shall any stand up to take their part. And again; in the book of the prophet Amos, the fifth chapter, and the fifteenth verse, the prophet tells the people what they must do if they would obtain the favour of the Lord. He says, "Hate the evil, and love the good; and *establish judgment in the gate.*" The judge is to administer justice in a *righteous* manner; not taking bribes of the rich, or despising the persons of the poor; but having the fear of God before his eyes, and acting always as in His sight.

In the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, the eighteenth verse, Jesus says of His Church that "the *gates of hell* shall not prevail against it;" by which we may understand the *judgment* of hell—judgment being administered in the gates. Satan is said to be the

accuser of God's people. He accuses them before God day and night. But though hell, with all its legions, arise to condemn; though all our sins are written against us—all the foolish thoughts, and idle moments, and evil dispositions, by which we have provoked God to anger,—yet if we have laid the burden of our iniquity upon the Lord Jesus Christ—if He has put upon us the spotless robe of His holy righteousness—then may we lift up our heads in peace and confidence; for, though Satan accuses us, and lays all our sins to our charge, *God* himself is our friend; and that dear Saviour, who died and rose again, is ever at His right hand, making intercession for us. Nothing can separate us from His love. Hell will be silenced, and its judgment shall never prevail against Christ's Church. J. H.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

NO. VI.

After two days' stay at Genoa, we left in our steamer for Leghorn. This is a considerable-sized town, but with nothing beautiful to see in it. It has a great many ships, and carries on a good trade with England. From here we went to Pisa, where there are some beautiful buildings. There is, first, a cathedral, which is one of the finest in Italy; and near to it a tower in which they ring the bells, which is different to every other tower that I have ever seen.

In what way? Why, because instead of standing upright, it leans over to one side, as if it were going to tumble down. And on this account it is always called, the "Leaning Tower of Pisa." And why does it not tumble down? Ah! that you will find out when you get a little older, I can hardly explain it to you now. But why did they build it slanting? Because they could not help themselves. When they had built about half-way up, the foundation gave way on one side; and then they went on building in the same slanting line, or if they had begun then to build straight, it would have appeared crooked as well as slanting, which would have been still worse.

It looks so curious to see a building all on one side; and it makes one feel so queer to walk up inside it; you always feel that it will be tumbling down with you. What a pity it is, that our minds are not as uneasy when they see actions which are out of the right way, as our eyes are with such things which do not look straight. Once upon a time, when Adam was in Paradise, before he sinned, he was just as uncomfortable to be near a sin, as he was to be near a danger. Now we are so accustomed to be amongst sin, that we do not think it ugly, and do not fear it. But if God puts his grace into our hearts, and makes them quite new, then we shall be more like Adam as he once was, and think all that partakes of sin to be ugly and dangerous, because it is not

as God first made it. We do not like to see crooked towers, because they torment our eye; and do not like to be near them, lest they should fall;—we should not like sin, because it is all crooked, and not according to the upright law of God; and we should avoid every appearance of it, lest it should ruin us.

HONESTY.

On the 16th April last, a boy named John Gibson, while proceeding to school, found on the streets of Gorbals, a purse containing 28*l.* in gold, which he at once handed to his teacher, Mr. Thomson, Norfolk-lane. The teacher, on his part, in due course gave the purse and money over to the superintendent of police of the Southern District. At first no inquiry was made after it, and as the day was that on which the "City of Glasgow"

steamer sailed, and the purse was found on the line of route to that ship, it was believed that the gold must have been dropped by a passenger previous to embarking. Advertisements were, however, inserted in the papers; and in due course a person called at the police-office, on the part of a widow in Dublin, who had sold off her furniture in Glasgow, and dropped the money while proceeding on the day in question to settle in Ireland. Subsequent correspondence left no doubt that this lady was actually the owner and loser of the purse: and on recovery, she authorised the magistrate to reward the honest finder with two sovereigns, or perhaps a trifle more, if he should think fit. Accordingly, a few days ago, the boy, with his father and teacher, was requested to appear before Bailie Smith, at the Southern Police-court, to receive the reward; but the magistrate having ascertained that the parent was an industrious hard-working man in Dixon's Works, resolved to increase the present to 3*l*. He then addressed to the youth from the bench the following remarks, which we think worth preserving:

"My dear Boy,—This is a happy day for you. You stand here in a pleasing position; for you have stamped your character with integrity and honesty. Not long since I witnessed a scene of a different character, in which two blackguard men found a large sum of money, 40*l*. I think, in the Cattle-market, but instead of endeavouring to find the owner, as you have done, they spent

more than the half of it in dissipation and folly, and were then taken with the remainder in their possession. and each sentenced sixty days to prison. I truly envy the feelings of your father on this happy occasion. The highest authority says, that 'a wise son makes a glad father;' and the same authority reiterates the same tender expression, 'My son, if thou be wise, my heart will rejoice—even mine.' The disposition shown by you on this occasion is most honourable to the care and pains which have been taken with your training by your parents and your worthy teacher. I hope your father will place this little sum of money for you in the Savings Bank, so that if you are spared to grow up to maturity, it may form a good foundation on which to raise the structure of your future business, character, and prosperity; and that you will continue by your dutiful conduct to gladden the hearts of your parents and friends."

The teacher acknowledged the address of the Magistrate, and expressed his opinion that good would come out of this matter being noticed from such a place (the bench), in such a public manner.

The Bailie replied. He was satisfied that a majority of the teachers in this city, while imparting the elements of instruction which their profession called for, were still more anxious to cultivate the moral qualities of those under their charge—aware that intellectual attainments would follow in a good time.

THE INDIAN BOY.

In the year 1836, some soldiers in America were sent from a fort to look out and see if there were any Indians in the neighbourhood, for the Indians were at war with the white people. Early in the morning they came upon a party who were digging up some potatoes in a field belonging to a deserted residence. No sooner did the Indians see the soldiers than they jumped over the fence, and ran away into the forest. The soldiers followed a little way; but they were afraid to go far into the forest, and returned to the road. On the road they saw marks of the footsteps of an Indian child; and these they resolved to pursue, thinking they would be sure to lead to one of the camps of the tribe. The little wanderer, however, was all alone: he had lost his way.

He ran on and on the whole day, for he heard the soldiers coming after him. The children of savages cannot read and write, like English children; but they can *see* and *hear* better, for they learn to do so from the constant necessity of guarding against danger. We could tell our readers stories of the wonderful powers of sight and hearing possessed by the savages, which would astonish them, and which prove that we can learn almost anything to which we really give our attention.

Our little wanderer became hungry and thirsty, for he had not eaten or drunken the

whole day. In passing through a peach orchard he gathered a few peaches, and put some of them in the front part of his dress; still he ran on, and the soldiers still followed, believing they should come to the Indians. At last the poor little fellow rushed into a thick covert of bushes, and hid himself in the long grass. The soldiers, however, soon found him. He uttered a scream of terror, thinking they were going to kill him, and then held up to them in his little hand a peach, as a ransom for his life. Some of the wicked men proposed to put him to death; but one, more kind than the rest, set the poor child upon his horse, and took him back to the town, where they fed him with a little milk, and gave him a blanket, in which he wrapped himself, after the Indian manner, and lying down before the fire, was soon asleep.

He was about five or six years old, and looked half-starved, and as though he had suffered much. For three weeks he never spoke a word, but sat cross-legged upon the floor in perfect silence, and looking very miserable. At last an officer, Colonel Warren, took him into his own house, and let him play with his children. Here he began to talk, and was soon a great favourite with the family. For a long time no one could persuade him to tell either his own name, or the name of his family. At last he was sent to school, and his governess persuaded him to let her know his name, which was

Nikkanochee. Being asked, on one occasion, if he had ever been whipped when in his tribe, he said, "Yes;" his uncle had once punished him with small switches, to make him walk faster (probably when retreating from their enemies): the name of his uncle was Oceola.

A few years afterwards he was brought to England, and received into the family of a Christian lady, who adopted and educated him as her child, and instructed him in the fear and love of the Lord.

When Nikkanochee became a man, he chose to be a sailor; and the last we heard of him was, that he had been several voyages, and had a high character from his pious captain and shipmates.

Little friends, there is one particular incident in this story we would have you think of,—the Indian child holding up the peach to the soldiers as a ransom for his life! We smile to think of such a thing; but many of you are equally foolish when you think of purchasing by what you can give or do the favour of God, without coming to him in Jesus Christ. A kind father, you know, will accept with pleasure the smallest and most worthless gift from a loving and obedient child, as a token of his love, and so will God accept the least thing you have to give as a token of *your* love; but if you think that any of your gifts or service can *merit* anything from the Lord, you are as foolish as the child who offered the peach to the soldiers.

THE THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

THREE little girls heard an impressive sermon on the sufferings which Jesus endured in Gethsemane. At the close of the service, and when they had reached the porch, one of them, Mary Thornton, seemed more serious than usual, and turned to say goodbye; for her home lay in a different direction from that of her companions.

"Oh! stop a little while," said Fanny Johnson, as they stood in the churchyard; "there is no hurry this fine afternoon."

"Grandmother will want her tea," answered Mary; "and I promised to get home as soon as I could."

"Grandmother can wait, I suppose," returned Fanny, laughing; "and, if she is cross, you may tell her what a long sermon we have had. I declare I thought it was never coming to an end."

"It was a very good sermon," said Mary, seriously.

"Well, we do not want to talk about the sermon," interrupted Fanny's sister, Elizabeth Johnson. "And if you are in such a hurry," for Mary was walking on, "we can go with you down the lane. *We* need not go home any sooner than we like."

Mary would rather have walked down the green lane alone, thinking over what she had heard; but she had not courage to say so. And she persuaded herself that it would do just as well by-and-by. She would find the text in her Bible after tea, and read over the chapter, and that would bring to her mind many things that the minister had said. So they went talking and laughing along, and Mary heard all that Fanny and Elizabeth had to tell about a fair that was to be held in a neighbouring village next day, and felt strongly inclined to go, if she could only get her grandmother's leave. She also listened to a description of the smart new bonnets which their mother had promised them before the following Sunday; and she began to reckon how long it was since hers was new, and to wonder how much longer her grandmother expected it to last. So that, with the fair and the new

bonnets to think of, it was not surprising that the sermon should go entirely out of her head, and all the good desires that it had awakened in her mind.

After tea, instead of opening the Bible and looking out the text, she stood for an hour or more idly leaning against the door-post, sullen and discontented; because her careful grandmother would not hear a word about her going to the fair. And when bed-time came, instead of ending the Sabbath with prayer and holy thoughts, she just uttered a few sentences with her lips, while her heart was far from God, and then lay down to rest, as careless about her everlasting welfare as if she had never heard of Christ and all that he endured to save her soul from endless woe.

Thus it is that the good seed of the word is often taken away from the heart, through sinful companions, through vain and idle talk, through our own want of watchfulness and prayer. How many young persons have been impressed while listening to a sermon, have felt a rising desire to become religious, have made good resolutions before leaving the house of God; yet by the time that they entered again their own homes, have been cold, and indifferent, and worldly-minded as ever. How sad it is, when public worship is over, to see young people clustering in giddy groups outside, with ill-timed merriment and light discourse, doing their best to help the work of Satan, and to banish

every recollection of God, of the never-dying soul, of preparation for the life to come! To keep up an appearance of seriousness and devotion in the presence of God's ministers and people, and immediately to throw it aside amongst our own companions and friends, must be a fearful mockery of Him who "looketh upon the heart." And oh! it is a solemn and awful thing to trifle with the convictions of the Holy Spirit. Every good thought and every holy desire is from Him. He speaks to us in the whisperings of conscience, and the preaching of His word. Reader! beware lest the message of mercy and salvation should be sent in vain *to you.* If it do not awaken in you desires after Christ, gratitude for proclaimed mercy, and a determination to cleave to Jesus, and to live to the glory of God, it were better for you had you never heard the Gospel, since for all its many invitations and neglected warnings you must give an account to God.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill; indeed, her at-

tendants believed her to be dying, She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head

nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he was soon to sustain!

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, *never* forget it:—'*When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.*'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding-sheet, and ready for the grave.

This was her *last lesson*. He has never forgotten it—he probably never will. He has grown to be a man—a *good* man, and now occupies a post of much honour and profit in a northern part of the country. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced—the Lord has taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have God for your friend, you need never fear. Father and mother may forsake you, the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, full of thorns and pitfalls, but He can bring you safely through trials, and give you a golden harp and snowy robe, like those the justified wear in heaven. He can even surround your death-bed by angel visitants: "He is

all-powerful, an ever present help in time of trouble." Will you not then seek His friendship? This you can never gain unless you come to him through the Lord Jesus, and daily keep his commandments: "If you love me," said the Saviour, "keep my commandments." Do you keep these? Do you not only "abstain from evil," but from the slightest "appearances of evil?" These are solemn and soul-searching questions. If you are compelled by truth to answer them in the negative, will you not change your course and begin to-day to live for God? Perhaps some very little boy or girl may read this story of little Roger, and turn away from the reflections here at the close, saying, "I am too young to become a Christian yet; by-and-by I will keep all of God's commandments, and be very good indeed." My little friend, you are not too young to die. Perhaps you may not live to fulfil your esign of be co ming a Christian in some future hour. Better begin *now!* Trust me when I say to you, *you are not too young.* This world is a wide one, and it is full of wickedness. God has called it in the Bible His vineyard, and He calls continually for labourers to come and work in it. Would you not like to work for a Master who will pay you with the gold of a happy heart in this world—yea, "in the life to come" will give you a place close to His great white throne, in that beautiful world, the glories of which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not

heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive?" Or will you work for that wicked one, who will pay you with groans and gnashing of teeth, and "everlasting burnings"—who will delight in making your path in this life full of bitter memories, and in the "life to come" terrible indeed? I am very earnest in this important matter, and I wish you to make a wise choice now; one that you will not regret having made throughout the endless ages of eternity! You cannot be an idler, young though you be. If you do not work for God, believe me, you are working for Satan. What a fearful thought!

IRISH PEGGY.

PEGGY was an Irish servant-girl, who only received her clothes and food for her wages. At length her mistress agreed to give her a small yearly salary; and when a few months had elapsed, Peggy went to her clergyman, and quietly gave him a sovereign. "Peggy," he said, "what is this for?" "Your reverence," she replied, "it is the first pound that I could ever call my own since I was born." "And what will I do with it?" "It is for poor Ireland; it is for my countrymen, to have the blessed Gospel preached to them." The minister admired her liberality, but thought it was a larger sum than she could spare. "Peggy," he said, "it is

too much for you to give; I cannot take it." "Oh, your reverence," she answered, with her characteristic energy, "if you refuse it. I would not sleep for a fortnight;" and she went away, leaving the money in his hand, and exclaiming, "God bless my poor country with the ministry of the Gospel!"

Poetry.

BIBLE BROTHERHOOD.

CHILD.

MAMMA, who gave the Negro Boy
That head of woolly hair?
What makes his skin so very dark,
Whilst mine is light and fair?

MAMMA.

Bring me the Bible, dearest child;
We'll turn its pages o'er,
And read what God himself declared
By holy Paul of yore:
"*God of one blood all nations made*
To dwell on all the earth;"*—
The fairest and the darkest skins
Alike must owe Him birth.

CHILD.

And does God love the Negro Boy
As well as He loves me?
Would Jesus take him in is Harms,
Speaking so tenderly?

* Acts xvii. 26.

MAMMA.

Read what the Bible says again,
By holy prophet spoken;
Thus let us seek to know His will,
Whose laws may not be broken:
"Have we not *all one Father* here,
One God who us created?
Why do we then deal treacherously? *
Brothers must not be hated."

CHILD.

We say, "*Our Father*," when we pray,
The Negro does the same;
Then we must surely brothers be?—
How very sweet the name!

MAMMA.

Yes, dearest child, the Negro Boy
Is just as much your brother,
In the Redeemer's loving eyes,
As if I were his mother.

CHILD.

Then come, my Negro brother, come!
And let us brothers be!
Not in a Christian name alone
But tenderest sympathy.

Forget the wrongs of years gone by,
And freely share with me
In all the pleasant things of life,
In sweet fraternity.

Come, Negro brother, hand in hand
Together let us move;
We'll know no other bondage here,
But *holiest bonds of love.* C. M. FRY.

* Malachi ii. 10.

WHAT CAN I DO?

What! if the little rain should say,
So small a thing as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky."

What! if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"No continuing city." Question—Who was the young king, of whom it was said, that he "declined neither to the right hand nor to the left," in doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord?
2nd Week	Text—"Lead me to the Rock." Question—What is more precious than gold?
3rd Week	Text—"Do it with thy might." Question—How many holy men have been taken up into Heaven without dying?
4th Week	Text—"Guide of my youth." Question—What does Scripture say a man is like, who deceives his neighbour, and then excuses it on the ground that it is a joke?

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 335. NOVEMBER, 1851. VOL. 28.

THE COBRA AND MONGOOS.

"WHAT was the story you promised to tell me, papa, the other day of the cobra and mongoos? What is a cobra; and what is a mongoos?" asked little Willy. "Well, you shall hear," said his father, "if you will promise to be attentive, and remember what

I tell you." "Yes," said Willy; and the tale began. It is now not a very long while ago, that an officer in India, by some accident, was wandering on foot, and in the night, through a very desolate part of the country. After travelling a long distance, he was overcome with fatigue, and at length threw himself down on the dry long crisp grass, and just as the first faint edge of dawn appeared, fell fast asleep. Soundly and sweetly he slept; for weariness makes the traveller's sleep both sound and sweet. It was not long however that he had rested, before he partially awoke, with a strange perception of danger, which seemed to tie him down to the ground, and warn him against all motion. He fancied there was a shadow creeping over him, beneath which to lie as quiet as death was the wisest thing. He felt as if part of his body were being rolled on by the heavy coils, as it were, of a huge living chain;—but most providentially, as if a sleeping opiate had been infused into his body, preventing all movement of muscle or limb, he knew not until he was wide awake, that an enormous serpent covered the whole of his legs, up to his knees! "Alas! I am lost," he exclaimed; as every drop of blood in his veins seemed to turn into ice at the sight. His limbs shook like an aspen leaf; until the very fear that his movements might rouse the reptile, caused an opposite feeling, and he again lay almost paralyzed. Well, it slept or at least re-

mained stirless; and how long it remained so, he knew not, for to a man in fear time passes fearfully slow. All at once, the sky cleared up,—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over him; he could see them all as he laid stretched on his side, one hand under his head, whence he dared not remove it; neither dare he look downward at the loathsome bedfellow which had taken up his quarters with him for the night. Unexpectedly, a new object of terror appeared. A curious purring sound behind him, followed by two smart taps on the ground put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and he felt that it was crawling upwards towards his breast. At that moment, when he was almost maddened with insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet perhaps certain destruction, something sprang upon his shoulder, and in an instant more, was upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant,—a loud appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant, he felt them wrestling as it were upon his body; in the next, they were beside him on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, and fighting furiously. He then beheld them, and they were a *mongoos*, and a deadly *cobra di capello!* He started up, and watched the combat, for now it was clear as day. He saw them stand aloof for a moment,—the snake glancing its deep venomous fascinationupon the keen, quick, restless eye of

its opponent, in vain. He saw this exchanged once more for closer conflict. He saw then, that the mongoos was bitten, and immediately darted away, but in a minute or two, returned with fresh vigour to the attack. And then, glad sight! the cobra di capello, maimed from its hooded head to its scaly tail, fell lifeless from its proud and erect position, with a baffled hiss, while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat. "How very wonderful! but, where did it go to, when the snake had bitten it?" asked Willy. "Ah," said his father, "where did it go to? It went to a healing plant close by, which it knew would cure the poison of the snake's tooth. And, then refreshed and invigorated, it returned to the attack, and gained the victory. I will tell you what this reminds me of, Willy. It reminds me of one of us fighting with the great serpent,—with the Devil, who tempts us all to sin. I hope you sometimes resist the wicked thoughts that he puts into your mind, Willy. But if he presses you very hard, and you feel yourself getting weak and tired, and you think he is having an advantage over you, do as the mongoos did. Retire for a few minutes to your 'healing plant.' Go and pray for strength from Jesus, and then I will assure you, that you shall gain a triumphant victory over your enemy."

A ROADSIDE WELL.

THE valley was often pretty, and every now and then a curious rock, which seemed, as it were, to have started from the side of the mountain, gave occupation to our thoughts in attempting to account for the manner of its formation. And a still more pleasant theme for musing—for it was on the kindliness of the heart of man—did we discover in a custom of this secluded valley. Under the cool shade of a large spreading tree, by the roadside, and just high enough to place it out of the reach of cattle, we noticed a small wooden frame, something like that often

seen in Roman Catholic countries, containing the image of a favourite saint. Instead of a saint, however, in this one, there was a large pitcher, such as the peasants use for carrying water. Opposite to this treee our peasant driver deliberately pulled up his horses, and getting off the box, took down the pitcher from its niche, and, after first offering it to us, indulged in a long and hearty draught of the pure fresh water it contained. To the Transylvanian peasant, under a Transylvanian sun, a great quantity of water is an absolute necessary. Of that we had often been made aware; for our coachmen constantly stopped the carriage, without thinking it at all needful to ask permission, whenever they saw a well or a clear stream, to quench their thirst. We had often seen, too, the peasant woman, as she carried home her full pitchers from the well, offer it to the passing traveller without a moment's hesitation, though it cost her the trouble of returning some distance to refill it. But here, where no friendly spring was nigh, some neighbouring peasant family had undertaken to supply the deficiency, by erecting this little structure, and providing it with a constant supply of fresh water. How many a weary traveller had gained fresh strength from the bounty of this unknown hand! "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink!" Never were the words of our Saviour more beautifully illustrated; never was charity performed in a more Christian spirit!

THE MAN WHO FORGOT TO LOOK UP.

I AM going to tell you an old story. Perhaps you have heard it before; but I want to say something about it that you have never heard. There was a man who used to go into his neighbour's field to steal corn. Yet so conscious was he that in doing so he was doing wrong, that he always went in the night, thinking nobody would see him. Did he think right? Let us see. One night he took his little boy along with him, to hold the bag while he put in the corn. The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go." Was this man doing so with his little boy? But how do you think he felt when he got to the place where the corn was? He was afraid some one would see him — because he was doing wrong. At last, after looking this way and that way, and on all sides, to see if anybody was looking at him, he began to pull the corn. But his little boy, who knew that it was written in the Bible "Thou shalt not steal," and "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," said to him kindly, "Father, you have yet forgot to look one way; somebody sees you." "Where,—where?" said the father. "You forgot to look up, to see whether God was looking at you." The thought that God was looking at him so frightened the man, that he ran away as fast as he could, without

stealing the corn. Whenever, then, you are afraid somebody will see what you are doing, always remember first to look up; and if you are going to do anything that you would not like to have God see, you had better run away as fast as you can; for God can see in the dark as well as in the light; and from his piercing heart-observing eye you cannot hide yourself. Always remember these four words, "Thou, God, seest me."

A man who was shut up in prison, told a minister, that if he had remembered these words, it would have saved him twenty-five years' imprisonment; and another said it would have saved his father's life, and himself from being shut up in prison as long as he lived; for he shot his father because he forgot that God was looking at him.

THE LOST CHILD;

OR, LITTLE MARY.

In America there are plains many miles long, which are called prairies—that is, meadows—on account of the beautiful green grass which covers them. Many gay flowers grow there. The grass is so tall that little children, and even small animals, may be hidden quite out of sight by it. There lurks the rattle-snake, whose bite causes almost instant death. Wild and savage beasts likewise roam about—as the panther, the buffalo, and wolf. On the side of one of these prairies lived a person named Graham.

Mr. Graham once lived in England; but, thinking that he should be able to do better for his family, he left his native land for America. Though poor, he had saved enough to buy a piece of land when he arrived. At first, he and his three sons had to work hard from morning to night, cutting down the tall trees which grew on his piece of ground.

While Mr. Graham and his sons were at work in the field, his wife and Mary, his only daughter, were at work at home. Little Mary, though only six years old, fed the chickens and swept the house quite cleverly; while her mother milked the cows and did the other work.

At the close of every day all the family assembled around the log-fire. The books and maps were placed upon the table, and Mr. Graham instructed little Mary and her brothers, while their mother quietly sat at her needlework. They spent their evenings pleasantly, and were very happy. Before they retired to rest they joined in prayer and praise to their heavenly Father for his goodness to them all the day long.

The people who live in these parts are at a great distance from each other, and if any assistance were required there are no neighbours to call in. This made it rather unpleasant for Mrs. Graham, left alone as she was with little Mary all day. Mr. Graham, however, soon found out a plan by which a signal might be given when he was wanted.

There was a large hunting horn hanging up in his kitchen. This he taught his wife to sound in various ways, so that whenever she blew the horn the signal might be understood. One afternoon Mary had leave from her mother to play in the yard while she prepared some cakes of Indian corn for supper. The hunting-horn lay upon the table. Mary took it up and hung it round her neck, and, with her playthings, ran off and seated herself beneath a great tree near the gate. There she built what she called a bower, and played with her doll for some time. But she soon grew tired of sitting still; so she got up and amused herself awhile by picking small pieces of stick. She then went to the gate of the yard, which was open, and stood there looking upon the bright green prairie, which spread all around as far as she could see, and longed to have some of the pretty flowers which she saw growing among the grass.

Mary knew that it was wrong for her to go into this meadow alone; but she was tempted by a desire to have some of the beautiful blue and yellow flowers, to go a short distance from the gate. So, forgetting all she had heard about the snakes and wild beasts, she ran out to pick the flowers she wanted, intending to return directly. It is wise to avoid the beginnings of evil, for if we once commence to do wrong we know not where it will end; one thing is certain—we shall always have much sorrow by it, and

so Mary found. More flowers further on caught her eye, which she had never seen in England, and therefore, heedless of everything else, she went on till she reached them. She gathered some and then went only a little further as she intended. But on the topmost branch of the plant from which she had been plucking the flowers was a little bird which hummed as it fluttered about. It was about an inch and a half long, and had brilliant blue feathers with a mixture of green and red. Upon its head was a crest of gold and black. It was a humming-bird. Mary shouted for joy at the sight; this frightened the little bird and it flew to another plant. She thought she should like to have it and put it into a cage, and she ran after it, from one plant to another, but was not able to get it. At last, she turned to go home again.

In her race after the humming-bird she had run so far, however, that part of a wood which was at a short distance from her father's house hid it from her view. And, as there are no paths in those meadows, Mary could not find her way back. She became frightened and very sorry, for she knew she had done wrong, and that her mother would be very anxious about her. Full of grief, she sat down and began to cry. She tried to blow the horn, but could not make a sound. She looked all around, but no one was near, and she could not even see the smoke from the chimney of her

father's house: she called, but no one answered, for she was far away from any dwelling; not a sound could little Mary hear but the beating of her own frightened heart.

There she sat, all alone, in that wide meadow! The night would soon come, and the dew would fall, and she must sleep in the open air upon the damp grass, instead of at home in her nice warm bed. Mary now prayed to God to forgive her for leaving her home; and when she rose from her knees she saw, at a short distance from her, a pretty white lamb. It was seeking the tender shoots amongst the grass, and had thus been tempted away from its mother and from the flock. Mary was very much pleased to see the little creature, for it was a companion for her. The lamb seemed pleased too, and it soon made friendship with her. It played and took grass from her hand as if it had always known her. She tried to throw her arms round it, but the lamb leaped away from her, and Mary followed it; for she did not like to lose sight of the only living creature near her. She had lost her way; she had no friend to help her; the lamb had found her and she loved it, and she thought that God had sent it to show her the way home again; for she had heard her father say that the instinct of animals enabled them to find the way back to their homes far better than human beings could, and she resolved to go wherever the lamb led her.

The sun was now setting, and Mary was thinking of home, and wondering if she should find it before it got quite dark, when her little guide stopped suddenly and seemed to listen very attentively. It then started off quickly, and was soon lost sight of behind a clump of trees, where its mother had been calling it, for it was her voice which the lamb heard when it stopped to listen.

Little Mary was very tired, and she began to cry bitterly when she could no longer see the lamb. Still she made her way in the direction the lamb went. When she reached the trees, what do you think she saw? Her own dear home! Yes, there it was; a good way off to be sure, but still it was in sight. Yes; the pretty white lamb had been the means of leading her home again, and you may be sure, tired as she was, that she was not long in reaching it.

Mary's mother was seated by the fire, weeping for the loss of her child. Mary, finding the door open, ran into the kitchen and threw herself into her mother's arms. Mrs. Graham had indeed been much alarmed, for people had often been killed by wild beasts upon the prairies; and such might have been the end of little Mary, for a panther had been seen, only the day before, prowling about the wood.

As soon as little Mary returned, her mother took the horn, and went out into the yard and blew it loudly several times. They soon heard the report of a gun at a distance,

by which she knew that her signal was understood by Mr. Graham and his sons. She then hastened to prepare supper against their return, which they did in less than an hour. Great was the joy of her father and brothers to find little Mary safe and well, and to hear how the lamb had helped her to find her way home again.

She was soon upon her father's knee, and he told her how grieved they had all been, and what cause she had to be thankful for the dangers she had escaped. Mary was indeed thankful that she had not been bitten by the rattle-snake, and trembled as her father spoke about those poisonous creatures. But she was most grieved on account of the sorrow she had caused her parents, and she put her arms round their necks and begged their forgiveness, and promised to try never again to vex or to grieve them.

Her father reminded her that she also must ask God to help her to keep from doing wrong. He then knelt down and thanked God that He had brought back his child in safety, and prayed that as she had followed the lamb, and had thus reached her earthly father's house, so she might be led by the Spirit of God to follow that spotless Lamb who had died to take away the sins of the world, and who will lead those who follow him to an eternal home—the house of our heavenly Father, in which there are many mansions prepared for them that love Him.

THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

A MESSAGE FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

DID you ever spend a happy day? Perhaps you will answer, "I have spent a great many happy days." What made those days so happy? Was it that you went into the country to play on the green grass? or was it that you had a new book? or was it that you saw again your kind grandmother? or your eldest sister, who is away from home? or your eldest brother, who is gone to sea? I do not know what made you happy on your happy days. I am going to tell you of a happy day which two men spent. I think you will say, "It must have been a happy day."

Once there was a good man who preached to a great many people. He did not wear

a black silk gown, as some preachers do, but only coarse clothes; he did not preach in a pulpit, but under a tree, or by the water-side. His name was John. There were some men who liked to be with him; and those men were called his disciples. Once he was standing in the country, with two of his disciples, when he saw a man walking along a little way off. When John saw this man, he looked at him, and then said to his disciples, "See the Lamb of God!" What did John mean? Was it a lamb he saw? No; it was a man. Why did he call him a lamb? I will tell you why. That man was God as well as man; he was the Son of God. And was he come down from heaven to die! Yes, to die for our sins. God the Father sent him down to die for us, that we might not go to hell and be punished for ever and ever. The Son of God was like a sweet and gentle lamb, and was willing to die for us, though he had done no sin. How much pleased John was to see him! John loved him, and wished his disciples to love him too.

One of those two disciples was called Andrew. I do not know the name of the other. If you had been Andrew, what would you have done when you heard John say, "Behold the Lamb of God?" I think I hear you answer, "I would have gone after that gentle Lamb." This is what Andrew did. The two disciples went after the Son of God. His name was Jesus. While they

were walking behind him, Jesus turned, and said to them, "What is it you want?" How kind it was of the Son of God to speak to these poor men! They answered, "Master, where do you live?" Jesus said, "Come and see." Was not this kind? The two men went to the house where Jesus lived. Did he ask them to come in? Yes, he did, and he let them stop with him all the rest of the day.

Must not that have been a happy day? It was a day spent with the Son of God. You never spent such a day as that. Yet Jesus can make you happy every day, for he can come into your heart. Should you not like to see the house where Jesus lived when he was in this world? I cannot show you that, but I can tell you where Jesus is now. He is in heaven. If you wish to see him, ask him to take you there when you die. He is very kind, and hears children when they pray to him.

I have a little more to tell you about Andrew. He loved Jesus so much that he wanted his brother to know him too. He became a missionary, or an apostle, which means a messenger to carry to others the gospel of Christ. He had a brother called Simon, and he said to him, "We have found the Christ." It was Jesus that he meant; he called him the Christ. Simon did not know where Jesus lived, but Andrew did, and he showed his brother the way. How pleasant it is when brothers are kind to each

other! As soon as Jesus saw Simon, he knew who he was without being told, and he knew the name of his father too, and he said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonas." Jesus knows the name of every one. He knows your name, and your father's name, and your mother's name. Jesus gave Simon a new name; he called him Peter. Why? There is a meaning in the word Peter: it means "stone." Christ knew that Simon would be like a "stone." Is it good to be like a stone? A stone is very useful. Ask the mason whether a stone is not useful. Christ knew that Simon would be a preacher, and do a great deal of good, so he called him "Stone."

Wicked people are not like stones, but like rubbish, for they are of no use; they are like briers and thorns, which prick; or like scorpions, which sting; or like serpents, which bite; or like wolves, and lions, and bears, which devour: or like dogs and pigs, which eat vile food. But good people, what are they like? They are like fruitful trees, like harmless sheep, like stones, or silver, or gold.

Dear child, what are you like? Are you a child of God, or a child of the devil? If you are a child of God, you are like a gentle lamb, and Jesus is your Shepherd, and carries you in his arms. If you are a child of the devil, then you are like the devil. How horrible he is! He loves sin, and hates God.

Intelligence.

FELIX NEFF'S SCHOOLS.

Did you ever hear of Felix Neff? It was about twenty-five years ago that he lived and laboured in the south-east of France. It was amongst the High French Alps, in the department of Isere, and Consistory of Mens. The poor people in those mountains and valleys sprang from the ancient Vaudois, who were so terribly persecuted a long time ago, and sealed their faith with their blood. They still retain their ancient scriptural faith, and are a very interesting people. Felix Neff was a very devoted pastor amongst them, and God wonderfully blest his labours, which, alas! were only for a short time; for worn out with hard work in his Master's cause, he died at the age of thirty. But there was a great revival of religion in his day, chiefly amongst the young: he largely devoted himself to the forming of schools, and he lived to see many true conversions to God amongst the children. These still go on. The people are very poor, and scattered amongst the Roman Catholics, and often the schools have been well nigh at a stand; but God has raised up one faithful pastor after another who have done their best to watch over them, and now other Christians are coming forward to help them, and I hope they will flourish more than they have long done. I

will give you a little account of their present state.

I suppose there are about 6,000 of these Vaudois in the French Alps, and there may be about 1,000 children in the schools. There are fourteen schools under the care of excellent masters and mistresses, many of whom are truly pious persons. There is also in Mens a normal-school for training teachers, under the care of four professors. About 100 licensed masters have come from this school. They say that if they had more funds they could take more pupils into this normal-school; and, sad to say, they are obliged for want of funds to refuse many. It is said, that though they have fourteen schools, it is forty that are wanted. Only think, they are so poor, that the masters and mistresses have only from 12*l.* to 14*l.* a year to live upon. This is all their money. Yet they labour cheerfully and patiently, and God owns their labours. And now I must give you some account of one of these winter schools. The school is held in a warm stable; a good layer of fresh straw serves as a carpet; a long table and some wretched seats is the furniture. Sometimes one or two old maps are hung on the damp walls; sometimes the children stay there all night, if they come from far. Then you will hear the bellowing of the cows and oxen, the bleating of the sheep, the cackling of the hens, and the crowing of the cocks, mixing constantly with the voice of the master; but the children

are used to these rural concerts, and seem not to mind them.

Mons. Cadoret, the excellent pastor at Mens, who is so active for their good, is now staying here, where I am, in Switzerland, and he gives most interesting accounts of them. He says that for the last four years there has been a great religious awakening in their schools; and that in one case the children have been the means of converting their master. "I have heard," he says, "more than 100 children praying together. I have heard children only ten years old express themselves with wonderful clearness on the doctrines of redemption: I need not say that morality has much improved from this religious movement. Some time ago, more than fifty boys and girls were brought to love and follow Christ." It is said that the book which they understand the best, and read with most ease, is the Bible. After the Bible lesson comes the singing. They cannot be said to sing very sweetly, for each child strives to sing the loudest, and they sing on till their weary throats can sing no more; and then they close with prayer: and then comes a time for still, serious thought and recollection. The prayers of the dear children are often very touching. One little girl, only three years old, was heard to say, "Lord Jesus, I want to go to heaven with my little sister: a crown and a white robe. Amen." Another, "I have no father or mother upon earth; Lord, be Thou my father:" her sobs

would not let her say more. Two little friends threw their arms round her and covered her with kisses. All wept—and the master wept too. "It is here," says Mons. Cadoret, "that we receive our sweetest blessings: it is amongst these little ones that we go for the refreshment of our spirits, when we are distressed by seeing the sorrows and distresses of the people."

Now is not this a nice account from a far land? And can you bear the thought that such a blessed work shall fail from want of money? Yet they have had great fear; they are all so very poor that the good work must fall to the ground without help from Christians at a distance. I am glad to say, that some good men in Geneva are doing all they can to help them. One, with whom I have much to do, is hard at work; he has raised about 70*l.*, but 40*l.* or 50*l.* more is greatly wanted to do all that is needed, and he has done all he can. So I have promised to help him with friends in England; and if we could raise 40*l.* or 50*l.* a year, for them to depend upon yearly, it is all they want. I do think we shall be able to do this, with God's blessing; and what a privilege it would be to effect such a nice work! who knows but some of my little readers may set to work and try to get some money for these schools in the High Alps! Any sums may be sent to the Rev. Charles Carus Wilson, Ramsgate, who will duly and thankfully forward them. And if my young readers will thus give their help, I shall be glad to tell them from time to time how much good is done with their money.

W.

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.

God of mercy! God of love!
Hear me from thy throne above;
Teach me how in truth to pray,
Take my *sinful* heart away.

Often I offend thee, Lord,
I neglect thy holy Word,
Break thy blessed Sabbath-day:
Take my *rebel* heart away.

When my friends and teachers kind
Bid me their instruction mind,
Then I talk or idle play:
Take my *careless* heart away.

Oft I disobedient grow,
And ungrateful tempers show;
Evil things I do and say:
Take my *wicked* heart away.

When of Jesus' love I'm told,
My heart is very dull and cold!
Oh! to me thy love display,
Take my "*stony*" heart away.

Mould my nature all afresh,
Give to me the "heart of flesh;"
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"Therefore He blessed you still." Question—Does David any where say who it was that taught him to compose his Psalms?
2nd Week	Text—"What my God saith, that will I speak! Question—Are we anywhere in the Bible led to believe that religion is conducive to length of life?
3rd Week	Text—"Lest I sleep the sleep of death." Question—Who was it that spake three thousand proverbs; and sang a thousand and five songs?
4th Week	Text—"Judge not according to the appearance." Question—Under what circumstances is it, that a foolish man appears a wise man?
5th Week	Text—"I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." Question—Where does St. Paul declare his determination to do nothing that might make his brother to offend?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"T. H."—"E. C. F."—"Whitehaven"—many thanks for your very useful communications.

SUMS ACKNOWLEDGED.

FOR THE DESTITUTE BOY.

	s.	d.
Master Gurney Hoare	6	0
Mrs. Gunton	10	0

FOR LONDON CITY MISSION.

"A. S."—Half-a-crown in Post-office Stamps.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 336. DECEMBER, 1851. Vol. 28.

THE GOD OF HELL.

Here is a picture of an idol, called "The God of Hell." This ugly figure is the chief object worshipped by the Buriats, a heathen

people, who live partly in Siberia and partly in China. How ignorant they are you will see if you look at the object they are accustomed to fear and honour. Judging from his appearance, he can have nothing in his character to make anybody love him, but very much to create dislike and dread. He is, you see, in a great passion, grinning with rage. Around him are the flames of fire in which he dwells. From his neck there is hanging down a string of human bones and skulls. Two serpents also are twined around him. He has claws to his feet, and in his right hand he holds a thunderbolt, which he is about to fling upon his enemies.

Now it is not wonderful that the people should not love *such* a god; nor, indeed, do the poor heathen *ever* love the vain things they worship. Theirs is a religion of mere fear. They hate their idols, and only serve them in order to escape their anger. What a *dreadful* state, then, *theirs* must be! What a *different* state from *yours*, who know that "God is love," and who are taught to love Him because He first loved you!

But though they dread this angry god very much, they suppose that it is easy to deceive him. The following proof of this will show you that they think his knowledge is as small as his anger is great. All sickness, in their view, comes from this god of hell. When, therefore, any person is ill, his family set to work to cheat the idol, and thus to deliver their friend out of his hands.

And this is their plan:—They make with straw the form of a human being, and then dress it up in the sick man's clothes. This figure, which we should call "a guy," they carry very softly and slyly to the side of the bed where the sufferer is lying; and then, in the same way, they remove him out of it; and, having carried him to a secret place, where they suppose their angry god will not easily find him, they put the man of straw in his place. Having done this, and covered it over with clothes, lest the god should discover the cheat, one of them comes up to the bed, and pretends to murder the sick man, by stabbing "the guy" with a knife. Then, as if their friend was dead, they lift the man of straw from the bed, carry it out of doors, and cast it into a fire which they had prepared for the purpose. In this way they fancy that they have cheated their god, and that he, supposing the object of his anger to be dead, will leave the house, and turn his attention to some other person.

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

An interesting little blind boy, about twelve years of age, became the subject of converting grace, and was very desirous to learn to read the Bible with raised letters prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page, and to read with ease and

propriety. The highest object of his wishes seemed now to be to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one; but his pastor obtained one from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why, do you think, did the dear little boy go alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of those precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer, to return thanks to God for his blessed gift of his Holy Word. He then rose from his knees, and, taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side, and proceeded to the next, and so on until he had, in this simple but pleasing manner, signified his love for each of those blessed volumes, which, through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's revelation to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb."

THE LITTLE SINGING BEGGAR-BOY.

ONE cold damp day last winter, when walking in Church-street, Shoreditch, I noticed running before me a dirty little child, as dirty a one as ever could be found. He had no covering for his tiny feet; and perhaps (poor little fellow) this was the reason why he chose that part of the street which was most muddy, because it was the most soft. His clothes (if you might call them clothes) were all rags; and he presented a most pitiable appearance.

After a while the little fellow sat himself down in a gutter; a very fit place, thought

I, for such a child to enjoy himself in. But I little thought how happy the dear little child was even there. I presently heard a faint voice issuing from the place where he sat; I listened without his seeing me, and what did I hear? I heard him singing,

"Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever."

He sang to the end of the verse, and was beginning it over again, when turning his head, he saw I was standing near him. I asked him, "Where did you learn that pretty verse?" But I could get no answer. Again and again I put the same question, but he only hung down his head, and seemed frightened. At last, on my pressing him once more, he said,—"At 'cool." Yes! here was this poor little homeless, and clotheless boy,—so poor that he had nothing belonging to him but the rags on his back, yet with riches and treasures in his heart, of more value than all the gold, and silver, and jewels in the world put together. He was singing the praise of his Redeemer, and I do think, he *felt* what he was singing.

O! if you, dear children, only have Jesus for your dear friend, and think of him much, and pray to him much, and often sing his praises,—you will be the richest and the happiest children in all the world!

LITTLE GEORGE.

I AM going to tell you about a little boy, whose name was George. When he was about three years of age, his father died. His mother, poor woman, did not fear nor love God. She had no great love for her little children; so when George was little more than three years old, she ran off and left him. Poor boy! he was forsaken by his mother, and left to the mercy of the world. He was cast upon the parish of L——, and placed under the care of an old woman. This old woman's house was now the home of little George. He looked to her as his mother,—and a kind mother in these circumstances she indeed proved to be. Well, little George grew up, and was sent to school. He learned to read. But he was not blessed long with good health. He was seized with consumption, and for many a long day he was confined to his bed. He was now no longer able to run about and gambol with his playmates. Ah, no! little George was shut out from the world.

But you perhaps ask, How did he get on without his mother? Well, the old woman, under whose care he was placed, acted as far as she could the part of a mother to him. She loved him dearly. She kept him clean and comfortable. But, notwithstanding all her care, disease continued to waste down his body.

Some months ago, I was requested to see

him. I called. Poor little boy! there was no red in his cheek. He was poor and sickly-looking. I asked him what he thought about himself. He said, "I do not know." "Would you like to get better again, and be able to run about and play with your companion?" "Yes," said George, "I would like that." Such a desire was no doubt quite natural. We all like to live, and enjoy the pleasure of health. I said to him, "Have you ever thought about dying?" He said, "Not much." Oh, I dare say if every little boy who reads this story would tell the truth, he would say the very same thing in this respect as little George. How few consider their latter end! The old and the young in great numbers spend their days and years without thinking about eternity. My young friends, Have you ever thought of death? If not, oh let me ask you to think about it, since you must die.

I asked if he knew anything about Jesus. He said, "I dinna ken." I said, "George, do you know that you are a sinner?" He answered, "Yes." "Well, do you know what Jesus did for sinners?" He said, "No." He only had heard the name of Jesus, or when reading his lessons at school, he had learned to pronounce the name of Jesus, but he did not know that Jesus was a Saviour. Now, dear young friends, ask yourselves what you know about Jesus. Do you know him as the Saviour, which God,

in his love for poor sinners, sent into the world to die that they might be saved. Do you know that your sins have not only offended God, and dishonoured his law, but that they have done more than this? Ah, your sins have exposed your precious souls to everlasting misery. Your soul is in danger, by your sin, of being for ever lost! The moment I told little George this, he earnestly wished me to tell him what Jesus had done for him.

I said, "Now, George, suppose you and another boy had been playing, and you had ten marbles, and the other boy had ten,—and if you were so naughty as to take the marbles from your companion, would that be right?" George said, "No." "Well, suppose the boy is heard saying, Give me back my ten marbles, or I will strike you; and if you said, I will give you back nine; do you think that would please the boy?" "No." "What would please him, George?" "He would," said George, "be pleased if I would give him back all the ten."

"Well," I said, "George, you have wronged God, far, far more than you would have wronged that boy. God says to you, Love me with all your heart and soul. Now, George, you have not loved God. Ah, no; you have taken all the love that was due from you to God, and given that love to something else. Now, is this right?" George said, "No." "Well, the holy law of God is saying, 'Give God all the honour and love

which is due, or I will punish you.' Now, suppose you will begin from this day to love God, and continue to love God until you die; that is, you will try to do everything which the holy law requires, will that please the law?" Here George was silent for a little while, and then said, "No, I think that will not do." I said, "Why would that not do?" He replied, "That would be the same as only giving *nine* marbles instead of ten—and that is not enough."

"Well now," I said, "suppose you had cast the marbles into the river, and the boy stands threatening that he will punish you unless you give him back his marbles. And suppose I came past, and I ask what is wrong. Suppose the boy tells me what you have done, and that all he wants is just his own marbles. And now I say to him, 'Well, that was wrong to use you in this way, and to envy you of your marbles.' But I ask him if he will take ten marbles from me, and let you go. He says, 'Yes.' Well, I give him ten marbles—in your name. Now he is well pleased. Now, George, what would you think of me?"

"I would think you very kind."

"Now, whether would you love or hate me for this?"

"Oh, I would love you!"

"Well now, suppose I had a little parcel in my hand, and I say to you 'Carry this for me to a certain place;' and you turn round to me and say, No; or you run off, and you

will not so much as thank me for paying the marbles for you. Would I be able to think or to say that you really loved me?"

"No," said he, "that would be showing no love."

"If you loved me, what would you say or do?"

"I would say, Yes," he replied, "and I would gladly carry your parcel."

"Well," I said, "the law of God threatens you and me with punishment, unless its claims against us be fully met—fully satisfied. Ah, George, we have nothing to pay with; but Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, came in between us and the law. He (O let us praise his name!) gave the law all that it sought; He fully satisfied the law; He paid down the ransom price; He shed His precious blood for us; He loved you so much that He poured out His soul unto death, that you through His death might be saved. Now, what do you think of this?"

"I think," said George, "Jesus has been very kind."

"Now, should we love or hate him for this?"

"We should love Him," said he.

"How will we be able to show that we love Him?"

"We will show that we love Him," said he, "by doing all that He commands us to do."

Now, dear young friends, Jesus has loved you each one. He gave himself a sacrifice for your sins. Now the law is completely

satisfied and honoured. Oh, ought you not to love Jesus, who, because He loved you, shunned not to die for you? Give Jesus the love and affections of your heart. Love him, my young friends; that is the burden he bids you carry. No doubt you desire to become as happy as little George: well then, you must, like him, learn to know the love of Jesus.

My young friends, Jesus loves you. He so loved you that he died for you. Believe this glorious truth, and it will beget love in your souls to Jesus—this will change your hearts and make you new creatures in Christ Jesus. The truth about the love of God to us, when known and believed, changes the heart.

This was very visible in the case of little George. The next time I saw him, he was seemingly, very happy. He delighted to tell me that he now loved Jesus. He said, "O, I do love Him, because he loved me." I now asked, "Did Jesus love you after you loved him?" "Oh no! he loved me first, and I like him for that."

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

"Go wash in the pool of Siloam," JOHN ix. 7.—(*See also* NEH. iii. 15.)

A LITTLE above the fountain of En-Rogel, which leads up the valley of Jehoshaphat, there is a mulberry-tree of unusual size, with a raised terrace, a favourite halting-place for wayfarers and shepherds, who

repose under its ample shade while their flocks are drinking from a channel filled with water conducted from the Pool of Siloam, which is a few paces above. It was not without emotion that we descended the steps of the fountain, worn and polished by ages; and seating ourselves under the cool, moist arch, a delicious shelter from the burning noonday beams of a July sun, reposed our weary limbs, listening to the gentle current of the "waters of Siloam, that go

softly;" and drinking, with the palm of our hand, from the refreshing and limpid stream. As the Arab women of the valley came down to fill their pitchers, we remembered that the daughters of Judah frequented it two thousand years ago; that kings and prophets have drunk of its consecrated waters; and that, perhaps, Jesus and his disciples have often re-

posed on these very steps, in the course of his walks about the city. The remains of pillars at the side, and in the basin, seem to indicate that, at a former period, it has been wholly or partially covered; and it has been supposed that this is also the "Bethesda" with five porches, where at certain hours an angel, according to the popular tradition, troubled the waters, which were then supposed to possess healing powers. This receives some countenance from the fact that there is a singular ebb and flow in the stream, noticed by many travellers, and lately witnessed by Dr. Robinson; but beyond this there is nothing to support the conjecture.

A BOY WHO LOVED HIS MOTHER.

I HAVE a nice tale to tell you, which will show you that there is abroad, as well as in England, what one loves to see amongst young people.

In a place called Morlaix, in France, there was a boy who dearly loved his mother. She was very poor, and scarcely knew how to get bread enough to keep her alive. Her son was so sad to think she should be in want, that he resolved to go from home, and try to make a little money. His plan prospered, and in a little time he was rejoiced to find he had got so much as one thousand francs, which is equal to forty pounds of English money. You may think

with what glee he went back to his poor old mother, and how full of joy he would be to think he could do so much for her. But, poor fellow! a sad trial came to him. He had put his money in his belt round his waist, thinking it the safest place; and there, somehow or other, it slipped out, and he lost it all! He went back to the place he had left, without a moment's delay; and made known his loss in all quarters. It seemed very hopeless; for it is to be feared too many would only be glad to keep it snug. But it was not so,—and here comes a very pleasant ending to my tale. A poor lad and young woman brought every farthing to him,—they had picked it up on the road, and restored it honourably And what is more, when he pressed them to take a part for their honesty, they positively refused to take a farthing. They thought themselves well repaid, by being able to do an honest and honourable act. W.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

How great is the love of Christ towards sinful men! It was for our sakes that He was born, a feeble infant, into our world; that He passed through the stages of infancy and youth; that He was despised and rejected of men, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." It was for our sakes that, after a life of painful trial and efforts, He endured such bitter agony in the garden

of Gethsemane, and at length died upon the cross. We look at the wonderful and awful scene which took place on Calvary, and feel that He suffered, the "just for the unjust," that He might bring us to God. How great was His love!

Should not we love Him in return? Should not His love win our hearts, and constrain us to devote ourselves to His service?

But how can we tell whether we love the Saviour? "He that loveth me," says Christ, "keepeth my commandments." Are you trying to please Him, to do what He tells you?

Some children break His Sabbaths, neglect His Word, despise His will, and try to make others as bad as themselves. It is certain *they* do not love the Saviour.

Others, who are punctual at their Sunday-school and regular at church, are unaffected by what they learn and hear, and glad when the day is over. I cannot think that *they* love the Saviour.

And many have no resemblance to Christ. They are proud; He was meek and lowly. They are disobedient; He was subject to His parents. They are selfish; He was self-denying. They are idle; He was ever about his Father's business. They are not like Christ, and they are not trying to be like Him. Then, *they* do not love Him.

Dear children, do *you* love the Saviour? *He* loves *you!*

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Is any little girl who reads this wondering how a child can do good? I can tell you the way, which I learned from the story of one of the sweetest little girls I ever knew. A minister told me, that when he was preaching to a new congregation, he was struck by the attention of a lovely child, whose eye was fixed upon his lips, except now and then, when she looked under her mother's bonnet with a smile, as if something pleased her. The next Sunday he found her in the same spot, ready to catch every word of his sermon; and he was so delighted with her apparent desire "to hear of heaven, and learn the way," that he waited, at the close of the service, to tell her mother how it gratified him to have such an interested listener. From the mother he learned that this little girl had no pleasure equal to that of going to church, and treasuring up the sermon, *for an old and infirm grandmother*, to whom, every Sunday, she carried so much instruction, that the poor woman would say that it was almost as good as going to church herself. Was not this a very pleasant and a very easy way of "doing good?" Is there any child who cannot do as much good if she will? Have not each of you some sick friend, some infirm friend, or some old friend, deprived of the privilege of going to the house of God, to whom you might carry the ser-

mon you hear, if you would only take the pains to remember it? Will you not try, on the next Sabbath, and see how much you can remember? If you will hear all the minister says, you will find, as that good little girl did, a great deal to *do the young good*, as well as an old grandmother; you will not only be in the way of doing good, but you will be getting good; you will not only be making others happy, but increasing your own happiness,—for the way to be happy is to be good; and then you will be kept from the great sin of wasting in idle thoughts the precious hours you spend in the worship of God. Oh, my dear child, how you would shudder, did you realize your wickedness in thinking so much more of everything else, when you are in God's house, than you do of Him! It is because you are thoughtless that you lose so many opportunities of growing wiser and better, and of knowing "how to do good." Only think for yourself, and you will soon possess the secret of "doing good."

Poetry.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

How holy is the place
  Where God our Saviour reigns,
And where the saints adore His grace
  In high and matchless strains.

They stand array'd in white,
  Each with a crown and palm,
And chant before the throne of light
  The praises of the Lamb.

They shed no tears above,
  Each anguish'd sigh is still'd;
And from Emmanuel's boundless love
  Their cup of joy is fill'd.

To yon fair climes on high
  May we unwearied press,
Securely hid, whene'er we die,
  In Jesus' righteousness.

He is the Children's Friend,
  And He will guard our way,
Until our pilgrimage shall end
  In everlasting day.

Then let us ever sit
  At Jesus' feet, and there
With meek and loving heart submit
  To what He bids us bear:

For we are only blest
  While walking in the road
Which leads us to the promis'd rest,
  And his own bright abode. J. H.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
  Give me the man who'll say,
Whene'er a good deed's to be done,
  "Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
  If we *act* and never *wait;*
But repentance is the phantom
  Of the past that comes too late,

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
  There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplish'd,
  If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
  Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
  What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
  If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
  We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
  For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
  A moment gives it birth.

TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

1st Week	Text—"Childhood and youth are vanity." Question—Who was it who were made to eat their own golden ornaments; and why?
2nd Week	Text—"All souls are mine." Question—Of whom is it recorded that his "heart was tender?"
3rd Week	Text—"Pray for us." Question—How often do we read in the Bible of *lions* obeying the will of God against their natural inclination?
4th Week	Text—"Be of the same mind in the Lord." Question—What were the names and characters of the chief Jewish sects existing in our Lord's time.